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PARNELL.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

NGLISH POETS.

WITH

REFACES,

GRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

Y SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LUME THE FORTY-FOURTH.

LONDON:

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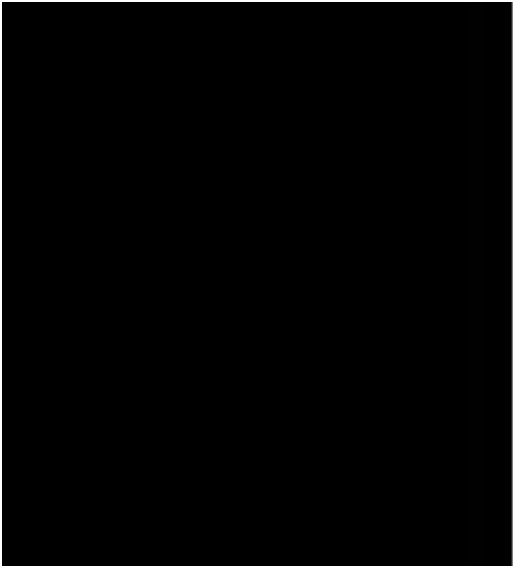

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THE

POEMS

OF

PARNELL

AND

A. PHILIPS.

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THE

POEMS

OF

DR. THOMAS PARNELL,

Late Archdeacon of CLOGHER:

Including thoſe publiſhed by Mr. POPE,

AND HIS

POEMS MORAL AND DIVINE.

" Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori." HOR.

To the Right Honourable
ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD,
AND
EARL MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
Till death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd, and mourn'd!
In ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
In each ſcience, bleſt in every ſtrain;
To the Muſe, to Harley dear—in vain!
For him thou oft haſt bid the world attend,
To forget the ſtateſman in the friend:
Swift and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
Sober follies of the wiſe and great;
Jrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
Pleas'd to ſcape from flattery to wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(Sigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
All thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
I hear thy Parnell in his living lays:
Now, careleſs now, of intereſt, fame, or fate,
Maps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Holds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a ſoul like thine:

A ſoul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride;
The rage of power, the blaſt of public breath
The luſt of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deſerts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify diſgrace,
When intereſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
When all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt lingering friend has bid farewe
Ev'n now ſhe ſhades thy evening-walk with b
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm ſun-ſet of thy various day;
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

Sept. 25, 1721. A. P

HESIOD:

OR,

THE RISE OF WOMAN.

WHAT antient times (thoſe times we fancy wiſe)
Have left on long record of woman's riſe,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All theſe I ſing. In Greece they fram'd the tale
(In Greece 'twas thought a woman might be frail);
Ye modern beauties! where the Poet drew
His ſofteſt pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And, warn'd by him, ye wanton pens beware
How Heaven 's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The caſe was Heſiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, ſome with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the Ladies pleaſe;
I wave the conteſt, and commence the lays.
In days of yore (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation ſwarm'd with men)
That one Prometheus, ſprung of heavenly birth,
(Our Author's ſong can witneſs) liv'd on earth:
He carv'd the turf to mold a manly frame,
And ſtole from Jove his animating flame.
The ſly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the Monarch of the Stars began.

O vers'd in arts! whoſe daring thoughts aſpire,
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
Enjoy thy glory paſt, that gift was thine;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:
And ſuch a gift, a vengeance ſo deſign'd,
As ſuits the counſel of a God to find;
A pleaſing boſom-cheat, a ſpecious ill,
Which felt the curſe, yet covets ſtill to feel.
He ſaid, and Vulcan ſtrait the Sire commands,
To temper mortar with ætherial hands;
In ſuch a ſhape to mold a riſing fair,
As virgin goddeſſes are proud to wear;
To make her eyes with diamond-water ſhine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd; the Power obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
The faireſt, ſofteſt, ſweeteſt frame beneath,
Now made to ſeem, now more than ſeem to breathe.
As Vulcan ends, the chearful Queen of Charms
Claſp'd the new-panting creature in her arms;
From that embrace a fine complexion ſpread,
Where mingled whiteneſs glow'd with ſofter red.
Then in a kiſs ſhe breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;
A mind for love, but ſtill a changing mind;
The liſp affected, and the glance deſign'd;
The ſweet confuſing bluſh, the ſecret wink,
The gentle ſwimming walk, the courteous ſink;
The ſtare for ſtrangeneſs fit, for ſcorn the frown;
For decent yielding, looks declining down;

The practis'd languiſh, where well-feign'd deſire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay ſmiles to comfort; April ſhowers to move;
And all the nature, all the art of love.
Gold ſcepter'd Juno next exalts the fair;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-creſted pride,
Strong ſovereign will, and ſome deſire to chide;
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the ſex.
Minerva, ſkilful goddeſs, train'd the maid
To twirle the ſpindle by the twiſting thread;
To fix the loom, inſtruct the reeds to part,
Croſs the long weft, and cloſe the web with art,
An uſeful gift; but what profuſe expence,
What world of faſhions, took its riſe from hence!
Young Hermes next, a cloſe contriving God,
Her brows encircled with his ſerpent rod;
Then plots and fair excuſes fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain;
The price of favours; the deſigning arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little pilfering temper of a wife.
Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond perſuaſion tipp'd her eaſy tongue;
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays
The pleaſing colours of the art of praiſe;
And wit, to ſcandal exquiſitely prone,
Which frets another's ſpleen to cure its own.

Thoſe ſacred Virgins whom the Bards revere
Tun'd all her voice, and ſhed a ſweetneſs there
To make her ſenſe with double charms abound
Or make her lively nonſenſe pleaſe by ſound.

To dreſs the maid, the decent Graces broug
A robe in all the dies of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictur'd Loves on every cover play'd;
Then ſpread thoſe implements that Vulcan's a
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the cloſe indented comb
To call the locks, that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the mirrour, where the raviſh'd m
Beholds and loves her own reflected ſhade.

Fair Flora lent her ſtores; the purpled Hou
Confin'd her treſſes with a wreath of flowers;
Within the wreath aroſe a radiant crown;
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with ſerpent fold,
The purfled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which cloſely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a ſlender waiſt)
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' ſtatues have a robe to wear.

The new-ſprung creature, finiſh'd thus for
Adjuſts her habit, practiſes her charms,
With bluſhes glows, or ſhines with lively ſmi
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles:
Then, conſcious of her worth, with eaſy pac
Glides by the glaſs, and turning views her fa

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Through time's deep cave, the Sifter Fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic ſongs deceive.
Flow from the rock, my flax! and ſwiftly flow,
Purſue thy thread; the ſpindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, riſes now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
New love begins, a love produc'd to die;
New parts diſtreſs the troubled ſcenes of life,
The fondling miſtreſs, and the ruling wife.
Men born to labour, all with pains provide;
Women have time to ſacrifice to pride:
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dreſs to pleaſe with heart-alluring ſhow;
The ſhow prevailing, for the ſway contend,
And make a ſervant where they meet a friend.
Thus in a thouſand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee ſupports;
From ſun to ſun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the ſilk dreſs, and murmuring eat the gain.
Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whoſe temper betters by the father's ſide;
Unlike the reſt that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or reſolute to ſhare:
Happy the man whom thus his ſtars advance!
The curſe is general, but the bleſſing chance.

Thus

Thus ſung the Sifters, while the Gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
The young Pandora ſhe, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end:
Then bid the winds, that fly to breathe the ſpring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing;
With wafting airs the winds obſequious blow,
And land the ſhining vengeance ſafe below.
A golden coffer in her hand ſhe bore,
The preſent treacherous, but the bearer more;
'Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above,
That gold ſhould aid, and pangs attend on love.
Her gay deſcent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wondering he ran to catch the falling ſtar:
But ſo ſurpriz'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd ſo quickly, and who lov'd ſo well.
O'er all his veins the wandering paſſion burns.
He calls her Nymph, and every Nymph by turns.
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or ſwears that Venus' muſt be ſuch as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet ſtrangely fram'd to teaze,
Neglects his offers while her airs ſhe plays,
Shoots ſcornful glances from the bended frown,
In briſk diſorder trips it up and down;
Then hums a careleſs tune to lay the ſtorm,
And ſits, and bluſhes, ſmiles, and yields, in form.
"Now take what Jove deſign'd, ſhe ſoftly cry'd,
"This box thy portion, and myſelf the bride."
Fir'd with the proſpect of the double charms,
He ſnatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.

Unhapp

Unhappy man! to whom ſo bright ſhe ſhone,
The fatal gift, her tempting ſelf, unknown!
The winds were ſilent, all the waves aſleep,
And heaven was trac'd upon the flattering deep:
But, whilſt he looks unmindful of a ſtorm,
And thinks the water wears a ſtable form,
What dreadful din around his ears ſhall riſe!
What frowns confuſe his picture of the ſkies!

At firſt the creature man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himſelf, and all the world his own.
For him the Nymphs in green forſook the woods,
For him the Nymphs in blue forſook the floods;
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him heroes in the ſecret cave.
No care deſtroy'd, no ſick diſorder prey'd,
No bending age his ſprightly form decay'd,
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And, Poets tell us, 't was a golden age.

When woman came, thoſe ills the box confin'd
Burſt furious out, and poiſon'd all the wind,
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progreſs grew:
The Nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And altering nature wore a ſickly face:
New terms of folly roſe, new ſtates of care;
New plagues, to ſuffer, and to pleaſe, the Fair!
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finiſh'd, with the breach of leagues;
The mean deſigns of well-diſſembled love;
The fordid matches never join'd above;

Abroad

Abroad the labour, and at home the noiſe,
(Man's double ſufferings for domeſtic joys)
The curſe of jealouſy; expence and ſtrife;
Divorce, the public brand of ſhameful life;
The rival's ſword; the qualm that takes the
Diſdain for paſſion, paſſion in deſpair —
Theſe, and a thouſand yet unnam'd, we fin
Ah fear the thouſand yet unnam'd behind!
Thus on Parnaſſus tuneful Heſiod ſung,
The mountain echoed, and the valley rung,
The ſacred groves a fix'd attention ſhow,
The cryſtal Helicon forbore to flow,
The ſky grew bright, and (if his verſe be tr
The Muſes came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If Love ſwore vengeance for the tales he wri
Ye Fair offended, hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fa
Though when it happen'd no relation clears,
Tis thought in five, or five and twenty yea
Where, dark and ſilent, with a twiſted ſh
The neighbouring woods a native arbour mac
There oft a tender pair, for amorous play
Retiring, toy'd the raviſh'd hours away;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
A fair Mileſian, kind Evanthe ſhe:
But ſwelling nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the ſecrets of the conſcious bower;
The dire diſgrace her brothers count their o
And track her ſteps, to make its author kno

It chanc'd one evening, 't was the lover's day,
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;
When Heſiod, wandering, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his ſeat where love had fix'd the ſcene;
A ſtrong ſuſpicion ſtrait poſſeſs their mind
(For Poets ever were a gentle kind),
But when Evanthe near the paſſage ſtood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and ſhot the wood,
"Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward."
And, urg'd with erring rage, aſſault the Bard.
His corpſe the ſea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
(Twas all the Gods would do) the corpſe to ſhore.
Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And ſee the dreams of ancient wiſdom riſe;
I ſee the Muſes round the body cry,
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;
He wheels his arrow with inſulting hand,
And thus inſcribes the moral on the ſand.
"Here Heſiod lies: ye future Bards, beware
"How far your moral tales incenſe the Fair.
"Unlov'd, unloving, 't was his fate to bleed;
"Without his quiver, Cupid caus'd the deed:
"He judg'd this turn of malice juſtly due,
"And Heſiod dy'd for joys he never knew."

SONG,

SONG.

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the ſky;
At diſtance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So ſtrangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thought you impart,
When your love runs in bluſhes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a paſſion and pride
In our ſex, ſhe reply'd,
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beſide,
But ſtill be a woman to you.

SONG.

THYRSIS, a young and amorous ſwain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart ſubdue:
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's eaſy ſhape and air
With ſofter magic drew.

He

haunts the ſtream, he haunts the grove,
es in a fond romance of love,
And ſeems for each to die;
l, each a little ſpiteful grown,
ina Cælia's ſhape ran down,
And ſhe Sabina's eye.

ir envy made the ſhepherd find
ſe eyes which love could only blind;
So ſet the lover free:
nore he haunts the grove or ſtream,
vith a true-love knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.

h, Cælia! ſly Sabina cry'd,
ugh neither love, we're both deny'd;
to ſupport the ſex's pride,
Let either fix the dart.

girl, ſays Cælia, ſay no more;
ſhould the ſwain but one adore,
t ſpite, which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart.

SONG.

Y days have been ſo wondrous free,
The little birds, that fly
careleſs eaſe from tree to tree,
ere but as bleſs'd as I.

Aſk gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their ſtream?
Or aſk the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one ſigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of ſweet deſire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twiſting pines!
Ye ſwains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye cloſe retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Aſſiſt the dear deſign;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make my Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of deſpair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis true, the paſſion in my mind
Is mix'd with ſoft diſtreſs;
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

ANACREONTIC.

WHEN ſpring came on with freſh delight,
To cheer the ſoul, and charm the ſight,
While eaſy breezes, ſofter rain,
And warmer ſuns, ſalute the plain;

"]

'T was then, in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with Love.
Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where-e'er ſhe trod, 't was green beneath;
Where-e'er ſhe turn'd, the pulſes beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.
Rais'd on a bank where daiſies grew,
And violets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy ſhe went to find;
A thouſand pleaſures wait behind,
Aſide, a thouſand arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd, wait to fly.
When they met, the dame and boy,
Dancing Graces, idle joy,
Wanton ſmiles, and airy play
Conſpir'd to make the ſcene be gay;
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And Nature bid them ſing to Love,
Sitting, hopping, fluttering, ſing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the ſhafts that idly lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.
'T is thus, when ſpring renews the blood,
They meet in every trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And every dart can boaſt a kind,
Which ſuits each proper turn of mind.

From the towering eagle's plume
The generous hearts accept their doom:
Shot by the peacock's painted eye,
The vain and airy lovers die:
For careful dames and frugal men,
The ſhafts are ſpeckled by the hen.
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts;
When from the voice the paſſions ſpring,
The warbling finch affords a wing:
Together, by the ſparrow ſtung,
Down fall the wanton and the young:
And fledg'd by geeſe the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.
All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving grove,
And ſee, ſays Love, who call'd me near,
How much I deal with Nature here;
How both ſupport a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart:
Then ceaſe for ſouls averſe to ſigh,
If Nature croſs you, ſo do I;
My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
And ſhakes and ſhuffles through the ſkies.
But if the mutual charms I find
By which ſhe links you mind to mind,
They wing my ſhafts, I poize the darts,
And ſtrike from both, through both your h

ANACREONTIC.

GAY Bacchus, liking Eſtcourt's * wine,
A noble meal beſpoke us;
And for the gueſts that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The God near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus, Jocus plac'd;
For wine makes Love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feaſt.

The more to pleaſe the ſprightly God,
Each ſweet engaging Grace
Put on ſome cloaths to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glaſs
A lady of the ſky;
While Bacchus ſwore he'd drink the laſs,
And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus toſt his brimmers o'er,
And always got the moſt;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miſs'd the toaſt.

They call'd, and drank at every touch;
He fill'd and drank again;
And if the Gods can take too much,
'T is ſaid, they did ſo then.

* A celebrated comedian and tavern-keeper.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid ſtung,
By reckoning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his ſtammering tongue,
With all his ſtaggering gaits:

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jeſt;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at beſt.

Such talk ſoon ſet them all at odds;
And had I Homer's pen,
I'd ſing ye, how they drank like Gods,
And how they fought like Men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
Who make them ſoon agree;
Nay, had the Furies ſelves been nigh,
They ſtill were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept ſome darts to ſtir the cup,
Where ſack and ſugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' roſy crown,
And gayly wore the prize,
And thrice, in mirth, he puſh'd him down,
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

Then Cupid ſought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline;
And Venus cloſe embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly curſing wit,
Roll'd off to ſome retreat;
Where boon companions gravely ſit
In fat unweildy ſtate.

Bacchus and Jocus ſtill behind,
For one freſh glaſs prepare;
They kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our inſtructive ſong;
For though ſuch friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STILE.

IN Britain's iſle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Though badly ſhap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be ſaid,
To meaſure height againſt his head,
And lift itſelf above;
Yet, ſpite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This *creature* dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dreſs'd with art,
And, if a ſhape could win a heart,
He had a ſhape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my ſong,
With ſlighted paſſion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'T was near an old enchanted court,
Where ſportive fairies made reſort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was croſs'd,
'T was late, 't was far, the path was loſt
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary ſteps he quits the ſhades,
Reſolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But ſcant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And, trembling, rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now ſounding tongues aſſail his ear,
Now ſounding feet approachen near,
And now the ſounds increaſe;

And from the corner where he lay
He ſees a train profuſely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (truſt me, Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a maſquing half ſo neat,
Or half ſo rich before;
The country lent the ſweet perfumes,
The ſea the pearl, the ſky the plumes,
The town its ſilken ſtore.

Now whilſt he gaz'd, a gallant dreſt
In flaunting robes above the reſt,
With awful accent cry'd;
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whoſe ſighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here preſum'd to hide?

At this the ſwain, whoſe venturous ſoul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanc'd in open ſight;
"Nor have I cauſe of dreed, he ſaid,
"Who view, by no preſumption led,
"Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for ſcorn of faithful love,
"Which made my ſteps unweeting rove
"Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well, the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
"Who dare to tell us true.

" Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
" Be mine the taſk, or ere we part,
" To make thee grief reſign;
" Now take the pleaſure of thy chaunce;
" Whilſt I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
" Be little Mable thine."

He ſpoke, and all a ſudden there
Light muſic floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The reſt their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing paſt, the board was laid,
And ſiker ſuch a feaſt was made,
As heart and lip deſire,
Withouten hands the diſhes fly,
The glaſſes with a wiſh come nigh,
And with a wiſh retire.

But, now to pleaſe the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and ſing,
And antic feats deviſe;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other ſome tranſmute their ſhape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at laſt, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;

l full againſt the beam he flung,
ere by the back the youth he hung
To ſpraul unneath the roof.

m thence, " Reverſe my charm, he cries,
And let it fairly now ſuffice
" The gambol has been ſhown."
: Oberon anſwers with a ſmile,
Content thee Edwin for a while,
" The vantage is thine own."

e ended all the phantom-play;
ey ſmelt the freſh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
e whirling wind that bore the crowd
s clapp'd the door, and whiſtled loud,
To warn them all to go.

en ſcreaming all at once they fly,
id all at once the tapers dye;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
rlorn his ſtate, and dark the place,
as never wight in ſuch a caſe
Through all the land before.

t ſoon as Dan Apollo roſe,
ll jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the leſs;
s honeſt tongue and ſteady mind
id rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want ſucceſs.

With

With luſty livelyhed he talks,
He ſeems a dauncing as he walks,
His ſtory ſoon took wind;
And beauteous Edith ſees the youth
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The ſtory told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erſt approv'd,
To ſee the revel ſcene:
At cloſe of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it ſo befell,
The wind came ruſtling down a dell,
A ſhaking ſeiz'd the wall;
Up ſpring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And muſic fills the hall.

But certes ſorely ſunk with woe
Sir Topaz ſees the Elphin ſhow,
His ſpirits in him dye:
When Oberon crys, "A man is near,
"A mortal paſſion, cleeped fear,
"Hangs flagging in the ſky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapleſs youth!
In accents faultering, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt;

For als he been a miſter wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt;

"Ah Loſell vile, at once they roar:
"And little ſkill'd of fairie lore,
"Thy cauſe to come, we know;
"Now has thy keſtrell courage fell;
"And fairies, ſince a lye you tell,
"Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wiſpy fire
To trail the ſwains among the mire,
The caitiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoiſe, in a ſhop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they friſk it o'er the place,
They ſit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the ſtars began to wink,
They ſhriek, they fly, the tapers ſink,
And down y-drops the knight:
For never ſpell by fairie laid
With ſtrong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill,

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin roſe the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er;
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His ſeely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin loſt afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurſe ared;
She ſoftly ſtroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus ſome are born, my ſon, ſhe cries,
"With baſe impediments to riſe,
"And ſome are born with none.

"But virtue can itſelf advance
"To what the favourite fools of chance
"By fortune ſeem deſign'd;
"Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
"And from itſelf ſhake off the weight
"Upon th' unworthy mind."

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

Written in the time of JULIUS CÆSAR, and by ſome aſcribed to CATULLUS.

LET thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

The ſpring, the new, the warbling ſpring appears,
The youthful ſeaſon of reviving years;
In ſpring the loves enkindle mutual heats,
The feather'd nation chuſe their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with deſcending rain,
And dreſt in differing greens adorn the plain.
She comes; to-morrow Beauty's empreſs roves
Through walks that winding run within the groves;
She twines the ſhooting myrtle into bowers,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flowers,
Then, rais'd ſublimely on her eaſy throne,
From Nature's powerful dictates draws her own.

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Twas on that day which ſaw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celeſtial blood;
Wandering in circles ſtood the finny crew,
The midſt was left a void expanſe of blue,
There parent ocean work'd with heaving throes,
And dropping wet the fair Dione roſe.

Let

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

She paints the purple year with vary'd ſhow,
Tips the green gem, and makes the bloſſom glow.
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
Expand to leaves, and ſhade the naked trees.
When gathering damps the miſty nights diffuſe,
She ſprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;
Bright trembling pearls depend at every ſpray,
And, kept from falling, ſeem to fall away.
A gloſſy freſhneſs hence the roſe receives,
And bluſhes ſweet through all her ſilken leaves
(The drops deſcending through the ſilent night,
While ſtars ſerenely roll their golden light):
Cloſe till the morn, her humid veil ſhe holds;
Then deckt with virgin pomp the flower unfolds.
Soon will the morning bluſh: ye maids! prepare,
In roſy garlands bind your flowing hair;
'Tis Venus' plant: the blood fair Venus ſhed,
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;
From Love's ſoft kiſs a ſweet ambroſial ſmell
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,
The richeſt luſtre makes her purple bright;
And ſhe to-morrow weds; the ſporting gale
Unties her zone, ſhe burſts the verdant veil;
Through all her ſweets the rifling lover flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing fires ariſe.

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay Nymphs, and ſends her tender love.
And ſhall they venture? Is it ſafe to go,
While Nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
Yes, ſafely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
He walks unarm'd, and undeſigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver uſeleſs hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unſtrung.
And yet, ye Nymphs, beware; his eyes have charms;
And love that 's naked, ſtill is love in arms.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
From Venus' bower to Delia's lodge repairs
A virgin train complete with modeſt airs:
" Chaſte Delia, grant our ſuit! or ſhun the wood,
" Nor ſtain this ſacred lawn with ſavage blood.
" Venus, O Delia! if ſhe could perſuade,
" Would aſk thy preſence, might ſhe aſk a maid."
Here chearful quires for three auſpicious nights
With ſongs prolong the pleaſurable rites:
Here crouds in meaſure lightly-decent rove;
Or ſeek by pairs the covert of the grove,
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
And mingling flowrets ſtrow the ſcenes of love,
Here dancing Ceres ſhakes her golden ſheaves;
Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves:
Here Wit's enchanting God, in lawrel crown'd,
Wakes all the raviſh'd hours with ſilver ſound.
Ye fields, ye foreſts, own Dione's reign,
And Delia, huntreſs Delia, ſhun the plain.

Let

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
The Queen at Hybla bids her throne appear;
And there preſides; and there the favourite band
(Her ſmiling graces) ſhare the great command.
Now, beauteous Hybla! dreſs thy flowery beds
With all the pride the laviſh ſeaſon ſheds;
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field.
To fill the preſence of the gentle court,
From every quarter rural nymphs reſort.
From woods, from mountains, from their humble va
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen
In circles ſeats them round the bank of green;
And, "Lovely girls, ſhe whiſpers, guard your he
"My boy, though ſtript of arms, abounds in art
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Let tender graſs in ſhaded alleys ſpread,
Let early flowers erect their painted head,
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow ſeen,
That day, old Ether wedded Earth in gree
The vernal father bid the Spring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year,
The ſap deſcending o'er her boſom ran,
And all the various ſorts of ſoul began.
By wheels unknown to ſight, by ſecret veins
Diſtilling life, the fruitful goddeſs reigns,

Through all the lovely realms of native day,
Through all the circled land, and circling ſea;
With fertile ſeed ſhe fill'd the pervious earth,
And ever fix'd the myſtic ways of birth.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
'Twas ſhe the parent, to the Latian ſhore
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore.
She won Lavinia for her warlike ſon,
And, winning her, the Latian empire won.
She gave to Mars the maid, whoſe honour'd womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.
Decoy'd by ſhows, the Sabine dames ſhe led,
And taught our vigorous youth the way to wed.
Hence ſprung the Romans, hence the race divine
Through which great Cæſar draws his Julian line.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
In rural ſeats the ſoul of pleaſure reigns;
The life of Beauty fills the rural ſcenes;
Ev'n Love (if Fame the truth of Love declare)
Drew firſt the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleaſing meadow pregnant Beauty preſt,
She laid her infant on its flowery breaſt,
From Nature's ſweets he ſipp'd the fragrant dew,
He ſmil'd, he kiſs'd them, and by kiſſing grew.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
Now bulls o'er ſtalks of broom extend their ſides,
Secure of favours from their lowing brides.

Now ſtately rams their fleecy conſorts lead,
Who bleating follow through the wandering ſhade.
And now the Goddeſs bids the birds appear,
Raiſe all their muſic, and ſalute the year:
Then deep the ſwan begins, and deep the ſong
Runs o'er the water where he ſails along:
While Philomela turns a treble ſtrain,
And from the poplar charms the liſtening plain.
We fancy love expreſt at every note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat.
Of barbarous Tereus ſhe complains no more,
But ſings for pleaſure, as for grief before.
And ſtill her graces riſe, her airs extend,
And all is ſilence till the Syren end.

How long in coming is my lovely Spring!
And when ſhall I, and when the ſwallow ſing?
Sweet Philomela, ceaſe:—Or here I ſit,
And ſilent loſe my rapturous hour of wit:
'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,
My tuneful Phœbus flies averſe away.
His own Amycle thus, as ſtories run,
But once was ſilent, and that once undone.

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

HOMER

HOMER'S

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

OR, THE

BATTLE

OF THE

FROGS AND MICE.

NAMES of the FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, *one who ſwells his cheeks.*
Pelus, *a name from mud.*
Hydromeduſe, *a ruler in the waters.*
Hypſiboas, *a loud bauler.*
Pelion, *from mud.*
Scutlæus, *called from the bees.*
Polyphonus, *a great babler.*
Lymnocharis, *one who loves the lake.*
Crambophagus, *a cabbage-eater.*
Lymniſius, *called from the lake.*
Calaminthius, *from the herb.*
Hydrocaris, *who loves the water.*
Borborocates, *who lies in the mud.*
Praſſophagus, *an eater of garlick.*
Peluſius, *from mud.*
Pelobates, *who walks in the dirt.*
Preſſæus, *called from garlick.*
Craugaſides, *from croaking.*

NAMES of the MICE.

PSYCARPAX, *one who plunders granaries.*
Troxartas, *a bread-eater.*
Lychomile, *a licker of meal.*
Pternotractas, *a bacon-eater.*
Lychopynax, *a licker of diſhes.*
Embaſichytros, *a creeper into pots.*
Lychenor, *a name for licking.*
Troglodytes, *one who runs into holes.*
Artophagus, *who feeds on bread.*
Tyroglyphus, *a cheeſe-ſcooper.*
Pternoglyphus, *a bacon-ſcooper.*
Pternophagus, *a bacon-eater.*
Cniſſodioctes, *one who follows the ſteam of kitchens.*
Sitophagus, *an eater of wheat.*
Meridarpax, *one who plunders his ſhare.*

HOMER'S

HOMER'S
TLE OF THE FROGS, &c.

BOOK I.

fill my rifing ſong with ſacred fire,
'e tuneful Nine, ye ſweet celeſtial quire!
Ielicon's imbowering height repair,
my labours, and reward my prayer;
eadful toils of raging Mars I write,
rings of conteſt, and the fields of fight;
reatening mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
ag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
ıder tumults ſhook Olympus' towers,
earth-born giants dar'd immortal powers.
qual acts an equal glory claim,
us the Muſe records the tale of fame.
: on a time, fatigued and out of breath,
ſt eſcap'd the ſtretching claws of death,
le Mouſe, whom cats purſued in vain,
rift of foot acroſs the neighbouring plain,
)'er a brink, his eager thirſt to cool,
pp'd his whiſkers in the ſtanding pool;
near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head;
om the waters, hoarſe-reſounding, ſaid,
ıt art thou, ſtranger? what the line you boaſt?
chance has caſt thee panting on our coaſt?
ricteſt truth let all thy words agree,
: me find a faithleſs Mouſe in thee.

If worthy, friendſhip, proffer'd friendſhip take,
And entering view the pleaſurable lake;
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty ſhare,
And glad return from hoſpitable fare:
This ſilver realm extends beneath my ſway,
And me, their monarch, all its Frogs obey.
Great Phyſignathus I, from Peleus' race,
Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,
Where, by the nuptial bank that paints his ſide
The ſwift Eridanus delights to glide.
Thee too, thy form, thy ſtrength, and port, pr
A ſcepter'd king; a ſon of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my gueſſing eyes.
Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouſe repli
Known to the gods, the men, the birds that f
Through wild expanſes of the midway ſky,
My name reſounds; and if unknown to thee,
The ſoul of great Pſycarpax lives in me.
Of brave Troxartas line, whoſe ſleeky down
In love compreſs'd Lychomile the brown.
My mother ſhe, and princeſs of the plains
Where-e'er her father Pternotractas reigns.
Born where a cabbin lifts its airy ſhed,
With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.
But, ſince our natures nought in common know
From what foundation can a friendſhip grow?
Theſe curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
But man's high food ſupports my princely ſoul
In vain the circled loaves attempt to lye
Conceal'd in flaſkets from my curious eye.

in the tripe that boaſts the whiteſt hue,
in the gilded bacon ſhuns my view,
in the cheeſes, offspring of the pail,
ney'd cakes, which gods themſelves regale,
as in arts I ſhine, in arms I fight,
d with the braveſt, and unknown to flight,
igh large to mine, the human form appear,
nan himſelf can ſmite my ſoul with fear,
o the bed with ſilent ſteps I go,
mpt his finger, or attack his toe,
fix indented wounds with dextrous ſkill,
ing he feels, and only ſeems to feel.
have we foes which direful dangers cauſe,
n owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
that falſe trap, the den of ſilent fate,
ere death his ambuſh plants around the bait:
dreaded theſe, and dreadful o'er the reſt
potent warriors of the tabby veſt,
o the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
l rend our heroes of the nibbling race,
me, nor ſtalks nor wateriſh herbs delight,
can the crimſon radiſh charm my ſight,
lake-reſounding Frogs ſelected fare,
ich not a Mouſe of any taſte can bear.
As thus the downy prince his mind expreſt,
anſwer thus the croaking king addreſt:
Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
d, ſtranger, we can boaſt of bounteous Jove:
e ſport in water, or we dance on land,
d, born amphibious, food from both command.

But truſt thyſelf where wonders aſk thy view,
And ſafely tempt thoſe ſeas, I 'll bear thee through:
Aſcend my ſhoulders, firmly keep thy ſeat,
And reach my marſhy court, and feaſt in ſtate.
He ſaid, and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light Mouſe, and claſps his arms around,
Then wondering floats, and ſees with glad ſurvey
The winding banks reſembling ports at ſea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy ſides,
His thoughts grow conſcious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccuſtom'd fears;
He ſighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for ſhore:
His tail extended forms a fruitleſs oar,
Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he ſpake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake:
So paſs'd Europa through the rapid ſea,
Trembling and fainting all the venturous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And ſafe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah, ſafe at laſt, may thus the Frog ſupport
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court!
As thus he ſorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a Water-Hydra roſe;
He rolls his ſanguin'd eyes, his boſom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd the monarch ſees his hiſſing foe,
And dives, to ſhun the fable fates below.

For-

Frog! the friend thy ſhoulders bore,
in ſwimming, floats remote from ſhore.
with fruitleſs hands to find relief,
alls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
he ſinks, and ſtruggling mounts again,
, and ſtrives, but ſtrives with fate in vain.
ity moiſture clogs his hairy veſt,
the prince his dying rage expreſt:
u, that fling'ſt me floundering from thy back,
ard rocks rebounds the ſhattering wrack,
ſhalt 'ſcape thy due, perfidious king!
y vengeance on the ſwifteſt wing!
ry ſtrength could never equal mine,
conquer, and by craft, was thine.
n has Gods, and Gods have ſearching eyes:
ye Mice, my great avengers riſe!
d, he ſighing gaſp'd, and gaſping dy'd,
the young Lychopynax eſpy'd,
flowery brink he paſs'd the day,
he beams, and loiter'd life away,
ks the Mouſe, his ſhrieks the ſhores repeat;
ing nation learn their hero's fate:
nal grief enſues; deep murmurs ſound,
er fury fills the deafen'd ground.
e to lodge, the ſacred heralds run,
r council with the riſing ſun;
at Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,
s his lengthening court beneath the plains,
father, father now no more!
Pſycarpax lies remote from ſhore;

Supine

Supine he lies! the ſilent waters ſtand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

BOOK II.

WHEN roſy-finger'd morn had ting'd the clouds
Around their Monarch-mouſe the nation crouds
Slow roſe the ſovereign, heav'd his anxious breaſt,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, addreſt:
For loſt Pſycarpax much my ſoul endures,
'T is mine the private grief, the public yours.
Three warlike ſons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three ſons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldeſt periſh'd by the ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful ſat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts aſſiſt the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy!
The laſt, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Pining'd in the lake by Phyſignathus, dy'd;
Rouſe all to war, my friends! avenge the deed;
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.
His words in every breaſt inſpir'd alarms,
And careful Mars ſupply'd their hoſt with arms.
In verdant hulls deſpoil'd of all their beans,
The buſkin'd warriors ſtalk'd along the plains:
Quills aptly bound their bracing corſelet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd:

round boſs affords them ample ſhield;
of nuts their covering helmet yield;
e region, with reflected rays,
of needles for their lances blaze,
arms the marching Mice appear;
ing Frogs perceive the tumult near,
waters, thickening from a ring,
id hearken, whence the noiſes ſpring.
the croud, diſclos'd to public view,
chief Embaſichytros drew:
herald's ſceptre grac'd his hand,
is word expreſs'd his king's command:
! the Mice with vengeance fir'd, advance,
in armour ſhake the ſhining lance:
ſs prince by Phyſignathus ſlain,
umbent on the watery plain.
your hoſt, the doubtful battle try;
thoſe Frogs that have the ſoul to die.
f retires, the croud the challenge hear,
ly ſwelling yet perplex'd appear:
reſent, yet much their monarch blame,
g, ſpoke to clear his tainted fame:
, I never forc'd the Mouſe to death,
gaſping of his lateſt breath.
youth, our art of ſwimming try'd,
rous, in the lake the wanton dy'd.
ce now by falſe appearance led,
their anger at my guiltleſs head,
he riſing war by deep device,
ts fury on the crafty Mice.

You

Your king directs the way; my thoughts, elate
With hopes of conqueſt, form deſigns of fate.
Where high the banks their vedant ſurface heave,
And the ſteep ſides confine the ſleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Suſtain the firſt impetuous ſhocks of fight:
Then, where the dancing feather joins the creſt,
Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouſe arreſt;
Each, ſtrongly graſping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countleſs circles whirl the lake below;
Down ſink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flaſh the waters; and the ſhores reſound:
The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raiſe their glorious trophies of the ſlain.

He ſpake no more, his prudent ſcheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldeſt hearts.
Green was the ſuit his arming heroes choſe,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows cloſe;
Green were the beets about their ſhoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Form'd of the vary'd ſhells the waters yield,
Their gloſſy helmets gliſten'd o'er the fields:
And tapering ſea-reeds for the poliſh'd ſpear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dreſs'd for war, they take th' appointed hei
Poize the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate ſpires ariſe,
With ſtars ſurrounded in ætherial ſkies,
(A ſolemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the Gods aſſume their golden ſeats:

The fire ſuperior leans, and points to ſhow
What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
How ſtrong, how large, the numerous heroes ſtride,
What length of lance they ſhake with warlike pride!
What eager fire, their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales;
And ſo confirm'd, the daring Titans roſe,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the Gods be foes.

This ſeen, the power his ſacred viſage rears,
He caſts a pitying ſmile on worldly cares,
And aſks what heavenly guardians take the liſt,
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs aſſiſt?

Then thus to Pallas: If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the Mice, why ſtays ſhe ſtill behind;
Drawn forth by ſavory ſteams they wind their way,
And ſure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where while the victims gratify their taſte,
They ſport to pleaſe the Goddeſs of the feaſt.

Thus ſpake the Ruler of the ſpacious ſkies.
But thus, reſolv'd, the blue-ey'd Maid replies:
In vain, my father! all their dangers plead,
To ſuch thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly ſpoil,
And rob my cryſtal lamps of feeding oil.
(Ills following ills!) but what afflicts me more,
My veil that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Relentleſs wretches! all the work was mine!
Along the loom the purple warp I ſpread,
Caſt the light ſhoot, and croſt the ſilver thread;

T

In this their teeth a thouſand breaches tear,
The thouſand breaches ſkilful hands repair,
For which, vile earthly dunns thy daughter grieve
(The Gods, that uſe no coin, have none to give.
And learning's Goddeſs never leſs can owe,
Neglected learning gains no wealth below).
Nor let the Frogs to win my ſuccour ſue,
Thoſe clamorous fools have loſt my favour too.
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
When my ſtretch'd ſinews work'd with eager fight,
When, ſpent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And ſunk for ſlumber on my ſwelling ſhield;
Lo from the deep, repelling ſweet repoſe,
With noiſy croakings half the nation roſe:
Devoid of reſt, with aching brows I lay,
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimſon dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either hoſt forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the ſpear;
Let heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conqueſt of a meaner foe.
Some daring Mouſe may meet the wondrous odds,
Though Gods oppoſe, and brave the wounded Gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortal ſcenes for you.
So mov'd the blue-ey'd Queen; her words perſuad
Great Jove aſſented, and the reſt obey'd.

BOOK III.

NOW front to front the marching armies ſhine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line:
ıe chiefs, conſpicuous ſeen and heard afar,
ve the loud ſignal to the ruſhing war;
ıeir dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets ſound,
ıe ſounding charge remurmurs o'er the ground,
'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
ıd rolls low thunder through the troubled ſky.
Firſt to the fight large Hypſiboas flew,
ıd brave Lychenor with a javelin ſlew.
ıe luckleſs warrior, fill'd with generous flame,
ood foremoſt glittering in the poſt of fame;
hen, in his liver ſtruck, the javelin hung,
ıe Mouſe fell thundering, and the target rung;
one to the ground, he ſinks his cloſing eye,
ıd ſoil'd in duſt his lovely treſſes lie.
A ſpear at Pelion Troglodytes caſt,
ıe miſſive ſpear within the boſom paſt;
ath's ſable ſhades the fainting Frog ſurround,
ıd life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
ıbaſichytros felt Scutlæus' dart
ansfix, and quiver in his panting heart;
t great Artophagus aveng'd the ſlain,
ıd big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
ıd Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd
r boaſtful ſpeech and turbulence of ſound;

Deep

Deep through the belly pierc'd, ſupine he lay,
And breath'd his ſoul againſt the face of day.
The ſtrong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph, and a friend expire;
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought.
(A warrior vers'd in arts, of ſure retreat,
But arts in vain elude impending fate);
Full on his ſinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (ſecond of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wandering aim;
Through all the Frogs the ſhining javelin flies,
And near the vanquiſh'd Mouſe the victor dies.
The dreadful ſtroke Crambophagus affright,
Long bred to banquets, leſs inur'd to fights,
Heedleſs he runs, and ſtumbles o'er the ſteep,
And wildly floundering flaſhes up the deep;
Lychenor, following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gaſping he rolls, a purple ſtream of blood
Diſtains the ſurface of the ſilver flood;
Through the wide wound the ruſhing entrails throng,
And flow the breathleſs carcaſs floats along.
Lymniſius good Tyroglyphus aſſails,
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flowery vales,
Loſt to the milky fares and rural ſeat,
He came to periſh on the bank of fate.
The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius ſhuns by flight,

en target, ſpringing quits the foe,
;h the lake, and ſafely dives below.
nophagus divides his way
iking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
prince excell'd in fierceneſs more,
ed him on the ſavage boar;
s lance the field with blood imbrued,
iov'd Hydrocharis purſued.
death he lies, a ſhattering ſtone
e neck, and cruſhes all the bone.
llutes the verdure of the plain,
s noſtrils burſts the guſhing brain.
x with Borborocates fights,
Frog, whom humbler life delights;
relin unrelenting flies,
s ſeals the gentle Croaker's eyes.
'raſſophagus, with ſpritely bound,
dioctes off the riſing ground,
him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
ard plunging, ſinks his ſoul to death.
great Pſycarpax ſhines afar
great whoſe loſs provok'd the war);
nge his fatal javelin fled,
1 the liver ſtruck Peluſius dead;
corpſe before the victor fell,
ignant ſought the ſhades of hell.
Pelobates, and from the flood
both hands a monſtrous maſs of mud,
bſcene o'er all the hero flies,
his brown face, and blots his eyes.

Enrag'd, and wildly ſputtering, from the ſhore
A ſtone, immenſe of ſize, the warrior bore,
A load for labouring earth, whoſe bulk to raiſe,
Aſks ten degenerate mice of modern days.
Full on the leg arrives the cruſhing wound:
The Frog, ſupportleſs, writhes upon the ground.
Thus fluſh'd, the victor wars with matchleſs force
Till loud Craugaſides arreſts his courſe,
Hoarſe croaking threats precede! with fatal ſpeed
Deep through the belly ran the pointed reed,
Then, ſtrongly tugg'd, return'd imbrued with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore:
The lame Sitophagus, oppreſs'd with pain,
Creeps from the deſperate dangers of the plain;
And where the ditches riſing weeds ſupply
To ſpread their lowly ſhades beneath the ſky,
There lurks the ſilent Mouſe reliev'd from heat,
And, ſafe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.
But here Troxartas, Phyſignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed ſpear;
But where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartas wounds, and Phyſignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a ſafe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The Mouſe ſtill urges, ſtill the Frog retires,
And half in anguiſh of the flight expires.
Then pious ardour young Preſſæus brings
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank harmleſs Frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combat not his own,

Which

ntly tinkling on Troxartas' ſhield,
: point, and drops upon the field.
y towering o'er the reſt appears
ince that far tranſcends his years,
ſire, and glory of his houſe,
Mars in combat than a Mouſe:
old, robuſt his ample frame,
rpax his reſounding name.
, ſingled from the fighting croud,
ire honours of his arms aloud;
ng near the lake, with looks elate,
tions threats approaching fate.
s ſtrength, the ſilver lakes around
heir waters o'er unpeopled ground.
l Jove, who ſhews no leſs his grace
at periſh, than to human race,
npaſſion riſing in his ſoul,
is ſacred head, that ſhook the pole.
o all the gazing powers began
Gods, and Frogs, and Mice, and Man.
; of blood I view! what worlds of ſlain!
ing from a day's campaign;
is javelin o'er the trembling lakes
urr'd hero Meridarpax ſhakes!
favouring Deity deſcend,
e Frogs loquacious empire end.
Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
ier ægis blaze before his eye:
; refulgent on his rattling car,
aging rival of the war.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious God of combats ſaid:
Nor Pallas, Jove! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hiſſing ſhield;
Nor Mars himſelf, though Mars in armour bright
Aſcend his car, and wheel amidſt the fight;
Not theſe can drive the deſperate Mouſe afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms ariſe,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the ſkies,
Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay;
When all the giant-race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.
'Twas thus th' armipotent adviſ'd the Gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods,
Deep-lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then ſwift he whirls the brandiſh'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the diſtant ground;
The bolt diſcharg'd inwrap'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming paſſage through the ſkies:
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, ſhake,
And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet ſtill the Mice advance their dread deſign,
And the laſt danger threats the croaking line,
Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loſs they bore,
With ſtrange aſſiſtants fill'd the frighted ſhore.
Pour'd from the neighbouring ſtrand, deform'd to view
They march, a ſudden unexpected crew!

Stra

ong ſuits of armour round their bodies cloſe,
hich, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows;
wheeling marches torn oblique they go;
ith harpy claws their limbs divide below;
ll ſheers the paſſage to their mouth command;
rom out the fleſh their bones by nature ſtand;
road ſpread their backs, their ſhining ſhoulders riſe;
nnumber'd joints diſtort their lengthen'd thighs;
Vith nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd;
heir round black eye-balls in their boſom plac'd;
n eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread;
nd either end alike ſupplies a head.
heſe, mortal wits to call the Crabs agree,
he Gods have other names for things than we.
Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
he heroes tail with ſevering graſps they rend.
Here, ſhort of feet, depriv'd the power to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and ſcatter'd all around,
he bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpleſs amazement, fear purſuing fear,
And mad confuſion, through their hoſt appear:
O'er the wild waſte with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.
But down Olympus to the weſtern ſeas
Far-ſhooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (ſo Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving ſun.

TO MR. POPE.

TO praiſe, yet ſtill with due reſpect to praiſe
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The learn'd to ſhow, the ſenſible commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the province of the friend,
What life, what vigour, muſt the lines require?
What muſic tune them? what affection fire?
O might thy genius in my boſom ſhine!
Thou ſhould'ſt not fail of numbers worthy thine,
The brighteſt ancients might at once agree
To ſing within my lays, and ſing of thee.
Horace himſelf would own thou doſt excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.
Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the dame
Whom Windſor Foreſt ſees a gliding ſtream,
On ſilver feet, with annual oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by thy Muſe the envy of the Fair!
Leſs ſhone the treſſes Ægypt's princeſs wore,
Which ſweet Callimachus ſo ſung before.
Here courtly treſſes ſet the world at odds,
Belles war with Beaux, and whims deſcend for C
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the chemic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's hear

races ſtand in ſight; a Satyr train
'er their heads, and laugh behind the ſcene.
'ame's fair temple, o'er the boldeſt wits
'd on high the ſacred Virgil ſits,
ts in meaſures, ſuch as Virgil's Muſe
ce thee near him might be fond to chuſe.
night he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
s a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
ſome old Damon, o'er the vulgar wiſe,
s he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt, the prize.
ith the thought, my fancy ſeeks the plains,
rns me ſhepherd while I hear the ſtrains.
ent nurſe of every tender gale,
of flowerets, old Arcadia, hail!
the cool my limbs at eaſe I ſpread,
t thy poplars whiſper o'er my head,
ide thy waters ſoft among the trees;
ſpins quiver in a breathing breeze,
ll thy vallies in eternal ſpring,
h'd, ye winds! while Pope and Virgil ſing.
ngliſh lays, and all ſublimely great,
lomer warms with all his ancient heat,
es in council, thunders in the fight,
ames with every ſenſe of great delight.
nas that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
nonarchs ſparkling on a diſtant throne;
the majeſty of Greece retir'd,
lf unknown, his mighty name admir'd,
nguage failing, wrap'd him round with night,
, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.

So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden oar,
When choak'd by ſinking banks, no more appear,
And ſhepherds only ſay, The mines were here!
Should ſome rich youth (if nature warm his heart
And all his projects ſtand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.
How vaſt, how copious, are thy new deſigns!
How every muſic varies in thy lines!
Still as I read, I feel my boſom beat,
And riſe in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when ſummer dreſs'd the days,
When Windſor lent us tuneful hours of eaſe,
Our ears the lark, the thruſh, the turtle bleſt;
And Philomela ſweeteſt o'er the reſt:
The ſhades reſound with ſong — O ſoftly tread!
While a whole ſeaſon warbles round my head.
This to my friend — and when a friend inſpires,
My ſilent harp its maſter's hand requires,
Shakes off the duſt, and makes theſe rocks reſound,
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my ſoul agree,
From wit, from learning, — far, oh far from thee!
Here moſs-grown trees expand the ſmalleſt leaf!
Here half an acre's corn is half a ſheaf,
Here hills with naked heads the tempeſt meet,
Rocks at their ſide, and torrents at their feet,
Or lazy lakes, unconſcious of a flood,
Whoſe dull brown Naiads ever ſleep in mud.

e content can dwell, and learned eaſe,
delight me, and an author pleaſe,
I ſing, while Pope ſupplies the theme,
own love, though not increaſe his fame.

NSLATION of part of the firſt Canto RAPE of the LOCK, into Leonine Verſe, he manner of the Ancient Monks.

inc dilectum ſpeculum, pro more retectum,
cat in mensâ, quæ ſplendet pyxide densâ:
num lymphâ, ſe purgat candida nympha;
ine mendâ, cœleſtis imago videnda,
ut, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
et explorans, ſeu cultus numen adorans.
claram Pythoniſſa apparet ad aram,
tibi cautè, dicatque ſuperbia! lautè,
nuſta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
levotâ, ſe pandit hic India tota,
ex iſtâ tranſpirat Arabia ciſta:
hic flectit, dum ſe mea Leſbia pectit;
lephas lentè, te pectit Leſbia dente;
aculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
t et mundè, mundus mulebris abundè;
reſplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
ſuavis odore, et epiſtola ſuavis amore.
arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
or in præſens tempus de tempore creſcens;

Jam

Jam reparat riſus, jam ſurgit gratiâ viſûs,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
Pigmina jam miſcet, quo plus ſua purpura gliſcet,
Et geminans bellis ſplendet magè fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique ſaluti,
Hic figit zonam, capiti, locat ille coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidiſſima Letty!
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

HEALTH. AN ECLOGUE.

NOW early ſhepherds o'er the meadow paſs,
And print long footſteps in the glittering graſs;
The cows neglectful of their paſture ſtand,
By turns obſequious to the milker's hand.
When Damon ſoftly trod the ſhaven lawn,
Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleaſing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the diſtant view;
There reſts the youth, and, while the feather'd throng
Raiſe their wild muſic, thus contrives a ſong.
Here, wafted o'er by mild Eteſian air,
Thou country Goddeſs, beauteous Health! repair;
Here let my breaſt through quivering trees inhale
Thy roſy bleſſings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flowers, or all I ſee?
Ah! taſteleſs all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
Joy to my ſoul! I feel the Goddeſs nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I;

O'er

'er the flat green refreſhing breezes run,
ıe ſmiling daizies blow beneath the ſun,
ıe brooks run purling down with ſilver waves,
e planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
e chirping birds from all the compaſs rove
tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
;h ſunny ſummits, deeply-ſhaded dales,
ick moſſy banks, and flowery winding vales.
th various proſpect gratify the ſight,
d ſcatter fix'd attention in delight.
Come, country goddeſs, come; nor thou ſuffice,
t bring thy mountain-ſiſter, Exerciſe.
ll'd by thy lovely voice, ſhe turns her pace,
r winding horn proclaims the finiſh'd chace;
: mounts the rocks, ſhe ſkims the level plain,
gs, hawks, and horſes, croud her early train.
r hardy face repels the tanning wind,
ıd lines and meſhes looſely float behind.
l theſe as means of toil the feeble ſee,
t theſe are helps to pleaſure join'd with thee.
Let Sloth lie ſoftening till high noon in down,
lolling fan her in the ſultry town,
inery'd with reſt; and turn her own diſeaſe,
r foſter others in luxurious eaſe:
mount the courſer, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
he fox unkennel'd flies to covert grounds;
lead where ſtags through tangled thickets tread,
ınd ſhake the ſaplings with their branching head;
make the faulcons wing their airy way,
ınd ſoar to ſeize, or ſtooping ſtrike their prey;

To

To ſnare the fiſh, I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl, I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus through change of exerciſe I range,
And ſtrength and pleaſure riſe from every change.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain
When the next comes, I 'll charm thee thus ag
Oh come, thou Goddeſs of my rural ſong,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whoſe bright preſence clouds of ſorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers,
Clip my low hedges, and ſupport my flowers;
To welcome her, this ſummer-ſeat I dreſt,
And here I court her when ſhe comes to reſt;
When ſhe from exerciſe to learned eaſe
Shall change again, and teach the change to pleaſ
Now friends converſing my ſoft hours refine,
And Tully's Tuſculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And ſuch as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of eaſy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuſe the grove:
The native Bard, that on Sicilian plains
Firſt ſung the lowly manners of the ſwains;
Or Maro's Muſe, that in the faireſt light
Paints rural proſpects and the charms of ſight;
Theſe ſoft amuſements bring Content along,
And fancy, void of ſorrow, turns to ſong.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain
When the next comes, I 'll charm thee thus ag

FLIES. AN ECLOGUE.

'N in the river cows for coolneſs ſtand,
id ſheep for breezes ſeek the lofty land,
whom Æſop taught that every tree,
and inſect, ſpoke as well as he;
lmly muſing in a ſhady way,
vering hawthorns broke the ſunny ray,
inſtructs his moral pen to draw
at obvious in the field he ſaw.
ow ditch, where ſhallow waters meet,
ver learn'd to glide with liquid feet;
iade never prattle as they play,
'd with hedges ſlumber out the day,
ds a ſlender fern's aſpiring ſhade,
ſwering branches regularly laid
their anſwering boughs, and proudly riſe
ies upward, in the nether ſkies.
ter here, to ſhun the noon-day heat,
ation of the Flies retreat;
oft airs their ſilken pinions ply,
from bough to bough delighted fly,
and circling light to perch again;
murmur hums along the plain.
a ſtage invites to pageant ſhows,
and ſmall are like) appear the beaux;
ſome with ſpruce pretenſion ſit,
nge from ſeat to ſeat within the pit,

Some

Some roam the ſcenes, or turning ceaſe to roam;
Preluding muſic fills the lofty dome.
When thus a Fly (if what a Fly can ſay
Deſerves attention) rais'd the rural lay.
Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
Joyful I flew by young Favonia's ſide,
Who, mindleſs of the feaſting, went to ſip
The balmy pleaſure of the ſhepherd's lip,
I ſaw the Wanton, where I ſtoop'd to ſup,
And half reſolv'd to drown me in a cup;
Till, bruſh'd by careleſs hands, ſhe ſoar'd above:
Ceaſe, Beauty, ceaſe to vex a tender love.
Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his muſic ſung.
When ſuns by thouſands ſhone on orbs of dew,
I wafted ſoft with Zephyretta flew;
Saw the clean pail, and ſought the milky chear,
While little Daphne ſeiz'd my roving Dear.
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame;
Yet fate indulging as the danger came.
But the kind huntreſs left her free to ſoar:
Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a miſtreſs more.
Thus from the fern, whoſe high projecting arms
The fleeting nation bent with duſky ſwarms,
The ſwains their love in eaſy muſic breathe,
When tongues and tumult ſtun the field beneath:
Black ants in teams come darkening all the road,
Some call to march, and ſome to lift the load;
They ſtrain, they labour with inceſſant pains,
Preſs'd by the cumbrous weight of ſingle grains.

'he Flies ſtruck ſilent gaze with wonder down :
he buſy burghers reach their earthy town ;
here lay the burthens of a wintery ſtore,
id thence unwearied part in ſearch of more.
: one grave ſage a moment's ſpace attends,
d the ſmall city's loftieſt point aſcends,
pes the ſalt dew that trickles down his face,
d thus harangues them with the graveſt grace.
'e fooliſh nurſlings of the ſummer air,
:ſe gentle tunes and whining ſongs forbear ;
ir trees and whiſpering breeze, your grove and love ;
ir Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove ;
Bards to buſineſs bend their vigorous wing,
l ſing but ſeldom, if they love to ſing :
, when the flowerets of the ſeaſon fail,
l this your ferny ſhade forſakes the vale,
ugh one would ſave you, not one grain of wheat,
uld pay ſuch ſongſters idling at my gate.
'e ceas'd : the Flies, incorrigibly vain,
rd the Mayor's ſpeech, and fell to ſing again.

ELEGY, TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

I vain, poor nymph, to pleaſe our youthful ſight
You ſleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
r face with patches ſoil, with paint repair,
's with gay gowns, and ſhade with foreign hair.
uth, in ſpite of manners, muſt be told,
r really fifty-five is ſomething old.
ice you were young ; or one, whoſe life 's ſo long
might have borne my mother, tells me wrong.

And

And once, ſince Envy 's dead before you die,
The women own, you play'd a ſparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modiſh little trip,
And pouted with the prettieſt purple lip.—
To ſome new charmer are the roſes fled,
Which blew, to damaſk all thy cheek with red;
Youth calls the Graces their to fix there reign,
And airs by thouſands fill their eaſy train.
So parting Summer bids her flowery prime
Attend the Sun to dreſs ſome foreign clime,
While withering ſeaſons in ſucceſſion, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.
But thou, ſince nature bids, the world reſign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to ſhine.
With more addreſs, or ſuch as pleaſes more,
She runs her female exerciſes o'er,
Unfurls or cloſes, raps or turns the fan,
And ſmiles, or bluſhes, at the creature man.
With quicker life, as gilded coaches paſs,
In ſideling courteſy ſhe drops the glaſs.
With better ſtrength, on viſit-days ſhe bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample ſtairs.
Her mien, her ſhape, her temper, eyes, and tongue
Are ſure to conquer—for the rogue is young:
And all that 's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.
Let Time, that makes you homely, make you ſa
The ſphere of wiſdom is the ſphere of age.
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flattering tongues of ſoft deſire,

virtue, from its graveſt ways
th pleaſing avocation ſtrays.
gone, 'tis eaſier to be wiſe;
ɔetter by the loſs of eyes.
ɛetire, reduce your roving airs,
he plays, and more the public prayers,
ſlechlin head, and gold brocade,
ſober Norwich crape array'd.
t diamonds let thy Fanny take
bling luſtre ſhows how much you ſhake);
ɛear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
your Fanny an obedient girl.
ft, with leſs incumbrance hung,
ırough life, unmingled with the young,
ıe ſhade and ſubſtance as you paſs
ndeavour trifling at the glaſs,
ift, and rambling all her days,
counterpart, and grow by praiſe:
ıte yourſelf, and gravely plain,
fret, nor envy at the vain.
if man with woman we compare,
thenian croſt a glittering fair,
tongue and ſights, he walk'd the place,
ɔe, toys, tinſel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
t a World I never want? he cries:
ıheard: for folly will be free.
buzzing gaudy crowd and he:
he for them, as they for him:
wiſdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

THE BOOK-WORM.

COME hither, boy, we 'll hunt to-day,
The Book-worm, ravening beaſt of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As Fame reports it, with the Gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Againſt a thouſand authors lives;
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with cluſtering eyes,
With horns without, and tuſks within,
And ſcales to ſerve him for a ſkin.
Obſerve him nearly, leſt he climb
To wound the Bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of Fancy go
To tear ſome modern wretch below.
On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he ſlips thee by.
See where his teeth a paſſage eat:
We 'll rouſe him from the deep retreat.
But who the ſhelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis ſacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from ſong to ſong,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He 's up, he ſcuds the cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he paſt,
And here we have him, caught at laſt.

Inſatiate brute, whoſe teeth abuſe
The ſweeteſt ſervants of the Muſe.
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roſes nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage,
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Leſbia's ſparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half deſtroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd,
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And ſpoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every ſingle deed,
Relentleſs Juſtice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myſelf the prieſt, my deſk the ſhrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Taſſo near,
To pile a ſacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' ruſtic ſtrain;
Pray take your mortal Bards again.
Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes
This venerable duſt I lay,
From manuſcripts juſt ſwept away.
The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation 's yet to make)
A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praiſe;

Senſe may they ſeek, and leſs engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage.
But if their riches ſpoil their vein,
Ye Muſes, make them poor again.
Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I ſtrike the ſcales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The ſacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he 's dead.
How like the ſon of Jove I ſtand,
This Hydra ſtretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monſter's entrails here,
To ſee what dangers threat the year:
Ye Gods! what ſonnets on a wench!
What lean tranſlations out of French!
'Tis plain, this lobe is ſo unſound,
S—— prints, before the months go round.
But hold, before I cloſe the ſcene,
The ſacred altar ſhould be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's ſecond bays,
Or, Tate! thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miſs'd your works till now)
I 'd tear the leaves to wipe the ſhrine,
(That only way you pleaſe the Nine)
But ſince I chance to want theſe two,
I 'll make the ſongs of Durfey do.
Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the ſcales that brac'd it in;

g my ſtudious morning-gown,
write my own inſcription down.
This trophy from the Python won,
iis robe, in which the deed was done,
ieſe, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
ing on theſe ſhelves, the Muſes ſeat.
:re ignorance and hunger found
irge realms of wit to ravage round;
:re ignorance and hunger fell;
wo foes in one I ſent to hell.
: poets, who my labours ſee,
ome ſhare the triumph all with me!
: Critics! born to vex the Muſe,
o mourn the grand ally you loſe."

I ALLEGORY ON MAN.

Thoughtful Being, long and ſpare,
Our race of mortals call him Care
re Homer living, well he knew
t name the Gods have call'd him too);
i fine mechanic genius wrought,
lov'd to work, through no one bought.
being, by a model bred
ove's eternal ſable head,
riv'd a ſhape impower'd to breathe,
be the worldling here beneath.
he man roſe ſtaring, like a ſtake;
ndering to ſee himſelf awake!

Then look'd ſo wiſe, before he knew
The buſineſs he was made to do;
That, pleas'd to ſee with what a grace
He gravely ſhew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-ſomething of the ſky.
But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a Poet's God
(For which his curls ambroſial ſhake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake):
He ſaw old mother Earth ariſe,
She ſtood confeſs'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read ſhe wore,
A caſtle for a crown before,
Nor with long ſtreets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes:
As yet with wreaths alone ſhe dreſt,
And trail'd a landſkip-painted veſt.
Then thice ſhe rais'd, as Ovid ſaid,
And thrice ſhe bow'd her weighty head.
Her honours made, Great Jove, ſhe cry'd,
This thing was faſhion'd from my ſide:
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine;
Then what haſt thou to call him thine?
Nay rather aſk, the Monarch ſaid,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part 's an idle ſhape of clay.
Halves, more than halves! cry'd honeſt Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair,

You claim the body, you the ſoul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.
Thus with the Gods debate began,
On ſuch a trivial cauſe, as man.
And can celeſtial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.
As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There 's none that paint him ſuch as I,
For what the fabling Ancients ſung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)
As yet his winters had not ſhed
Their ſilver honours on his head;
He juſt had got his pinions free,
From his old ſire, Eternity.
A ſerpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacks are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A ſtaff he carry'd, where on high
A glaſs was fix'd to meaſure by,
As amber boxes made a ſhow
For heads of canes an age ago.
His veſt, for day and night, was py'd;
A bending ſickle arm'd his ſide;
And Spring's new months his train adorn!
The other Seaſons were unborn.
Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cauſe.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where ſince his hours a dial made;

Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate.
Since body from the parent Earth,
And ſoul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they firſt began;
But ſince their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth ſhall part theſe two,
To Care who join'd them, man is due.
He ſaid, and ſprung with ſwift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever ſince the Seaſons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.
'Tis well, ſaid Jove, and for conſent
Thundering he ſhook the firmament.
Our umpire Time ſhall have his way,
With Care I let the creature ſtay:
Let buſineſs vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion ſpeak,
And want afflict, and ſickneſs break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy diſtract, and ſorrow kill.
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long deſtructive blow;
And waſted man, whoſe quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The ſoul flies ſooner back to me.

IMITATION OF SOME FRENCH VERSES.

RELENTLESS Time! deſtroying power,
Whom ſtone and braſs obey,
Who giv'ſt to every flying hour
To work ſome new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unſeen,
Thy ſecret ſaps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet,
Before I thought it nigh.
My ſpring, my years of pleaſure fleet,
And all their beauties die.

In age I ſearch, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave wiſdom ſtalking ſlow behind,
Oppreſs'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancy'd joys inſpire;
My errors cheriſh'd Hope to ſmile
On newly-born deſire.

But now experience ſhews, the bliſs
For which I fondly ſought
Not worth the long impatient wiſh,
And ardour of the thought.

My

My youth met fortune fair array'd,
In all her pomp ſhe ſhone,
And might perhaps have well eſſay'd,
To make her gifts my own:

But when I ſaw the bleſſings ſhower
On ſome unworthy mind,
I left the chace, and own'd the Power
Was juſtly painted blind.

I paſs'd the glories which adorn
The ſplendid courts of kings,
And while the perſons mov'd my ſcorn,
I roſe to ſcorn the things.

My manhood felt a vigorous fire
By love encreas'd the more;
But years with coming years conſpire
To break the chains I wore.

In weakneſs ſafe, the ſex I ſee
With idle luſtre ſhine;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine?

But hold—I feel my gout decreaſe,
My troubles laid to reſt,
And truths which would diſturb my peace
Are painful truths at beſt.

Vainly the time I have to roll
In ſad reflection flies;
Ye fondling paſſions of my ſoul!
Ye ſweet deceits! ariſe.

I wi

I wiſely change the ſcene within,
To things that us'd to pleaſe;
In pain, philoſophy is ſpleen,
In health, 'tis only eaſe.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
The ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er:
Their books from wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt way.
I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom 's ſurely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in ſilver pride
The nether creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the ſpangled ſhow
Deſcends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire:
The left preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe wall the ſilent water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night.

There

There paſs with melonchaly ſtate,
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate,
And think, as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee they life poſſeſt,
And time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt.
Thoſe with bending ofier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe,
Where toil and poverty repoſe.
The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame
(Which ere our ſet of friends decay
Their frequent ſteps may wear away),
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
Theſe, all the poor remains of ſtate,
Adorn the rich, or praiſe the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The burſting earth unveils the ſhades!
All flow, and wan, and wrap'd with ſhrouds,
They riſe in viſionary crouds,
And all with ſober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, ceaſe your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time reſound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones.

When men my ſcythe and darts ſupply,
How great a King of fears am I!
They view me like the laſt of things;
They make, and then they draw, my ſtrings.
Fools! if you leſs provok'd your fears,
No more my ſpectre-form appears.
Death 's but a path that muſt be trod,
If man would ever paſs to God:
A port of calms, a ſtate to eaſe
From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.

Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep pendant cypreſs, mourning poles,
Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearſes, cover'd ſteeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'ſcutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul, theſe forms of woe;
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their ſuffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering ſun:

Such

Such joy, though far tranſcending ſenſe,
Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waſte:
But when their chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad ſcene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT

LOVELY, laſting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the ſky
With more of happineſs below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head;
What happy region doſt thou pleaſe
To make the ſeat of calms and eaſe!
Ambition ſearches all its ſphere
Of pomp and ſtate, to meet thee there.
Encreaſing avarice would find
Thy preſence in its gold inſhrin'd.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidſt the foaming ſea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.

The ſilent heart, which grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the vales,
Sees daiſies open, rivers run,
And ſeeks (as I have vainly done)
Amuſing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude 's the nurſe of woe.
No real happineſs is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a ſoul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the ſky,
Converſe with ſtars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below;
The reſt it ſeeks, in ſeeking dies,
And doubts at laſt for knowledge riſe.
Lovely, laſting peace, appear!
This world itſelf, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden bleſt,
And man contains it in his breaſt.
'Twas thus, as under ſhade I ſtood,
I ſung my wiſhes to the wood,
And, loſt in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whiſper as they wav'd:
It ſeem'd as all the quiet place
Confeſs'd the preſence of his grace.
When thus ſhe ſpoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.

Oh!

Oh! by yonder moſſy ſeat,
In my hours of ſweet retreat;
Might I thus my ſoul employ,
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly viſion, praiſe, and prayer;
Pleaſing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my ſight,
With all the colours of delight;
While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear, and court my ſong:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my ſtring,
And thee, great Source of Nature, ſing.

The ſun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that ſhines with borrow'd light
The ſtars that gild the gloomy night;
The ſeas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that ſpreads its ſhady leaves;
The field whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Should be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want and aſk the tongue of man.

Go ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your buſy or your vain extreams;
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the next begun in this.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from men, with God he paſs'd the days,
Prayer all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heaven itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenpur of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its watery breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſwering colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right,
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the Pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;

Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way!
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my Son, the reverend Sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.
Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe;
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they p
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſ
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wandering ſtranger's hon
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the livery'd ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.

Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length 't is morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighbouring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe;
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glittering prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſtening and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the Sire; when far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wiley partner ſhow'd.
He ſtop'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a baſe reward.
While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wandering pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighbouring ſeat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around
Its owner's temper, timorous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſert there.
As near the Miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with ſhowers began
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creeking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes-in the ſhivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pondering Hermit view'd
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch, within himſelf he cry'd,
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In every ſettling feature of his face;
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup, the generous Landlord own'd before,

id profuſely with the precious bowl
nted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.
ow the clouds in airy tumult fly;
emerging opes an azure ſky;
er green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
littering as they tremble, chear the day:
ather courts them from the poor retreat,
e glad maſter bolts the wary gate.
e hence they walk, the Pilgrim's boſom wrought
ll the travel of uncertain thought;
tner's acts without their cauſe appear,
there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
ig that, and pitying this, he goes,
d confounded with the various ſhows.
night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
he wanderers want a place to lye,
hey ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
l improv'd around, the manſion neat,
ither poorly low, nor idly great:
d to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
, and not to praiſe, but virtue kind.
r the walkers turn with weary feet,
leſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
reeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
rteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
out a vain, without a grudging heart,
who gives us all, I yield a part;
im you come, for him accept it here,
and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.

He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the Landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the Youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The Youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs Guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.
Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch! — But ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:

His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form etherial burſt upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Though loud at firſt the Pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous Angel broke
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke).

Thy prayer, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky,
Nay, ceaſe to kneel—Thy fellow-ſervant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.

The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty through all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurp
Than, thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wondering
Yet, taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!

The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly foo
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of w
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted d
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And looſe from droſs the ſilver runs below.

Long had our pious friends in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from Gc
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 't was my miniſtry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back;
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The Sage ſtood wondering as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha when, to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done:
Then, gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

PIETY, OR THE VISION*.

'TWAS when the night in ſilent ſable fled,
When chearful morning ſprung with riſing red,
When dreams and vapours leave to croud the brain,
And beſt the viſion draws its heavenly ſcene;

'Twas

* This and the following poem are not in the octavo editions of Dr. Parnell's Poems publiſhed by Mr. Pope. They were firſt communicated to the public by the late ingenious Mr. James Arbuckle, and publiſhed in his Hibernicus's Letters, No. 62. GOLDSMITH.—They are now in ſome degree corrected, from the volume of "Poſthumous Poems," N.

'Twas then, as ſlumbering on my couch I lay,
A ſudden ſplendor ſeem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing in a ſweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds inveſt,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of reſt;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the ſacred volume bore,
Her raiment glittering ſeem'd a ſilver white,
And all her ſweet companions ſons of light.

Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder gre
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my vie
When lo! a cherub of the ſhining croud
That ſail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the ſoft air, and downwards ſeem'd to
And to my lips a living coal apply'd.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulſes ran
Diffuſing comfort, thus the maid began:

"Where glorious manſions are prepar'd abo
" The ſeats of muſic, and the ſeats of love,
" Thence I deſcend, and Piety my name,
" To warm thy boſom with celeſtial flame,
" To teach thee praiſes mix'd with humble pra
" And tune thy ſoul to ſing ſeraphic airs.
" Be thou my Bard." A vial here ſhe caught
(An Angel's hand the cryſtal vial brought);
And as with awful ſound the word was ſaid,
She pour'd a ſacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded: "Be thy Muſe thy zeal
" Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.

"

" While other pencils flattering forms create,
" And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great;
" While other pens exalt the vain delight,
" Whoſe wafteful revel wakes the depth of night;
" Or others ſoftly ſing in idle lines
" How Damon courts, or Amaryllis ſhines;
" More wiſely thou ſelect a theme divine,
" Fame is their recompence, 'tis heaven is thine.
" Deſpiſe the raptures of diſcorded fire,
" Where wine, or paſſion, or applauſe inſpire
" Low reſtleſs life, and ravings born of earth,
" Whoſe meaner ſubjects ſpeak their humble birth,
" Like working ſeas, that, when loud winters blow,
" Not made for riſing, only rage below.
" Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
" More laſting ſtill, as more intenſely great,
" Produc'd where prayer, and praiſe, and pleaſure breathe,
" And ever mounting whence it ſhot beneath.
" Unpaint the love, that, hovering over beds,
" From glittering pinions guilty pleaſure ſheds;
" Reſtore the colour to the golden mines
" With which behind the feather'd idol ſhines;
" To flowering greens give back their native care,
" The roſe and lily, never his to wear;
" To ſweet Arabia ſend the balmy breath;
" Strip the fair fleſh, and call the phantom Death;
" His bow be fabled o'er, his ſhafts the fame,
" And fork and point them with eternal flame.
" But urge thy powers, thine utmoſt voice advance,
" Make the loud ſtrings againſt thy fingers dance:

" 'Tis

" 'Tis love that Angels praiſe and men adore,
" 'Tis love divine that aſks it all and more:
" Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
" Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
" And all in glory wrapt, through paths untrod,
" Purſue the great unſeen deſcent of God.
" Hail the meek Virgin, bid the child appear,
" The child is God, and call him Jeſus here.
" He comes, but where to reſt? A manger 's ni
" Make the great Being in a manger lie;
" Fill the wide ſky with Angels on the wing,
" Make thouſands gaze, and make ten thouſand
" Let men afflict him, men he came to ſave,
" And ſtill afflict him till he reach the grave;
" Make him reſign'd, his loads of ſorrow meet,
" And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;
" I 'll bathe my treſſes there, my prayers rehear
" And glide in flames of love along my verſe.
" Ah! while I ſpeak, I feel my boſom ſwell,
" My raptures ſmother what I long to tell.
" 'Tis God! a preſent God! through cleaving
" I ſee the throne, and ſee the Jeſus there
" Plac'd on the right. He ſhews the wounds h
" (My fervours oft have won him thus before);
" How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd h
" He bids the gates unbar; and calls me near."
She ceas'd. The cloud on which ſhe ſeem'd t
Its curls unfolded, and around her ſpread;
Bright Angels waft their wings to raiſe the clou
And ſweep their ivory lutes, and ſing aloud;

The ſcene moves off, while all its ambient ſky
Is turn'd to wondrous muſic as they fly;
And ſoft the ſwelling ſounds of muſic grow,
And faint their ſoftneſs, till they fail below,
My downy ſleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
And while my thoughts were ſettling, thus I ſpoke.
Thou beauteous viſion! on the ſoul impreſs'd,
When moſt my reaſon would appear to reſt,
'Twas ſure with pencils dipt in various lights
Some curious Angel limn'd thy ſacred ſights;
From blazing ſuns his radiant gold he drew,
While moons the ſilver gave, and air the blue.
I 'll mount the roving winds expanded wing,
And ſeek the ſacred hill, and light to ſing;
('Tis known in Jewry well) I 'll make my lays,
Obedient to thy ſummons, ſound with praiſe.
But ſtill I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;
And barely wiſh the wondrous gift I boaſt,
And faintly practiſe what deſerves it moſt.
Indulgent Lord! whoſe gracious love diſplays
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with eaſe!
Be this, to bleſs my days, no dream of bliſs;
Or be, to bleſs the nights, my dreams like this.

ACCHUS.

BACCHUS,

Or, the DRUNKEN METAMORPHOSIS.

AS Bacchus, ranging at his leiſure,
(Jolly Bacchus, king of pleaſure)!
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,
And all his thouſand airy fancies,
Alas! he quite forgot the while
His favourite vines in Leſbos iſle.
The god, returning ere they dy'd,
Ah! ſee my jolly fauns, he cry'd,
The leaves but hardly born are red,
And the bare arms for pity ſpread:
The beaſts afford a rich manure;
Fly, my boys, to bring the cure;
Up the mountains, o'er the vales,
Through the woods, and down the dales;
For this, if full the cluſter grow,
Your bowls ſhall doubly overflow.
So chear'd with more officious haſte
They bring the dung of every beaſt;
The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,
They lay the rich manure with care;
While oft he calls to labour hard,
And names as oft the red reward.
The plants refreſh'd, new leaves appear,
The thickening cluſters load the year;
The ſeaſon ſwiftly purple grew,
The grapes hung dangling deep with blue.

A vin

eyard ripe, a day ſerene
ls them all to work again.
ns through every furrow ſhoot
their flaſkets with the fruit;
w the vintage early trod,
ıes invite the jovial God.
the roſes, raiſe the ſong,
maſter comes along;
evel join'd with Laughter,
ınd Frolic follow after:
ıns aſide the vats remain,
v the work, and reap the gain.
und, and all around,
t to riot on the ground;
l ſtands amidſt the ring,
re they laugh, and there they ſing:
a jolly jolly band,
ınce about it hand in hand;
about, and ſhout amain,
it to laugh and ſing again.
hey drink, and thus they play
n and all their wits away.
as an ancient author ſung,
ne mamur'd with every dung,
very creature ſtrangely drew
ıg of brutal nature too;
hence in drinking on the lawns
ırns of humour ſeiz'd the fauns.
one was crying out, By Jove!
er, Fight me in the grove;

This

This wounds a friend, and that the trees;
The lion's temper reign'd in theſe.
Another grins, and leaps about,
And keeps a merry world of rout,
And talks impertinently free,
And twenty talk the ſame as he:
Chattering, idle, airy, kind:
Theſe take the monkeys turn of mind,
Here one, that ſaw the Nymphs which ſtood,
To peep upon them from the wood,
Skulks off to try if any maid
Be lagging late beneath the ſhade;
While looſe diſcourſe another raiſes
In naked Nature's plaineſt phraſes,
And every glaſs he drinks enjoys,
With change of nonſenſe, luſt, and noiſe;
Mad and careleſs, hot and vain:
Such as theſe the goat retain.
Another drinks and caſts it up,
And drinks, and wants another cup;
Solemn, ſilent, and ſedate,
Ever long, and ever late,
Full of meats, and full of wine:
This takes his temper from the ſwine.
Here ſome who hardly ſeem to breathe
Drink, and hang the jaw beneath.
Gaping, tender, apt to weep:
Their nature 's alter'd by the ſheep.
'Twas thus one autumn all the crew
(If what the Poets ſay be true)

While Bacchus made the merry feaſt,
Inclin'd to one or other beaſt:
And ſince, 'tis ſaid, for many a mile
He ſpread the vines of Leſbos iſle.

THE HORSE AND THE OLIVE.

WITH moral tale let ancient Wiſdom move,
Whilſt thus I ſing to make the moderns wiſe:
Strong Neptune once with ſage Minerva ſtrove,
And riſing Athens was the victor's prize.

By Neptune, Plutus (guardian power of gain);
By great Minerva, bright Apollo ſtood:
But Jove ſuperior bade the ſide obtain,
Which beſt contriv'd to do the nation good.

Then Neptune ſtriking, from the parted ground
The warlike Horſe came pawing on the plain,
And as it toſt its mane, and pranc'd around,
By this, he cries, I'll make the people reign.

The Goddeſs, ſmiling, gently bow'd her ſpear,
And rather thus they ſhall be bleſs'd, ſhe ſaid:
Then upwards ſhooting in the vernal air,
With loaded boughs the fruitful Olive ſpread.

Jove ſaw what gift the rural powers deſign'd;
And took th' impartial ſcales, reſolv'd to ſhow,
If greater bliſs in warlike pomp we find,
Or in the calm which peaceful times beſtow.

On Neptune's part he plac'd victorious days,
Gay trophies won, and fame extending wide;
But plenty, ſafety, ſcience, arts, and eaſe,
Minerva's ſcale with greater weight ſupply'd.

Fierce War devours whom gentle Peace would ſav
Sweet Peace reſtores what angry War deſtroys;
War made for Peace, with that rewards the brave
While Peace its pleaſures from itſelf enjoys.

Hence vanquiſh'd Neptune to the ſea withdrew,
Hence wiſe Minerva rul'd Athenian lands;
Her Athens hence in arts and honours grew,
And ſtill her Olives deck pacific hands.

From fables, thus diſclos'd, a monarch's mind
May form juſt rules to chuſe the truly great,
And ſubjects weary'd with diſtreſſes find,
Whoſe kind endeavours moſt befriend the ſtate.

Ev'n Britain here may learn to place her love,
If cities won, her kingdom's wealth have coſt;
If Anna's thoughts the patriot ſouls approve,
Whoſe cares reſtore that wealth the wars had loſt

But if we aſk, the moral to diſcloſe,
Whom her beſt patroneſs Europa calls,
Great Anna's title no exception knows,
And unapply'd in this the fable falls.

With her nor Neptune or Minerva vies:
Whene'er ſhe pleas'd, her troops to conqueſt fl
Whene'er ſhe pleaſes, peaceful times ariſe:
She gave the Horſe, and gives the Olive too.

R. DONNE'S THIRD SATIRE VERSIFIED.

OMPASSION checks my ſpleen, yet ſcorn denies
The tears a paſſage through my ſwelling eyes;
laugh or weep at ſins, might idly ſhow
eedful paſſion, or unfruitful woe.
re! ariſe, and try thy ſharper ways,
ver ſatire cur'd an old diſeaſe.
ot Religion (heaven-deſcended dame)
worthy all our ſoul's devouteſt flame,
moral Virtue in her early ſway,
en the beſt Heathens ſaw by doubtful day?
not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
great and ſtrong to vanquiſh earthly love,
earthly glory, fame, reſpect, and ſhow,
all rewards their virtue found below?
s! Religion proper means prepares,
eſe means are ours, and muſt its end be theirs?
d, ſhall thy father's ſpirit meet the ſight
heathen ſages cloath'd in heavenly light,
oſe merit of ſtrict life, ſeverely ſuited
Reaſon's dictates, may be faith imputed,
ilſt thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
t ever baniſh'd from the bleſt abode.
Oh! if thy temper ſuch a fear can find,
s fear were valour of the nobleſt kind.

388268

Dar'ſt thou provoke, when rebel ſouls aſpire,
Thy Maker's vengeance, and thy Monarch's ire,
Or live entomb'd in ſhips, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the ſea;
In ſearch of pearl, in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the ſun, in mines beneath,
Or, where in tempeſts icy mountains roll,
Attempt a paſſage by the northern pole?
Or dar'ſt thou parch within the fires of Spain,
Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?
Or for ſome idol of thy fancy draw
Some looſe-gown'd dame; O courage made of ſtraw
Thus, deſperate coward, would'ſt thou bold appear
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee centry here,
To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield;
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field?
Know thy own foes; th' apoſtate angel; he
You ſtrive to pleaſe, the foremoſt of the three;
He makes the pleaſures of his realm the bait,
But can he give for love that acts in hate?
The world 's thy ſecond love, thy ſecond foe,
The world, whoſe beauties periſh as they blow,
They fly, ſhe fades herſelf, and at the beſt,
You graſp a wither'd ſtrumpet to your breaſt;
The fleſh is next, which in fruition waſtes,
High fluſh'd with all the ſenſual joys it taſtes.
While men the fair, the goodly ſoul deſtroy,
From whence the fleſh has power to taſte a joy.
Seek thou Religion primitively ſound—
Well, gentle friend, but where may ſhe be found?

ith implicit blind Ignaro led,
the bright ſeraph from his country fled,
ks her ſeat at Rome, becauſe we know,
e was ſeen a thouſand years ago;
es her relick rags, as men obey
t-cloth where the prince ſat yeſterday.
ageant forms are whining Obed's ſcorn,
eks Religion at Geneva born,
a thing, whoſe coarſeneſs ſuits the crowd:
young, unhandſome; though unhandſome,
ud;
with the wanton, ſome perverſely judge
s unhealthy but the country drudge.
reign ſchemes make eaſy Cæpio roam,
n contented takes his church at home,
ould ſome preachers, ſervile bawds of gain,
ſome new laws, which like new faſhions reign,
nd his faith to count ſalvation ty'd,
: his, and viſit none beſide;
its ſalvation centres in his own,
ants it centres but in his alone;
outh to age he graſps the proffer'd dame,
ey confer his faith, who give his name;
the guardian's hands the wards, who live
ll'd to guardians, take the wives they give.
all profeſſions careleſs Airy flies,
profeſſions can't be good, he cries;
re a fault, and there another views,
es unfix'd for want of heart to chuſe;

So men, who know what ſome looſe girls have done,
For fear of marrying ſuch, will marry none.
The charms of all obſequious Courtly ſtrike;
On each he dotes, on each attends alike;
And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,
The dreſſes altering, and the ſex the ſame:
So fares Religion, chang'd in outward ſhow,
But 'tis Religion ſtill where'er we go:
This blindneſs ſprings from an exceſs of light,
And men embrace the wrong to chuſe the right.
But thou of force muſt one Religion own,
And only one, and that the right alone;
To find that right one, aſk thy reverend ſire,
Let his of him, and him of his enquire;
Though truth and falſehood ſeem as twins ally'd,
There 's elderſhip on Truth's delightful ſide;
Her ſeek with heed—who ſeeks the ſoundeſt firſt,
Is not of no Religion, nor the worſt.
T' adore, or ſcorn an image, or proteſt,
May all be bad; doubt wiſely for the beſt,
'Twere wrong to ſleep, or headlong run aſtray;
It is not wandering, to inquire the way.
On a large mountain, at the baſis wide,
Steep to the top, and craggy at the ſide,
Sits ſacred Truth enthron'd; and he who means
To reach the ſummit, mounts with weary pains,
Winds round and round, and every turn eſſays,
Where ſudden breaks reſiſt the ſhorter ways.
Yet labour ſo, that ere faint age arrive,
Thy ſearching ſoul poſſeſs her reſt alive;

T

ork by twilight were to work too late,
age is twilight to the night of fate.
ill alone, is but to mean delay,
ork at preſent, is the uſe of day,
an's employ much thought and deed remain,
thoughts the ſoul, hard deeds the body ſtrain,
nyſteries aſk believing, which to view,
the fair ſun, are plain, but dazzling too.
Truth, ſo found, with ſacred heed poſſeſt,
ings have power to tear it from thy breaſt.
blank charters harm they where they hate,
re they vicars, but the hands of fate.
fool and wretch, who lett'ſt thy ſoul be ty'd
uman laws! or muſt it ſo be try'd?
ill it boot thee, at the lateſt day,
n Judgment ſits, and Juſtice aſks thy plea,
Philip that, or Gregory taught thee this,
ohn or Martin? All may teach amiſs:
very contrary in each extreme
holds alike, and each may plead the ſame.
ouldſt thou to power a proper duty ſhew?
thy firſt taſk the bounds of power to know;
bounds once paſt, it holds the ſame no more,
ature alters, which it own'd before,
were ſubmiſſion humbleneſs expreſt,
all a low idolatry at beſt.
er from above, ſubordinately ſpread,
ams like a fountain from th' eternal head;
re, calm and pure, the living waters flow,
roars a torrent or a flood below,

Each flower ordain'd the margins to adorn,
Each native beauty, from its roots is torn,
And left on deſerts, rocks and ſands, are toſt,
All the long travel, and in ocean loſt.
So fares the ſoul, which more that power reveres,
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

THE GIFT OF POETRY.

FROM realms of never-interrupted peace,
From thy fair ſtation near the throne of Grace
From choirs of angels, joys in endleſs round,
And endleſs harmony's enchanting ſound,
Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praiſe to ſhew,
Bright Gift of Verſe deſcend, and here below
My raviſh'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
And warbling o'er the ſoul incline my will.
Among thy pomp, let rich expreſſion wait,
Let ranging numbers form thy train compleat,
While at thy motions over all the ſky
Sweet ſounds, and echoes ſweet, reſounding fly;
And where thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
Let Fancy's flowery ſpring erect its head.

It comes, it comes, with unaccuſtom'd light,
The tracts of airy thought grow wondrous bright
Its notions ancient Memory reviews,
And young Invention new deſigns purſues.
To ſome attempt my will and wiſhes preſs,
And pleaſure, rais'd in hope, forebodes ſucceſs.
My God, from whom proceed the gifts divine,
My God! I think I feel the gift is thine.

ain illuſion which I find,
impulſe on the paſſive mind,
act, produc'd by good deſire,
iven'd with Celeſtial Fire;
:onceits, like miſty ſons of night,
beams of glory take their flight,
fections, born of earth, decay,
hat wither in the warmer ray.
ee, Father! with a grateful mind
:ſerving, and thy Mercy kind.
ve, I long to ſing thy praiſe,
ve, I long to find my lays
ıcentives of another's love,
ch longings have their riſe above.
›n ſtands confirm'd within,
›iring eagerly begin;
lines, to ſuch a ſubject due,
ır labours, and rewards them too!
: Canaan opens to mine eyes,
i and ſongs, divinely form'd, ariſe.
hom o'er the ſweetly-vary'd meads
and lonely pleaſure leads,
banks, to paths adorn'd with flowers,
:es, to cloſely-waving bowers,
ş fountains, and aſide the ſtream
glidling ſooths a waking dream,
thought inſpir'd with heat along,
ıir images improves a ſong;
:red anthems, ſo may fancy range,
beauty, ſtill to beauty change,

To

To feel delights in all the radiant way,
And, with ſweet numbers, what it feels repay.
For this I call that ancient Time appear,
And bring his rolls to ſerve in method here;
His rolls which acts, that endleſs honour claim,
Have rank'd in order for the voice of fame.
My call is favour'd: Time from firſt to laſt
Unwinds his years, the preſent ſees the paſt;
I view their circles as he turns them o'er,
And fix my footſteps where he went before.
The page unfolding would a top diſcloſe,
Where ſounds melodious in their birth aroſe.
Where firſt the Morning-ſtars together ſung,
Where firſt their harps the Sons of Glory ſtrung,
With ſhouts of joy while Hallelujahs riſe
To prove the chorus of eternal ſkies.
Rich ſparkling ſtrokes the letters doubly gild,
And all 's with love and admiration fill'd.

MOSES.

TO grace thoſe lines, which next appear to ſig
The pencil ſhone, with more abated light;
Yet ſtill the pencil ſhone, the lines were fair,
And awful Moſes ſtands recorded there;
Let his, replete with flames and praiſe divine,
Let his, the firſt-remember'd ſong be mine,
Then riſe my thought, and in thy prophet find
What joy ſhould warm thee, for the work deſign

To that great act, which rais'd his heart, repair,
And find a portion of his ſpirit there.
A Nation helpleſs and unarm'd I view;
Whom ſtrong revengeful troops of war purſue,
Seas ſtop their flight, their camp muſt prove their grave,
Ah! what can ſave them? God alone can ſave.
God's wondrous voice proclaims his high command,
He bids their leader wave the ſacred wand,
And where the billows flow'd, they flow no more,
A road lies naked, and they march it o'er.
Safe may the ſons of Jacob travel through,
But why will hard'ned Egypt venture too?
Vain in thy rage, to think thoſe waters flee
And riſe like walls, on either hand, for thee.
The night comes on, the ſeaſon for ſurprize;
Yet fear not, Iſrael; God directs thine eyes.
A fiery cloud I ſee thine angel ride,
His chariot is thy light, and he thy guide.
The day comes on, and half thy ſuccours fail,
Yet fear not, Iſrael, God will ſtill prevail.
I ſee thine angel from before thee go,
To make the wheels of venturous Egypt flow,
His rolling cloud inwraps its beams of light,
And what ſupply'd thy day, prolongs their night.
At length the dangers of the deep are run,
The further brink is paſt, the bank is won;
The leader turns to view the foes behind,
Then waves his ſolemn wand within the wind,
Oh Nation freed by wonders, ceaſe thy fear,
And ſtand, and ſee the Lord's Salvation here.

Ye

Ye Tempeſts, now, from every corner fly,
And wildly rage in all my fancied ſky,
Roll on, ye waters, as they roll'd before,
Ye billows of my fancied ocean, roar;
Daſh high, ride foaming, mingle, all the main,
'Tis done, and Pharaoh can't afflict again.
The work, the wondrous work of freedom 's done,
The winds abate, the clouds reſtore the ſun,
The wreck appears, the threatening army drown'd
Floats o'er the waves, to ſtrew the ſandy ground,
Then place thy Moſes near the calming flood,
Majeſtically mild, ſerenely good;
Let meekneſs, lovely virtue, gently ſtream
Around his viſage, like a lambent flame;
Let grateful ſentiments, let ſenſe of love,
Let holy zeal, within his boſom move;
And while his people gaze the watery plain,
And fear's laſt touches like to doubts remain;
While bright aſtoniſhment, that ſeems to raiſe
A queſtioning belief, is fond to praiſe;
Be thus the rapture in the prophet's breaſt,
Be thus the thanks for freedom gain'd expreſs'd:
I 'll ſing to God, I 'll ſing the ſongs of praiſe,
To God, triumphant in his wondrous ways,
To God, whoſe glories in the ſeas excel,
Where the proud horſe and prouder rider fell.
The Lord, in mercy kind, in juſtice ſtrong,
Is now my ſtrength; this ſtrength be now my ſong.
This ſure ſalvation ſuch he proves to me,
From danger reſcued, and from bondage free;

T

ıe Lord 's my God, and I 'll prepare his ſeat,
y father 's God, and I'll proclaim him great;
m Lord of battles, Him renown'd in Name,
ım ever-faithful, evermore the ſame.
is gracious aids avenge his people's thrall,
hey make the pride of boaſting Pharaoh fall.
/ithin the ſeas his ſtately chariots lie,
/ithin the ſeas his choſen captains die.
he rolling deeps have cover'd o'er the foe,
hey ſunk like ſtones, they ſwiftly ſunk below:
hine hand, my God! thine hand confeſs'd thy care,
hine hand was glorious in thy power there,
:broke their troops, unequal for the fight,
ı all the greatneſs of excelling might:
hy wrath ſent forward o'er the raging ſtream,
wift, ſure, and ſudden, their deſtruction came.
hey fell as ſtubble burns, while driving ſkies
rovoke and whirl a flame, and ruin flies.
When blaſts, diſpatch'd with wonderful intent,
)n ſovereign orders from thy noſtrils went,
or our accounts, the waters were afraid,
erceiv'd thy Preſence, and together fled;
n heaps uprightly plac'd, they learn to ſtand,
ike banks of cryſtal, by the paths of ſand.
Then, fondly fluſh'd with hope, and ſwell'd with pride,
And fill'd with rage, the foe profanely cry'd,
Secure of conqueſt, I 'll purſue their way,
I 'll overtake them, I 'll divide the prey,
My luſt I 'll ſatisfy, mine anger cloy,
My ſword I 'll brandiſh, and their name deſtroy:

How

How wildly threats their anger, hark! above,
New blaſts of wind on new commiſſion move,
To looſe the fetters that confin'd the main,
And make its mighty waters rage again.
Then, overwhelm'd with their reſiſtleſs ſway,
They ſunk like lead, they ſunk beneath the ſea.
Oh, who 's like thee, thou dreaded Lord of h
Among the Gods, whom all the nations boaſt,
Such acts of wonder and of ſtrength diſplays?
Oh great, Oh glorious in thine holy ways!
Deſerving praiſe, and that thy praiſe appear
In ſigns of reverence, and ſenſe of fear.
With juſtice arm'd, thou ſtretchedſt out thine ha
And earth between its gaping jaws of land
Receiv'd its waters of the parted main,
And ſwallow'd up the dark Egyptian train.
With mercy riſing on the weaker ſide,
Thyſelf became the reſcued people's guide!
And in thy ſtrength they paſt th' amazing road
To reach thine Holy Mount, thy bleſs'd abode.
What thou haſt done the neighbouring realm
hear,
And feel the ſtrange report excite their fear.
What thou haſt done ſhall Edom's Duke amaze,
And make deſpair on Paleſtina ſeize.
Shall make the warlike ſons of Moab ſhake,
And all the melting hearts of Canaan weak.
In heavy damps, diffus'd on every breaſt,
Shall cold diſtruſt and hopeleſs terror reſt,

chleſs Greatneſs, which thine hand has ſhewn,
p their kingdoms as unmov'd as ſtone,
ydan ſtops above, and fails below,
thy flock acroſs the channel go.
thy Mercy's ſilver-ſhining wing,
1 ſeas and ſtreams thou wilt the nation bring,
the rooted trees ſecurely ſtand.
plant it in the promis'd land;
or thyſelf thou wilt a place prepare,
:r-ages will thine altar rear,
ign victorious in thy ſacred ſeat,
d! for ever and for ever great.
where the tyrant was but lately ſeen,
s gave backward, and he ventur'd in:
:r gulph with haughty pomp he ſhew'd,
arch'd his horſemen; there his chariots rode,
ien our God reſtor'd the floods again,
inly ſtrong! they periſh'd in the main;
el went a dry ſurprizing way,
afe by miracles, amidſt the ſea.
ceas'd the ſong, though not the Prophet's joy,
others hands and others tongues employ;
l the lays, with warmth divine expreſt,
d his hearers to their inmoſt breaſt.
Miriam's notes the chorus ſweetly raiſe,
Miriam's timbrel gives new life to praiſe.
oving ſounds, like ſoft delicious wind,
reath'd from paradiſe, a paſſage find,
/mpathies for odours as they rove,
an the riſings of enkindled love.

Over

O'er all the croud the thought inſpiring flew,
The women follow'd, with their timbrels too,
And thus from Moſes, where his ſtrains aroſe,
They catch'd a rapture, to perform the cloſe.
We 'll ſing to God, we 'll ſing the ſongs of praiſe,
To God triumphant in his wondrous ways,
To God, whoſe glories in the ſeas excel,
Where the proud horſe and prouder rider fell.
Thus Iſrael, raptur'd with the pleaſing thought,
Of freedom wiſh'd, and wonderfully got,
Made chearful thanks from every bank reſound,
Expreſs'd by ſongs, improv'd in joy by ſound.
Oh, ſacred Moſes, each infuſing line,
That mov'd their gratitude, was part of thine;
And ſtill the Chriſtians in thy numbers view,
The type of Baptiſm, and of Heaven too.
So ſouls from water riſe to grace below,
So ſaints from toil to praiſe and glory go.
Oh, grateful Miriam, in thy temper wrought,
Too warm for ſilence, or inventing thought;
Thy part of anthem was to warble o'er,
In ſweet reſponſe what Moſes ſung before.
Thou ledſt the public voice to join his lays,
And words redoubling, well-redoubled praiſe.
Receive thy title, prophetes was thine,
When here thy practice ſhew'd thy form divine.
The ſpirit thus approv'd, reſign'd in will,
The church bows down, and hears reſponſes ſtill.
Nor ſlightly ſuffer tuneful Jubal's name
To miſs his place among the ſons of fame;

Who

Whoſe ſweet infuſions could of old inſpire
The breathing organs, and the trembling lyre.
Father of theſe on earth, whoſe gentle ſoul,
By ſuch engagements, could the mind control,
If holy verſes aught to muſic owe,
Be that thy large account of thanks below:
Whilſt, then, the timbrels lively pleaſure gave,
And, now, whilſt organs ſound ſedately grave.
My firſt attempt the finiſh'd courſe commends,
Now, Fancy, flag not, as that ſubject ends,
But, charm'd with beauties which attend thy way,
Aſcend harmonious in the next eſſay.
So flies the lark, and learn from her to fly;
She mounts, ſhe warbles on the wind on high,
She falls from thence, and ſeems to drop her wing,
But, ere ſhe lights to reſt, remounts to ſing.
It is not far the days have roll'd their years
Before the ſecond brighten'd work appears,
It is not far, alas! the faulty cauſe,
Which, from the Prophet, ſad reflection draws;
Alas! that bleſſings in poſſeſſion cloy,
And peeviſh murmurs are prefer'd to joy;
That favour'd Iſrael could be faithleſs ſtill,
Or queſtion God's protecting power or will,
Or dread devoted Canaan's warlike men,
And long for Egypt and their bonds again.
Scarce thrice the Sun ſince harden'd Pharaoh dy'd,
As bridegrooms iſſue forth with glittering pride,
Rejoicing roſe, and let the nation ſee
Three ſhining days of eaſy liberty,

Ere the mean fears of want, produc'd within,
Vain thought, repleniſh'd, with rebellious ſin.
Oh look not, Iſrael, to thy former way;
God cannot fail; and either wait or pray.
Within the borders of thy promis'd lands,
Lot's hapleſs wife a ſtrange example ſtands,
She turn'd her eyes, and felt her change begin,
And wrath as fierce may meet reſembling ſin.
Then forward move thy camp, and forward ſtill,
And let ſweet mercy bend thy ſtubborn will.
At thy complaint, a branch in Marah caſt,
With ſweetening virtue mends the water's taſte.
At thy complaint, the labouring tempeſt fails,
And drives before a wondrous ſhower of quails.
In tender graſs the falling manna lies,
And Heaven itſelf the want of bread ſupplies.
The rock divided, flows upon the plain:
At thy complaint, and ſtill thou wilt complain.
As, thus employ'd, thou went the Deſart through,
Lo! Sinai mount upreard its head to view.
Thine eyes perceiv'd the darkly-rolling cloud,
Thine ears the trumpet ſhrill, the thunder loud,
The forky lightning ſhot in livid gleam,
The ſmoak aroſe, the mountain all a flame
Quak'd to the Depths, and work'd with ſigns of fear
While God deſcended to diſpenſe the law.
Yet neither mercy, manifeſt in might,
Nor power in terrors could preſerve thee right.
Provok'd with crimes of ſuch an heinous kind
Almighty juſtice ſware the doom deſign'd.

ey ſhould never reach the promis'd ſeat,
oſes greatly mourns their haſten'd fate.
ıink him now retir'd to public care,
ıight in pitchy plumes ſlides ſoft in air,
nk him giving what the guilty ſleep,
ghts where ſorrow glides, and numbers weep,
ıghts of woes that reign where ſuch prevail,
.n's ſhort life, though not ſo ſhort as frail.
this circle for his inward eyes,
the fading low creation riſe,
ıit the train of mimic ſenſes brings
ky ſhapes of tranſitory things,
ı penſive ſhades, the viſions ſeem to range,
:m to flouriſh, and they ſeem to change;
decreaſing runs the ſilent ſky,
:ly birds on moulting feathers fly;
lking count their days of bleſſing o'er,
ſings vaniſh, and the tale 's no more,
rs of nightly watches ſteal away,
:rs roll, green blades of graſs decay,
: the penſive ſhades, by juſt degrees,
int in proſpect, and go off with theſe:
le th' affecting notions paſs along,
:s ſuch as beſt adorn his ſong;
s with God the riſing lays began,
r reigning, God compar'd with man:
s they move to man beneath his rod,
ply ſinning, man chaſtis'd by God.
ord! Oh Saviour! though thy choſen band
y'd like ſtrangers, in a foreign land,

Through number'd ages, which have run their race
Still has thy mercy been our dwelling-place,
Before the moſt exalted duſt of earth,
The ſtately mountains had receiv'd a birth,
Before the pillars of the world were laid,
Before the habitable parts were made;
Thou wert their God, from thee their riſe they drew
Thou great for ages, great for ever too.
Man (mortal creature) fram'd to feel decays,
Thine unreſiſted power at pleaſure ſways;
Thou ſay'ſt *return*, and parting ſouls obey,
Thou ſay'ſt *return*, and bodies fall to clay.
For what 's a thouſand fleeting years with thee?
Or time, compar'd with long eternity,
Whoſe wings expanding infinitely vaſt
O'erſtretch its utmoſt ends of firſt and laſt;
'Tis like thoſe hours that lately ſaw the ſun;
He roſe, and ſet, and all the day was done.
Or like the watches which dread night divide,
And while we ſlumber unregarded glide,
When all the preſent ſeems a thing of nought,
And paſt and future cloſe to waking thought.
As raging floods, when rivers ſwell with rain,
Bear down the groves, and overflow the plain,
So ſwift and ſtrong thy wondrous might appears,
So life is carried down the rolling years.
As heavy ſleep purſues the day's retreat,
With dark, with ſilent, and unactive ſtate,
So life 's attended-on by certain doom,
And death 's their reſt; their reſting-place, a tomb.

riſes, and it quickly goes,
i its morning, age its evening ſhews.
er blades of graſs, when beams diffuſe,
the preſſure of their early dews.
rds the ſkies, their elevated ſpires,
lly flouriſh, in their green attires,
ah fading ſtate of things below!)
: deſtructive mows the lovely ſhew,
ſun thus ſaw their glories high;
leſcended, ſees their glories die.
with more than common haſte of fate
'd to periſh, in thy kindled hate.
: ſins for public juſtice call,
like marks, on which thy judgments fall;
ſins, that folly thought conceal'd,
light for puniſhment reveal'd.
ıe terrors of thy wrath divine
unmix'd with happineſs decline,
y ſtories, tedious, ſhort, and vain,
, never more recall'd again.
were life, if to the longeſt date,
have nam'd a life, we backen'd fate,
noſt computed length appears,
he limits but of ſeventy years,
ſtrength to fourſcore years we go,
gth is labour, and that labour woe.
thy term expire, and thou muſt fly,
oh creature ſurely born to die!
egards a truth ſo throughly known?
ds a wrath ſo manifeſtly ſhewn?

Who ſeems to fear it, though the danger vie
With any pitch to which our fear can riſe:
O teach us ſo to number all our days,
That theſe reflections may correct our ways,
That theſe may lead us from deluſive dream
To walk in heavenly wiſdom's golden beams
Return, oh Lord: how long ſhall Iſrael ſ
How long thine anger be preſerv'd within?
Before our time 's irrevocably paſt,
Be kind, be gracious, and return at laſt.
Let favour ſoon diſpens'd our ſouls employ,
And ſtill remember'd favour live in joy.
Send years of comforts for our years of woe
Send theſe at leaſt of equal length with thoſ
Shine on thy flock, and on their offspring ſh
With tender mercy (ſweeteſt act divine);
Bright rays of majeſty ſerenely ſhed
To reſt in glories on the nation's head.
Our future deeds with approbation bleſs,
And in the giving them give us ſucceſs.
Thus with forgiveneſs earneſtly deſir'd,
Thus in the raptures of a bliſs requir'd,
The man of God concludes his ſacred ſtrain;
Now ſit and ſee the ſubject once again.
See ghaſtly death, where deſarts all around
Spread forth the barren undelightful ground
There ſtalks the ſilent melancholy ſhade,
His naked bones reclining on a ſpade;
And thrice the ſpade with ſolemn ſadneſs he
And thrice earth opens in the form of grave

His gates of darkneſs gape, to take him in;
And where he ſoon would ſink, he 's puſh'd by ſin.
Poor mortals! here, your common picture know,
And with yourſelves in this acquainted grow,
Through life, with airy, thoughtleſs pride you range,
And vainly glitter in the ſphere of change,
A ſphere where all things but for time remain,
Where no fix'd ſtars with endleſs glory reign.
But meteors only, ſhort-liv'd meteors riſe,
To ſhine, ſhoot down, and die beneath the ſkies.
There is an hour, ah! who that hour attends?
When man, the gilded vanity, deſcends;
When foreign force, or waſte of inward heat,
Conſtrain the ſoul to leave its ancient ſeat;
When baniſh'd beauty from her empire flies,
And with a languiſh leaves the ſparkling eyes;
When ſoftening muſic and perſuaſion fail,
And all the charms that in the tongue prevail;
When ſpirits ſtop their courſe, when nerves unbrace,
And outward action and perception ceaſe;
'Tis then the poor deform'd remains ſhall be
That naked ſkeleton we ſeem'd to ſee.
Make this thy mirror, if thou would'ſt have bliſs,
No flattering image ſhews itſelf in this;
But ſuch as lays the lofty looks of pride,
And makes cool thought in humble channel glide;
But ſuch as clears the cheats of error's den,
Whence magic miſts ſurround the ſouls of men;
Whence ſelf-deluſion's trains adorn their flight,
As ſnow's fair feathers fleet to darken ſight;

Then reſt, and in the work of fancy ſpread,
To gay-wav'd plumes for every mortal's head.
Theſe empty forms, when death appears, diſperſe
Or melt in tears, upon its mournful hearſe;
The ſad reflection forces men to know,
Life ſurely fails and ſwiftly flies below.
Oh, leſt thy folly loſe the profit ſought,
Oh never touch it with a glancing thought,
As men to glaſſes come, and ſtraight withdraw,
And ſtraight forget what ſort of face they ſaw:
But fix, intently fix, thine inward eyes,
And in the ſtrength of this great truth be wiſe.
If on the globe's dim ſide our ſenſes ſtray,
Not us'd to perfect light, we think it day:
Death ſeems long ſleep; and hopes of heavenly beams,
Deceitful wiſhes, big with diſtant dreams;
But if our reaſon purge the carnal ſight,
And place its objects in their juſter light,
We change the ſide, from dreams on earth we move,
And wake through death, to riſing life above.
Here o'er my ſoul a ſolemn ſilence reigns,
Preparing thought for new celeſtial ſtrains,
The former vaniſh off, the new begin,
The ſolemn ſilence ſtands like night between,
In whoſe dark boſom day departing lies,
And day ſucceeding takes a lovely riſe.
But though the ſong be chang'd, be ſtill the flame,
And ſtill the prophet, in my lines the ſame;
With care renew'd, upon the children dwell,
Whoſe ſinful fathers in the deſart fell,

With

renew'd if any care can do,
ey ſin, and left they periſh too.
or Moſes at yon ſacred tent,
he Preſence makes a bright deſcent.
cloud, with radiant glory fair
ith'd pillar, curl itſelf in air!
overing juſt above the door,
meekly kneeling on the floor.
gazing turn thy edge of ſight,
eſs ſpring from unſupported light,
ge the ſenſe, be ſight in hearing drown'd,
ſtrange accents from the viſion ſound;
, my ſervant, is approaching nigh,
ſhalt gather'd with thy fathers lie,
ıy nation, quite forgetful grown
glories which mine arm has ſhewn,
gh my covenant perverſely break,
worſhip, and my name forſake,
conquer'd, where to rule they go,
g gods that can't protect their foe.
ıt this, I 'll turn my face aſide
Affliction's rod reduce their pride;
ht to better mind, they ſeek relief,
nfeſſions in the midſt of grief.
thy ſong, to ſtand a witneſs ſtill
paſt, and of my future will,
vain conceits before diſcern,
thy ſong which Iſrael's ſons ſhall learn,
the wondrous voice its charge repeats,
ɔt muſing deep within repeats,

He

He ſeems to feel it on a ſtreaming ray,
Pierce through the ſoul enlightening all its way.
And much obedient will, and free deſire,
And much his love of Jacob's ſeed inſpire;
And much, Oh! much above the warmth of thoſe,
The ſacred ſpirit in his boſom glows,
Majeſtic Notion ſeems decrees to nod,
And holy Tranſport ſpeaks the words of God.
He now returns, the finiſh'd roll he brings,
Enrich'd with ſtrains of paſt and future things;
The prieſts in order to the tent repair,
The gather'd Tribes attend the elders there:
Oh! ſacred Mercy's inexhauſted ſtore!
Shall theſe have warning of their faults before,
Shall theſe be told the recompenſes due,
Shall heaven and earth be call'd to witneſs too!
Then ſtill the tumult, if it will be ſo,
Let fear, to loſe a word, its caution ſhew;
Let cloſe attention in dead calm appear,
And ſoftly, ſoftly ſteal with ſilence near;
While Moſes, rais'd above the liſtening throng,
Pronounces thus in all their ears the Song:
Hear, Oh ye heavens, Creation's lofty ſhow,
Hear, Oh thou heaven-encompaſs'd earth below,
As ſilver ſhowers of gently dropping rain,
As honey dews diſtilling on the plain,
As rain, as dews, for tender graſs deſign'd,
So ſhall my ſpeeches ſink within the mind,
So ſweetly turn the ſoul's enlivening food,
So fill and cheriſh hopeful ſeeds of good,

For

or now my numbers to the world abroad
ill loudly celebrate the name of God.
Aſcribe, thou nation, every favour'd tribe,
xcelling greatneſs to the Lord aſcribe,
he Lord! the rock on whom we ſafely truſt,
hoſe work is perfect, and whoſe ways are juſt;
he Lord! whoſe promiſe ſtands for ever true
he Lord! moſt righteous, and moſt holy too.
Ah, worſe election! Ah, the bonds of ſin!
hey chuſe themſelves, to take corruption in.
hey ſtain their ſouls with Vice's deepeſt blots,
hen only frailties are his children's ſpots.
heir thoughts, words, actions, all are run aſtray,
nd none more crooked, more perverſe, than they.
Say, rebel nation, and unwiſely light,
ay, will thy folly thus the Lord requite?
r is he not the God who made thee free,
hoſe mercy purchas'd and eſtabliſh'd thee?
emember well the wondrous days of old,
he years of ages long before thee told,
ſk all thy fathers, who the truth will ſhow,
r aſk thine elders, for thine elders know.
When the Moſt High with ſceptre pointed down,
eſcribed the Realms of each beginning crown,
hen Adam's offspring providential care,
o people countries, ſcatter'd here and there;
e to the limits of their lands confin'd,
hat favour'd Iſrael has its part aſſign'd,
or Iſrael is the Lord's, and gains the place
eſerv'd for thoſe, whom he would chuſe to grace.

Him

Him in the deſert, him his mercy found,
Where famine dwells and howling deafs the ground,
Where dread is felt by ſavage noiſe increaſt,
Where ſolitude erects its ſeat on waſte;
And there he led him, and he taught him there,
And ſafely kept him with a watchful care;
The tender apples of our heedful eye,
Not more in guard, nor more ſecurely lye.

And as an eagle, that attempts to bring
Her unexperienc'd young to truſt the wing,
Stirs up her neſt, and flutters o'er their heads,
And all the forces of her pinions ſpreads,
And takes and bears them on her plumes above,
To give peculiar proof of royal love;
'Twas ſo the Lord, the gracious Lord alone,
With kindneſs moſt peculiar, led his own;
As no ſtrange God concurr'd to make him free,
So none had power to lead him through but he.
To lands excelling lands and planted high,
That boaſts the kindeſt influencing ſky,
He brought, he bore him, on the wings of Grace,
To taſte the plenties of the ground's increaſe;
Sweet dropping honey from the rocky ſoil,
From flinty rocks the ſmoothly flowing oil,
The gilded butter from the ſtately kine,
The milk with which the duggs of ſheep decline,
The marrow fatneſs of the tender lambs,
The bulky breed of Baſan's goats and rams;
The fineſt flowery wheat that crowns the plain
Diſtends its huſk, and loads the blade with grain,

ll he drank from ripe delicious heaps
ters preſs'd, the pureſt blood of grapes.
u art wanton, fat, and kickeſt now,
ll directed, Oh, Jeſhuron thou
on wert fat, thy ſides were thickly grown,
neſs deeply cover'd every bone;
anton fulneſs vain Oblivion brought,
od, that made and ſav'd thee, was forgot;
gods of foreign lands, and rites abhor'd,
ouſies and anger mov'd the Lord;
gods thy fathers never knew were own'd,
nds themſelves with ſacrifice aton'd.
ols, unmindful whence your order'd frame,
hence your life-infuſing ſpirit came;
ange corruptions could his hate provoke,
us their fate his indignation ſpoke:
decreed, I 'll hide my face, and ſee,
forſake them, what their end ſhall be;
y 're a froward, very froward train,
romiſe duty, but return diſdain.
my ſoul they 've rais'd a jealous flame,
-nam'd gods, and only gods in name;
ake the burnings of my anger glow,
ty vanity's diſpleaſing ſhow;
o teach their jealouſy to fret,
as are not form'd a people yet,
ke their anger vex their inward breaſt,
ſuch as have not known my laws are bleſt.
a fire that nothing can aſſuage,
led in the fierceneſs of my rage,

To

To burn the depths, conſume the land's increaſe,
And on the mountains' ſtrong foundation's ſeize,
Thick heaps of miſchief on their heads I ſend,
And all mine arrows, wing'd with fury, ſpend;
Slow-parching death, and peſtilential heat,
Shall bring the bitter pangs of lingering Fate.
The teeth of beaſts ſhall ſwift deſtruction bring,
The ſerpents wound them with invenom'd ſting,
The ſword without, and dread within, conſume
The youth and virgin, in their lovely bloom,
Weak tender infancy, by ſuckling fed,
And helpleſs age, with hoary froſted head.
I ſaid I 'd ſcatter all the ſinful race,
I ſaid I 'd make its meer remembrance ceaſe,
But that I fear'd the foe's unruly pride,
Their glory vaunted, and their power deny'd,
While thus they boaſt, our arm has ſhewn us brave,
And God did nothing, for he could not ſave.
So fond their thoughts are, ſo remote of ſenſe,
And blind in every courſe of Providence.
O did they know to what my judgments tend!
O would they ponder on their latter end!
They ſoon would find, that when upon the field
One makes a thouſand, two, ten thouſand yield.
The Lord of Hoſts has ſold a rebel ſtate
And ſure incloſ'd it in the nets of Fate.
For what 's another's rock compar'd with ours,
Let them be judges that have prov'd their powers,
That on their own have vainly call'd for aid,
While ours to freedom and to glory led.

Their

ne, indeed, may ſeem to flouriſh fair,
t grows in Sodom's tainted air,
corruption from Gomorrah's fields,
ls for grapes in bitter cluſters yields.
ſon ſheds for wine, like that which comes
)s, and dragons death-infected gums.
not theſe their hateful ſins reveal'd,
ny treaſures for my juſtice ſeal'd?
he province of revenge belongs,
he certain recompence of wrongs,
et ſhall totter in appointed time,
eatening danger overtake their crime;
ig'd with feather'd haſte, the minutes fly
g thoſe things that muſt afflict them nigh.
rd will judge his own, and bring them low,
:n repent, and turn upon the foe.
ien the judgments from his own remove
us the foe convincingly reprove.
are the gods, the rock, to whom in vain
ferings have been made, your victims ſlain?
n ariſe, let them afford their aid,
th protection's ſhield ſurround your head.
han your Maker, I the Lord am he,
r was there any God with me,
ath, or life, or wounds, or health, I give,
ı another from my power reprieve.
)lemn ſtate I lift my arm on high,
the glories of the lofty ſky:
' myſelf majeſtically ſwear,
or ever, and for ever there.

If in my rage the glitttering ſword I whet;
And, ſternly ſitting, take the judgment-ſeat,
My juſt awarding ſentence dooms my foe,
And vengeance wields the blade, and gives the bl
And deep in fleſh the blade of fury bites,
And deadly deep my bearded arrow lights,
And both grow drunk with blood defil'd in ſin,
When executions of revenge begin.
Then let his nation in a common voice,
And with his nation let the world rejoice:
For whether he for crimes or trials ſpill
His ſervants blood, he will avenge it ſtill;
He 'll break the troops, he 'll ſcatter them afar,
Who vex our realm with deſolating war.
And on the favour'd tribes and on the land,
Shed victories and peace, from Mercy's hand.
Here ceas'd the ſong, and Iſrael look'd behind,
And gaz'd before, with unconfining mind,
And fix'd in ſilence and amazement ſaw
The ſtrokes of all their ſtate beneath the law.
Their recollection does its light preſent
To ſhew the mountain bleſs'd with God's deſcent,
To ſhew their wanderings, their unfix'd abode,
And all their guidance in the deſart road.
Then where the beams of recollection go
To leave the fancy diſpoſſeſs'd of ſhow,
The fairer light of prophecy 's begun,
Which, opening future days, ſupplies their ſun,
By ſuch a ſun (and fancy needs no more)
They ſee the coming times, and walk them o'er

they gain that reſt their travail ſought,
and honey ſtream along the thought.
feel their ſouls the bleſſing cloy,
's forgot in full exceſs of joy.
ıey ſin, and oft his anger burns,
nation 's made their ſcourge by turns,
epenting, they convert to God,
repenting too, deſtroys the rod.
ı timely warn'd in ſacred ſtrain,
t thy Moſes ſing in vain!
: good, and happineſs prolong,
folly will fulfil the ſong,
: found the ſeldomer in ill,
epent, and ſoon repent thee ſtill;
h fair paths thou ſhalt avoid to tread,
ł will reſt upon thy ſinful head;
:, by laſting, will ſecure thy foe,
ous warning to the Gentiles go,
ıe world, that 's call'd to witneſs here,
l by thine example, learn to fear.
ile world, a myſtic Iſrael grown,
ıy firſt condition find their own,
deſcent, a pilgrimage below,
nis'd reſt where living waters flow.
ſee the pen, deſcribe in every trace
ns of anger, or the ſmiles of grace;
cy turns aſide, and leave to ſhine,
ıſe provokes the jealouſy divine;
ice kindles dire avenging flames,
dleſs power the lifted arm proclaims;

Why mercy ſhines again with chearful ray,
And glory double-gilds the lightſome day.
Though nations change, and Iſrael's empire dies,
Yet ſtill the caſe on earth again may riſe;
Eternal Providence its rule retains,
And ſtill preſerves, and ſtill applies the ſtrains.
'Twas ſuch a gift, the Prophet's ſacred pen,
On his departure, left the ſons of men;
Thus he, and thus the ſwan her breath reſigns,
(Within the beauty of poetic lines,)
He white with innocence, his figure ſhe,
And both harmonious, but the ſweeter he.
Death learns to charm, and, while it leads to bliſs,
Has found a lovely circumſtance in this,
To ſuit the meekeſt turn of eaſy mind,
And actions chearful in an air reſign'd.
Thou flock whom Moſes to thy freedom led,
How wilt thou lay the venerable dead?
Go (if thy fathers taught a work they knew)
Go build a pyramid to Glory due,
Square the broad baſe, with ſloping ſides ariſe,
And let the point diminiſh in the ſkies.
There leave the corpſe, impending o'er his head
The wand whoſe motion winds and waves obey'd,
On ſable banners to the ſight deſcribe
The painted arms of every mourning tribe.
And thus may public grief adorn the tomb,
Deep-ſtreaming downwards through the vaulted room.
On the black ſtone a fair inſcription raiſe,
That ſums his government to ſpeak his praiſe,

An

And may the ſtile as brightly worth proclaim
As if affection, with a pointed beam,
Engrav'd or fir'd the words, or honour due
Had with itſelf inlaid the tablet through.
But ſtop the pomp that is not man's to pay,
For God will grace him in a nobler way.
Mine eyes perceive an orb of heavenly ſtate,
With ſplendid forms and light ſerene replete;
I hear the ſound of fluttering wings in air,
I hear the tuneful tongues of angels there:
They fly, they bear, they reſt on Nebo's head,
And in thick glory wrap the reverend dead;
This errand crowns his ſongs, and tends to prove
His near communion with the Quire above.
Now ſwiftly down the ſteepy mount they go,
Now ſwiftly glides their ſhining orb below,
And now moves off, where riſing grounds deny
To ſpread their valley to the diſtant eye.
Ye bleſs'd inhabitants of glittering air,
You 've borne the Prophet, but we know not where.
Perhaps, leſt Iſrael, over-fondly led,
In rating worth when envy leaves the dead,
Might plant a grove, invent new rites divine,
Make him their idol, and his grave the ſhrine.
But what diſorder? what repels the light?
And ere its ſeaſon forces on the night?
Why ſweep the ſpectres o'er the blaſted ground?
What ſhakes the mount with hollow-roaring ſound?
Hell rolls beneath it, terror ſtalks before
With ſhrieks and groans, and horror burſts a door;

And Satan riſes in infernal ſtate,
Drawn up by malice, envy, rage, and hate,
A darkening vapour with ſulphureous ſteam,
In pitchy curlings edg'd by ſullen flame,
And fram'd a chariot for the dreadful form,
Drives whirling up on mad Confuſion's ſtorm.
Then fiercely burning where the Prophet dy'd,
Nor ſhall thy nation ſcape my wrath, he cry'd;
This corpſe I 'll enter and thy flock miſlead,
And all thy miracles my lies ſhall aid.
But where?—He 's gone, and, by the ſcented ſky,
The favourite courtiers have been lately nigh;
Oh, ſlow to buſineſs, curs'd in miſchief's hour,
Trace on their odours, and if hell has power—
This ſaid, with ſpite and with a bent for ill,
He ſhot with fury from the trembling hill.
In vain, proud fiend, thy threats are half expreſt,
And half lie choaking in thy ſcornful breaſt,
His ſhining bearers have perform'd their rite,
And laid him ſoftly down in ſhades of night,
A warriour heads the band, great Michael he,
Renown'd for victories in wars with thee,
A ſword of flame to ſtop thy courſe he bears,
Nor has thy rage avail'd, nor can thy ſnares;
The Lord rebuke thy pride! he meekly cries;
The Lord has heard him, and thy project dies.
Here Moſes leaves my ſong, the tribes retire,
The deſert flies, and forty years expire;
And now, my fancy, for a while be ſtill,
And think of coming down from Nebo's hill.

Go ſearch among thy forms, and thence prepare
A cloud in folds of ſoft ſurrounding air!
Go find a breeze to lift thy cloud on high,
To waft thee gently-rock'd in open ſky,
Then ſtealing back to leave a ſilent calm,
And thee repoſing in a grove of palm,
The place will ſuit my next ſucceeding ſtrain,
And I 'll awake thee ſoon to ſing again.

DEBORAH.

TIME, ſire of years, unfold thy leaf anew,
And ſtill the paſt recall to preſent view,
Spread forth thy circles, ſwiftly gaze them o'er,
But where an action 's nobly ſung before,
There ſtop and ſtay for me, whoſe thoughts deſign
To make another 's ſong reſound in mine.
Paſs where the prieſt's proceſſion bore the law,
When Jordan's parted waters fix'd with awe,
While Iſrael march'd upon the naked ſand,
Admir'd the wonder, and obtain'd the land;
Slide through the numerous fates of Canaan's kings,
While conqueſts rode on Expedition's wings,
Glance over Iſrael at a ſingle view,
In bondage oft and oft unbound anew,
Till Jabin riſe, and Deborah ſtand enroll'd,
Upon the gilded leaf's revolving fold.
Oh, king ſubdued! Oh, woman born to fame!
Oh, wake my fancy for the glorious theme;

Oh, wake my fancy with the ſenſe of praiſe,
Oh, wake with warblings of triumphant lays.
The land you riſe in ſultry ſuns invade;
But, when you riſe to ſing, you 'll find a ſhade.
Thoſe trees in order, and with verdure crown'd,
The ſacred propheteſs's tent ſurround,
And that fair palm a front exactly plac'd,
That overtops and overſpreads the reſt,
Near the firm root a moſſy bank ſupports,
Where Juſtice opens unexpenſive courts:
There Deborah ſits, the willing tribes repair,
Refer their cauſes, and ſhe judges there;
Nor needs a guard to bring her ſubjects in,
Each Grace, each Virtue, proves a guard unſeen;
Nor wants the penalties enforcing law,
While great Opinion gives effectual awe.
Now twenty years, that roll'd in heavy pain,
Saw Jabin gall them with Oppreſſion's chain,
When ſhe, ſubmiſſive to Divine Command,
Proclaims a war for Freedom o'er the land,
And bids young Barack with thoſe men deſcend,
Whom in the mountains he for battle train'd.
Go, ſays the Propheteſs, thy foes aſſail,
Go make ten thouſand over all prevail:
Make Jabin's captains feel thine edged ſword,
Make all his army, God has ſpoke the word.
He, fit for war and Iſrael's hope in fight,
Yet doubts the numbers, and by that the fight;
Then thus replies with wiſh to ſtand ſecure,
Or eager thought to know the conqueſt ſure;

Belov'd

elov'd of God, lead thou thy preſence too,
nd I with gladneſs lead th' appointed few;
ut, if thou wilt not, let thy ſon deny,
or what's ten thouſand men, or what am I?
; ſo, ſhe cries, a ſhare of toil be mine,
nother ſhare, and ſome diſhonour thine;
or God, to puniſh doubt, reſolves to ſhew
hat leſs than numbers can ſuppreſs his foe;
ou 'll move to conquer, and the foes to yield,
ut 'tis a woman's act ſecures the field.

Now ſeem the warriours in their ranks aſſign'd,
low furling banners flutter in the wind:
ler words encourage, and his actions lead,
lope ſpurs them forward, Valour draws the blade;
nd Freedom, like a fair reward for all,
tands reaching forth her hands, and ſeems to call.

On t' other ſide, and almoſt o'er the plain,
roud Siſera, Jabin's captain, brings his men,
As thick as locuſts on the vintage fly,
As thick as ſcatter'd leaves in Autumn lye,
Bold with ſucceſs againſt a nation try'd,
And proud of numbers, and ſecure in pride.

Now ſounds the trumpet, now my fancy warms,
And now methinks I view their toils in arms,
The lively phantoms tread my boundleſs mind,
And no faint colours or weak ſtrokes deſign'd:
See where in diſtant conqueſt from afar,
The pointed arrows bring the wounds of war;
See where the lines with cloſer force engage,
And thruſt the ſpear, and whirl the ſword of rage;

Here break the files, and vainly ſtrive to cloſe,
There on their own repell'd aſſiſt their foes.
Here Deborah calls, and Jabin's ſoldiers fly,
There Barack fights and Jabin's ſoldiers dye.
But now nine hundred chariots roll along,
Expert their guiders and their horſes ſtrong;
And Terrour, rattling in their fierce array,
Bears down on Iſrael to reſtore the day.
Oh, Lord of battle, Oh, the danger 's near!
Aſſiſt thine Iſrael, or they periſh here.
How ſwift is Mercy's aid, behold it fly
On ruſhing tempeſts through the troubled ſky;
With daſhing rain, with pelting hail they blow,
And ſharply drive them on the facing foe.
Thus bleſs'd with help, and only touch'd behind,
The favourite nation preſſes in the wind.
But heat of action now diſturbs the fight,
And wild confuſion mingles all the fight;
Cold-whiſtling winds, and ſhrieks of dying men,
And groans and armour, ſound in all the plain.
The bands of Canaan fate no longer dare,
Oppreſs'd by weather and deſtroy'd by war;
And, from his chariot whence he rul'd the fight,
Their haughty leader leaps to join the flight.
See where he flies, and ſee the victor near;
See rapid conqueſt in purſuit of fear.
See, ſee, they both make off, the work is o'er,
And fancy clear'd of viſion as before.
Thus (if the mind of man may ſeem to move
With ſome reſemblance of the ſkies above)

When

ıen wars are gathering in our hearts below,
: 've ſeen their battles in ethereal ſhow:
e long diſtended tracts of opening ſky,
e phantoms azure field of fight ſupply;
e whitiſh clouds an argent armor yield,
radiant blazon gilds their argent ſhield;
ung glittering comets point the level'd ſpear,
hich for their pennons hang their flaming hair,
ıd o'er the helms for gallant glory dreſt
curls of air, and nod upon the creſt.
ıus arm'd, they ſeem to march, and ſeem to fight,
ıd ſeeming wounds of death delude the ſight,
ıe ruddy thunder-clouds look ſtain'd with gore,
ıd for the din of war within they roar.
ıen flies aſide, and then aſide purſues,
ill in their motion all their ſhapes they looſe,
ſperſing air concludes the mimic ſcene,
ıe ſky ſhuts up, and ſwiftly clears again.
But does their Siſera ſhare the common fate,
· mourn his humbled pride in dark retreat?
ith ſuch enquiry near the palm repair,
ſtorious Honour knows and tells it there.
To that fair type of Iſrael's late ſucceſs,
hich nobly riſes as its weights depreſs,
o that fair type returns the joyful band,
hoſe courage roſe to free their groaning land;
here ſtands the leader in the pomp of arms,
here ſtands the judge in Beauty's awful charms;
nd whilſt, reclin'd upon the reſting ſpear,
: pants with chace and breathes in calmer air

Her

Her thoughts are working with a backward view
And would in ſong the great exploit renew.
She ſees an arm'd oppreſſion's hundred hands
Impoſe its fetters on the promis'd lands.
She ſees their nation ſtruggling in the chains,
And wars ariſing with unequal trains.
She ſees their fate in arms, the field imbrued,
The foe diſorder'd, and the foe purſued,
Till Conqueſt, dreſt in rays of glory, come
With peace and freedom, brought in triumph ho
Then round her heart a beamy gladneſs plays,
Which, darting forward, thus converts to praiſe
For Iſrael's late avengings on the foe
When led by no compelling power below,
When each ſpring forward of their own accord,
For this, for all the mercy, praiſe the Lord.
Hear, O ye kings; ye neighbouring princes,
My ſong triumphant ſhall inſtruct your fear:
My ſong triumphant bids your glory bow,
To God confeſs'd, the God of Jacob now.
O glorious Lord! when, with thy ſovereign
Thou led'ſt the nation off from Edom's land,
Then trembled earth, and ſhook the heavens on
And clouds in drops forſook the melted ſky,
With tumbling waters, hills were heard to roa
And felt ſuch ſhocks as Sinai felt before.
But fear abating, which by time decays,
The kings of Canaan roſe in Shamgar's days,
And ſtill continued ev'n in Jael's times,
Their empire fixing with ſucceſsful crimes.

Op

Oppreſſion ravag'd all our loſt abodes,
Nor dare the people truſt the common roads;
But paths perplex'd and unfrequented choſe,
To ſhun the danger of perplexing foes.
Thus direful was deform'd the country round,
Unpeopled towns, and diſimprov'd the ground.
Till I, reſolving in the gap to ſtand,
I Deborah roſe a mother of the land,
Where others, ſlaves by ſettled cuſtom grown,
Could ſerve, and chuſe to ſerve, the Gods unknown;
Where others ſuffer'd with a tame regret,
Deſtruction ſpilling blood in every gate,
And forty thouſand had not for the field
One ſpear offenſive, or defenſive ſhield.
O towards the leaders of my nation move,
O beat my warming heart with ſenſe of love,
Commend th' aſſerters on their own accord,
And bleſs the ſovereign cauſer, bleſs the Lord.
Speak ye, that ride with power return'd in ſtate,
Speak ye the praiſe, that rule the judgment-ſeat,
Speak ye the praiſe to God, that walk the roads,
While ſafety brings you to reſtor'd abodes.
The reſcued villagers, no more afraid
Of archers lurking in the faithleſs ſhade,
And ſudden death convey'd from ſounding ſtrings,
Shall ſafe approach the water's riſing ſprings;
And, while their turns of drawing there they wait,
Loitering in eaſe upon a moſſy ſeat,
Call all the bleſſings of the Lord to mind,
And ſing the Lord in all the bleſſings kind.

The

The townſmen reſcued from the tyrant's reign
Shall flock with joy to fill their walls again,
See juſtice in the gates the balance bear,
And none but her unſheath a weapon there.
Awake, O Deborah, O awake to praiſe,
Awake, and utter forth triumphant lays.
Ariſe, O Barack, be thy pomp begun,
Lead on thy triumph thou Abinoam's ſon;
Thy captives bound in chains, when God's decree
Made humbled princes ſtoop their necks to thee,
When he, the giver of ſucceſs in fight,
Advanc'd a woman o'er the ſons of might.
Againſt this Amaleck, of banded foes,
I Deborah, root of all the war, aroſe,
From Ephraim ſprung, and leading Ephraim's line;
The next in riſing, Benjamin, was thine.
The ruling heads of half Manaſſeh's land,
To ſerve in danger, left their ſafe command.
The tribe of Zebulon's unactive men
For glorious arms forſook the peaceful pen.
The Lords of Iſſachar with Deborah went,
The tribe with Barack to the vale was ſent,
Where he on foot perform'd the general's part,
And ſhar'd the ſoldier's toil to raiſe their heart.
But Reuben's ſtrange diviſions juſtly wrought
Amongſt his brethren deep concern of thought.
Ah! while the nation in affliction lay,
How could'ſt thou, Reuben, by the ſheepfolds ſtay?
And let thy bleating flock divert thy days
That idly paſs'd thee with inglorious eaſe.

Divided

ed tribe, without thy dangers free,
were the ſearchings of our heart for thee.
Gilead too, by ſuch example ſway'd,
unconcern beyond the river ſtay'd,
Dan in ſhips at ſea for ſafety rode,
frighten'd Aſher in its rock's abode.
w ſing the field, the feats of war begun,
praiſe thy Napthali with Zebulun,
leaths expos'd, in poſts advanc'd they ſtood
ı ſouls reſolv'd, and gallant rage of blood.
ı came the kings and fought, the gather'd kings
raters ſtreaming from Megiddo's ſprings;
'aanach vale ſuſtain'd the daring toil,
neither fought for pay, nor won the ſpoil.
ſkies, indulgent in the cauſe of right,
ſrael's ſide, againſt their army fight,
vil aſpects, ſtars and planets range,
by the weather in tempeſtuous change
note the dire diſtreſs, and make it known
t God has Hoſts above to ſave his own.
Kiſhon ſwell'd, grew rapid as they fled,
l roll'd them ſinking down its ſandy bed.
ver Kiſhon, river of renown!
l, O my ſoul, that trod their glory down!
ſtony paths, by which diſorder'd flight
vey'd their troops and chariots from the fight,
h rugged points their horſes hoofs diſtreſs'd,
d broke them prancing in impetuous haſte.
'urſe, curſe ye Meroz, curſe the town abhorr'd,
ſpake the glorious angel of the Lord)

For

For Meroz came not in the field prepar'd,
To join that side on which the Lord declar'd.
But bleſs ye Jael, be the Kenite's name
Above our women's bleſs'd in endleſs fame.
The captain, faint with ſore fatigue of flight,
Implor'd for water to ſupport his might,
And milk ſhe pour'd him, while he water ſought
And in her lordly diſh her butter brought.
With courage well-deſerving to prevail,
One hand the hammer held, and one the nail,
And him, reclin'd to ſleep, ſhe boldly ſlew,
She ſmote, ſhe pierc'd, ſhe ſtruck the temples thr
Before her feet, reluctant on the clay,
He bow'd, he fell; he bow'd, he fell, he lay;
He bow'd, he fell, he dy'd. By ſuch degrees
As thrice ſhe ſtruck, each ſtroke's effect ſhe ſees.

His mother gaz'd with long-expecting eyes;
And, grown impatient, through the lattice cries
Why moves the chariot of my ſon ſo ſlow?
Or what affairs retard his coming ſo?
Her Ladies anſwer'd—but ſhe would not ſtay,
(For pride had taught what flattery meant to ſay
They 've ſped, ſhe ſays, and now the prey they
For each a damſel, or a lovely pair,
For Siſera's part a robe of gallant grace,
Where diverſe colours rich embroidery trace,
Meet for the necks of thoſe who in the ſpoil
When triumph offers its reward for toil.

Thus periſh all whom God's decrees oppoſe,
Thus, like the vanquiſh'd, periſh all thy foes,

But let the men that in thy name delight
Be like the ſun in heavenly glory bright.
When mounted on the dawn he poſts away,
And with full ſtrength encreaſes on the day.
'Twas here the Propheteſs reſpir'd from ſong,
Then loudly ſhouted all the chearful throng,
By freedom gain'd, by victory complete,
Prepar'd for mirth irregularly great.
The frowns of ſorrow gave their ancient place
To pleaſure, drawn in ſmiles of every face.
The groans of ſlavery were no longer wrung,
But thoughts of comfort from the bleſſing ſprung,
And as they ſhouted from the breezy weſt,
Amongſt the plumes that deck the ſinger's creſt,
The ſpirit of applauſe itſelf convey'd
On wafted air, and lightly waving play'd:
Such was the caſe (or ſuch ideas flow,
From thought repleniſh'd with triumphant ſhow),
What rais'd their joy their love could alſo raiſe,
And each contended in the words of praiſe,
And every word proclaim'd the wonders paſt,
And God was ſtill the firſt, and ſtill the laſt;
Deep in their ſouls the fair impreſſion lay,
Deep-trac'd, and never to be worn away.
From hence the reſcued generation ſtill
Abhorr'd the practice of rebellious ill,
And fear'd the puniſhment for ill abhorr'd,
And lov'd repentance, and ador'd the Lord.
From hence in all their days the Lord was kind,
His face ſerene with ſettled favour ſhin'd,

Fair

Fair baniſh'd Order was recall'd in ſtate,
The laws reviv'd, the princes rul'd the gate,
Peace chear'd the vales, Contentment laugh'd with P
Gay-blooming Plenty roſe with large increaſe,
Sweet Mercy thoſe who thought on mercy bleſt,
And ſo for forty years the land had reſt.

Reſt, happy land, a while; ah longer ſo,
Didſt thou thine happineſs ſincerely know!
But ſoon thy quiet with thy goodneſs paſt,
And in the ſong alone obtain'd to laſt.

Live, ſong triumphant, live in fair record,
And teach ſucceeding times to fear the Lord;
For fancy moves by bright example woo'd,
And wins the mind with images of good.
Touch'd with a ſacred rage and heavenly flame,
I ſtrive to ſing thine univerſal aim.
To quit the ſubject, and in lays ſublime,
The moral fit for any point of time.
Then go, my verſes, with applying ſtrain,
Go form a triumph not aſcrib'd to men.

Let all the clouds of grief impending lie,
And ſtorms of trouble drive along the ſky,
Then humble Piety thine accents raiſe,
For prayer will prove the powerful charm of eaſe.

Lo, now my ſoul has ſpoke its beſt deſires,
How bleſſings anſwer what the prayer requires!
Before thy ſighs the clouds of grief retreat,
The ſtorms of trouble by thy tears abate,
And radiant glory, from her upper ſphere,
Looks down and glitters in relented air.

e, lovely Piety, from earthy bed,
arted flame deſcends upon thine head,
wondrous Mitre, fram'd by ſacred love,
or thy triumph ſent thee from above,
o bright points with upper rays aſpires,
ounds thy temples with innocuous fires.
lovely Piety, with pomp appear,
hou, kind Mercy, lend thy chariot here;
her ſide, fair Fame and Honour place,
d let Plenty walk in hand with Peace;
e Irreligion, muttering horrid ſound,
fierce and proud Oppreſſion backward bound,
by the wheels along the duſty plain,
gnaſhing lick the ground, and curſe with pain.
w come, ye thouſands, and more thouſands yet,
order join to fill the train of ſtate,
tun'd for praiſing to the temple bring,
hus amidſt the ſacred muſic ſing:
Piety! triumphant goodneſs, hail!
O prevailing, ever O prevail!
ine entreaty, Juſtice leaves to frown,
wrath appeaſing lays the thunder down;
ender heart of yearning Mercy burns,
aſks a bleſſing, and the Lord returns.
great name that heaven and earth has made,
great name alone we find our aid;
bleſs the Name, and let the world adore,
this time forward, and for evermore.

HANNAH.

NOW crouds move off, retiring trumpets ſou
On echoes dying in their laſt rebound;
The notes of fancy ſeem no longer ſtrong,
But ſweetening cloſes fit a private ſong.
So when the ſtorms forſake the ſea's command,
To break their forces in the winding land,
No more their blaſts tumultuous rage proclaim,
But ſweep in murmurs o'er a murmuring ſtream.
Then ſeek the ſubject, and its ſong be mine,
Whoſe numbers, mixt in ſacred ſtory, ſhine:
Go, brightly-working thought, prepar'd to fly,
Above the page on hovering pinions lye,
And beat with ſtronger force, to make thee riſe
Where beauteous Hannah meets the ſearching eye
There frame a town, and fix a tent with cords,
The town be Shiloh call'd, the tent the Lord's.
Carv'd pillars, filleted with ſilver, rear,
To cloſe the curtains in an outward ſquare,
But thoſe within it, which the porch uphold,
Be finely wrought, and overlaid with gold.
Here Eli comes to take the reſting-ſeat,
Slow moving forward with a reverend gait:
Sacred in office, venerably ſage,
And venerably great in ſilver'd age.
Here Hannah comes, a melancholy wife,
Reproach'd for barren in the marriage-life;

mer mornings ſhe to ſight appears,
and ſhining in the midſt of tears.
in bitterneſs of grief ſhe bow'd,
her wiſhes to the Lord ſhe vow'd:
ine handmaid with compaſſion ſee,
God! am not forgot by thee;
: offspring thou prolong my line,
I wiſh for all his days be thine;
evoted, in thy courts be led,
a razor come upon his head.
n receſſes of her inmoſt ſoul,
moving lips her ſtill devotion ſtole:
waters glide through parted trees,
anches tremble with a-riſing breeze.
ls were loſt becauſe her heart was low,
leſire had taught the mouth to go;
mark'd, and, with a voice ſevere,
: ſhe multiply'd her thoughts in prayer,
ſhall wine, he cries, diſtract thy breaſt?
and lay the drunken fit by reſt.
ys the mourner, count not this for ſin,
vine, but grief, that works within;
of thy wretched hand-maid know,
r 's complaint, and her condition woe.
ce the ſacred prieſt, in peace depart,
thy comfort God fulfil thine heart!
ig thus pronounc'd with awful ſound,
y bending leaves the ſolemn ground,
confirm'd the Lord has heard her cries,
rful hope the tears of trouble dries,

And makes her alter'd eyes irradiate roll,
With joy that dawns in thought upon the ſoul.
Now let the town, and tent, and court remain,
And leap the time till Hannah comes again.
As painted proſpects ſkip along the green,
From hills to mountains eminently ſeen,
And leave their intervals that ſink below,
In deep retreat, and unexpreſs'd to ſhow.
Behold! ſhe comes (but not as once ſhe came,
To grieve, to ſigh, and teach her eyes to ſtream);
Content adorns her with a lively face,
An open look, and ſmiling kind of grace;
Her little Samuel in her arms ſhe bears,
The wiſh of long deſire, and child of prayers;
And as the ſacrifice ſhe brought begun,
To reverend Eli ſhe preſents her ſon.
Here, cries the mother, here my Lord may ſee
The woman come, who pray'd in grief by thee:
The child I ſued for, God in bounty gave;
And what he granted, let him now receive.
But ſtill the votary feels her temper move,
With all the tender violence of love,
That ſtill enjoys the gift, and inly burns
To ſearch for larger, or for more returns.
Then, fill'd with bleſſings which allure to praiſe,
And rais'd by joy to ſoul-enchanting lays,
Thus thanks the Lord, beneficently kind,
In ſweet effuſions of the grateful mind:
My lifting heart, with more than common heat,
Sends up its thanks to God on every beat,

ıry, rais'd above the reach of ſcorn,
d exalts its highly-planted horn;
ıuth enlarg'd, mine enemies defies,
ıds in God's ſalvation full replies.
ight in holy beauty's power divine,
's none whoſe glory can compare with thine!
ıare thine honours, nay, there's none beſide,
k on which thy creatures can confide.
ıroud in ſpirits, who your gift adore,
n the faults, and ſpeak with pride no more;
re your words in arrogance be ſhown,
ll the works of Providence your own,
ıe that rules us infinitely knows,
.s he wills, his acts of power diſpoſe.
ſtrong, whoſe ſinewy forces arch'd the bow,
:en it ſhatter'd by the conquering foe;
eak have felt their nerves more firmly brace,
ew-ſprung vigour in the limbs encreaſe.
ull, whom vary'd taſtes of plenty fed,
et their labour out to gain their bread.
ɔor, that languiſh'd in a ſtarving ſtate,
ıt and full, have ceas'd to beg their meat.
arren Womb, no longer barren now,
be my thanks accepted with my vow!)
ıſure wonders at a mother's pain,
:es her offspring, and conceives again;
ſhe that glory'd in her numerous heirs,
roke by feebleneſs, no longer bears.
r turns their riſing from the Lord derive,
ord that kills, the Lord that makes alive;

He brings by ſickneſs down to gaping graves,
And, by reſtoring health, from ſickneſs ſaves.
He makes the Poor by keeping back his ſtore,
And makes the Rich by bleſſing men with more:
He ſinking hearts with bitter grief annoys,
Or lifts them bounding with enliven'd joys.
He takes the Beggar from his humble clay,
From off the dunghill where deſpis'd he lay,
To mix with Princes in a rank ſupreme,
Fill thrones of honour, and inherit fame:
For all the pillars of exalted ſtate,
So nobly firm ſo beautifully great,
Whoſe various orders bear the rounded ball,
Which would without them to confuſion fall,
All are the Lord's, at his diſpoſure ſtand,
And prop the govern'd world at his command.
His mercy, ſtill more wonderfully ſweet,
Shall guard the righteous, and uphold their feet,
While, through the darkneſs of the wicked ſoul,
Amazement, dread, and deſperation roll;
While envy ſtops their tongues, and hopleſs grief,
That ſees their fears, but not their fears relief.
And they their ſtrength as unavailing view,
Since none ſhall truſt in that and ſafety too.
The foes of Iſrael, for his Iſrael's ſake,
God will to pieces in his anger break;
His bolts of thunder, from an open'd ſky,
Shall on their heads, with force unerring, fly.
His voice ſhall call, and all the world ſhall hear,
And all for ſentence at his ſeat appear.

But

But mount to gentler praiſes; mount again,
y thoughts, prophetic of Meſſiah's reign;
rceive the glories which around him ſhine,
nd thus thine hymn be crown'd with grace divine.
'Tis here the numbers find a bright repoſe,
he vows accepted, and the votary goes.
it thou, my ſoul, upon her accents hung,
nd ſweetly pleas'd with what ſhe ſweetly ſung,
olong the pleaſure with thine inward eyes,
urn back thy thoughts, and ſee the ſubject riſe.
In her peculiar caſe, the ſong begun,
nd for a while through private bleſſings run,
s through their banks the curling waters play;
nd ſoft in murmurs kiſs the flowery way,
/ith force encreaſing then ſhe leaps the bounds;
nd largely flows on more extended grounds;
preads wide and wider, till vaſt ſeas appear,
nd boundleſs views of Providence are here.
ow ſwift theſe views along her anthem glide,
s waves on waves puſh forward in the tide!
ow ſwift thy wonders o'er my fancy ſweep,
Providence, thou great unfathom'd deep!
/here Reſignation gently dips the wing,
nd learns to love and thank, admire and ſing;
ut bold preſumptuous reaſonings, diving down
o reach the bottom, in their diving drown.
Neglecting man, forgetful of thy ways,
or owns thy care, nor thinks of giving praiſe,
ut from himſelf his happineſs derives,
nd thanks his wiſdom, when by thine he thrives;

His limbs at eaſe in ſoft repoſe he ſpreads,
Bewitch'd with vain delights, on flowery beds;
And, while his ſenſe the fragrant breezes kiſs,
He meditates a waking dream of bliſs;
He thinks of kingdoms, and their crowns are near;
He thinks of glories, and their rays appear;
He thinks of beauties, and a lovely face
Serenely ſmiles in every taking grace;
He thinks of riches, and their heaps ariſe,
Diſplay their glittering forms, and fix his eyes;
Thus drawn with pleaſures in a charming view,
Riſing he reaches, and would fain purſue.
But ſtill the fleeting ſhadows mock his care,
And ſtill his fingers graſp at yielding air;
Whate'er our tempers as their comforts want,
It is not man's to take, but God's to grant.
If then, perſiſting in the vain deſign,
We look for bliſs without an help divine,
We ſtill may ſearch, and ſearch without relief,
Nor only want a bliſs, but find a grief.
That ſuch conviction may to ſight appear,
Sit down, ye ſons of men, ſpectators here;
Behold a ſcene upon your folly wrought,
And let this lively ſcene inſtruct the thought.
Boy, blow the pipe until the bubble riſe,
Then caſt it off to float upon the ſkies;
Still ſwell its ſides with breath—O beauteous frame!
It grows, it ſhines: be now the world thy name!
Methinks creation forms itſelf within,
The men, the towns, the birds, the trees, are ſeen;

The

s above preſent an azure ſhow,
:ly verdure paints an earth below.
d myſelf in this delightful ſphere,
: a thouſand years of pleaſure there ;
p in bliſſes, which around me cloſe,
v regal'd with theſe, and now with thoſe.
pe, but falſer words of joy, farewell,
rent the lodging where I meant to dwell,
bles burſt, my proſpects diſappear,
ve behind a moral and a tear.
type our dreaming ſouls awake,
nnah's ſtrains their juſt impreſſion make,
ndleſs power of Providence we know,
our truſt on nothing here below.
, grown pleas'd that men his greatneſs own,
own ſerenely from his ſtarry throne,
s the bleſſed days our prayers have won
heir glories, and prepare to run.
:h our thanks be juſtly ſent above,
l by gladneſs, and inſpir'd with love :
:h his praiſes be for ever ſung,
employment of the grateful tongue!
forth, my temper, in a godly flame,
is bleſſings laud his holy name :
e mine eyes ſaluted chearful day,
evoted in the womb I lay,
nuel vow'd, before my breath I drew,
I prove in life like Samuel too !
my frame is exquiſitely wrought,
ld enjoy'd by ſenſe, and God by thought ;

That

That living ſtreams through living channels glide,
To make this frame by Nature's courſe abide;
That, for its good, by Providence's care,
Fire joins with water, earth concurs with air;
That Mercy's ever-inexhauſted ſtore
Is pleas'd to proffer, and to promiſe more;
And all the proffers ſtream with grace divine,
And all the promiſes with glory ſhine.
O praiſe the Lord, my ſoul, in one accord,
Let all that is within me praiſe the Lord;
O praiſe the Lord, my ſoul, and ever ſtrive
To keep the ſweet remembrances alive.
Still raiſe the kind affections of thine heart,
Raiſe every grateful word to bear a part,
With every word the ſtrains of love deviſe,
Awake thine harp, and thou thyſelf ariſe;
Then, if his Mercy be not half expreſs'd,
Let wondering Silence magnify the reſt.

D A V I D.

MY thought, on views of admiration hung,
Intently raviſh'd, and depriv'd of tongue,
Now darts a while on earth, a while in air,
Here mov'd with praiſe, and mov'd with glory there;
The joys entrancing, and the mute ſurprize,
Half fix the blood, and dim the moiſtening eyes;
Pleaſure and praiſe on one another break,
An exclamation longs at heart to ſpeak;

Wh

thus my Genius on the work deſign'd,
ng cloſely guides the wandering mind.
while thy thanks would in thy lays be wrought,
ht aſtoniſhment involve the thought,
thy temper would attempt to ſing,
er's quill ſhall imp thy feebler wing;
l the name of royal David near,
l his muſick, and his meaſures hear,
: harp Devotion in a rapture ſtrung,
eft no ſtate of pious ſouls unſung.
i to the wondering world but newly ſhewn,
al Poetry pronounc'd her own;
uſand hopes, on clouds adorn'd with rays,
lown their little beauteous forms to gaze;
looming Innocence, with tender years,
iative Sweetneſs for the raviſh'd ears,
r'd to ſmile within his early ſong,
rought their rivers, groves, and plains along:
tic Honour, at the palace bred,
r'd in white, embroider'd o'er with red,
'd forth the ſceptre of her royal fate,
rehead touch'd; and bid his lays be great;
unted Courage, deck'd with manly charms,
waving azure plumes, and gilded arms,
ıy'd the glories and the toils of fight,
nded Fame, and call'd him forth to write.
rfect theſe, the ſacred Spirit came,
ild infuſion of celeſtial flame,
mov'd with dove-like candour in his breaſt,
breath'd his graces over all the reſt.

Ah!

Ah! where the daring flights of men aſpire,
To match his numbers with an equal fire;
In vain they ſtrive to make proud Babel riſe,
And with an earth-born labour touch the ſkies:
While I the glittering page reſolve to view,
That will the ſubject of my lines renew;
The laurel wreath, my fame's imagin'd ſhade,
Around my beating temples fears to fade;
My fainting fancy trembles on the brink,
And David's God muſt help, or elſe I ſink.
As rolling rivers in their channels flow,
Swift from aloft, but on the level ſlow:
Or rage in rocks, or glide along the plains,
So juſt, ſo copious, move the Pſalmiſt's ſtrains;
So ſweetly vary'd with proportion'd heat,
So gently clear, or ſo ſublimely great;
While Nature 's ſeen in all her forms to ſhine,
And mix with beauties drawn from Truth divine;
Sweet beauties (ſweet affection's endleſs rill)
That in the ſoul like honey-drops diſtil.
Hail, Holy Spirit, hail Supremely Kind,
Whoſe inſpirations thus enlarg'd the mind;
Who taught him what the gentle ſhepherd ſings,
What rich expreſſions ſuit the port of kings:
What daring words deſcribe the ſoldier's heat,
And what the Prophet's extaſies relate;
Nor let his worſt condition be forgot,
In all this ſplendour of exalted thought.
On one thy different ſorts of graces fall,
Still made for each, of equal force in all;

hile from heavenly courts he feels a flame,
s the place from whence the bleſſing came;
akes his inſpirations ſweetly prove
ieful ſubject of the mind they move.
ortal Spirit, Light of Life inſtill'd,
ius the boſom of a mortal fill'd,
i weak my voice, and though my light be dim,
i I 'd praiſe thy wondrous gifts in him;
ſince thine aid 's attracted by deſire,
ey that ſpeak thee right muſt feel thy fire,
afe a portion of thy Grace Divine,
iſe my voice, and in my numbers ſhine:
f David, David ſings of thee,
ie Pſalmiſt, and his work in me.
iow, my verſe, ariſing on the wing,
art of all thy ſubject wilt thou ſing?
e thy firſt attempt? in what reſort
:ſtina's plains, or Salem's court;
, as his hands the ſolemn meaſure play'd,
fiends with torment and confuſion fled;
at the roſy ſpring of chearful light,
us Fame record tradition right)
:ffiation of celeſtial fire
ke a ruſhing breeze, and ſhook the lyre;
:etly giving every trembling ſtring
i of ſound, as made him wake to ſing?
in my view the country firſt appears,
intry firſt enjoy'd his youthful years;
ame thy ſhady landſcapes in my ſtrain,
nſcious mountain, or accuſtom'd plain;

Where

Where by the waters, on the graſs reclin'd,
With notes he rais'd, with notes he calm'd his mind;
For through the paths of rural life I 'll ſtray,
And in his pleaſures paint a ſhepherd's day.
With grateful ſentiments, with active will,
With voice exerted, and enlivening ſkill,
His free return of thanks he duly paid,
And each new day new beams of bounty ſhed.
Awake, my tuneful harp; awake, he cries;
Awake, my lute, the ſun begins to riſe;
My God, I 'm ready now! then takes a flight,
To pureſt Piety's exalted height:
From thence his ſoul, with heaven itſelf in view,
On humble prayers and humble praiſes flew.
The praiſe as pleaſing, and as ſweet the prayer,
As incenſe curling up through morning air.
When towards the field with early ſteps he trod,
And gaz'd around, and own'd the works of God,
Perhaps, in ſweet melodious words of praiſe,
He drew the proſpect which adorn'd his ways;
The ſoil, but newly viſited with rain,
The river of the Lord with ſpringing grain,
Inlarge, encreaſe the ſoften'd furrow bleſt,
The year with goodneſs crown'd, with beauty dreſt.
And ſtill to power divine aſcribe it all,
From whoſe high paths the drops of fatneſs fall;
Then in the ſong the ſmiling ſights rejoice,
And all the mute creation finds a voice;
With thick returns delightful echoes fill
The paſtur'd green, or ſoft aſcending hill,

Rais'd

d by the bleatings of unnumber'd ſheep,
oaſt their glories in the crowds they keep.
corn, that 's waving in the weſtern gale,
ı joyful ſound, proclaims the cover'd vale.
hene'er his flocks the lovely ſhepherd drove,
ıeighbouring waters, to the neighbouring grove;
ordan's flood, refreſh'd by cooling wind,
'edron's brook, to moſſy banks confin'd;
ıſy notes, and guiſe of lowly ſwain,
as thus he charm'd and taught the liſtening train:
he Lord 's my ſhepherd, bountiful and good,
ınot want, ſince he provides me food;
for his ſheep along the verdant meads,
all too mean, his tender mercy leads,
taſte the ſprings of life, and taſte repoſe
erever living paſture ſweetly grows.
I as I cannot want, I need not fear,
ſtill the preſence of my ſhepherd's near;
ough darkſome vales, where beaſts of prey reſort,
ere Death appears with all his dreadful court,
rod and hook direct me when I ſtray,
:alls to fold, and they direct my way.
erhaps, when ſeated on the river's brink,
ſaw the tender ſheep at noon-day drink,
ung the land where milk and honey glide,
l fattening Plenty rolls upon the tide.
r, fix'd within the freſhneſs of a ſhade,
oſe boughs diffuſe their leaves around his head,
orrow'd notions from the kind retreat,
n ſung the righteous in their happy ſtate,

And

And how, by Providential care, ſucceſs
Shall all their actions in due ſeaſon bleſs;
So firm they ſtand, ſo beautiful they look,
As planted trees aſide the purling brook:
Not faded by the rays that parch the plain,
Nor careful for the want of dropping rain:
The leaves ſprout forth, the riſing branches ſhoot,
And Summer crowns them with the ripen'd fruit.

But if the flowery field, with varied hue,
And native ſweetneſs, entertain'd his view;
The flowery field with all the glorious throng
Of lively colours roſe, to paint his ſong;
Its pride and fall within the numbers ran,
And ſpake the life of tranſitory man.

As graſs ariſes by degrees unſeen
To deck the breaſt of Earth with lovely green,
Till Nature's order brings the withering days,
And all the Summer's beauteous pomp decays;
So, by degrees unſeen, doth man ariſe,
So blooms by courſe, and ſo by courſe he dies.
Or as her head the gawdy floweret heaves,
Spreads to the ſun, and boaſts her ſilken leaves,
Till accidental winds their glory ſhed,
And then they fall before the time to fade;
So man appears, ſo falls in all his prime,
Ere Age approaches on the ſteps of Time.

But thee, my God! thee ſtill the ſame we find,
Thy glory laſting, and thy mercy kind;
That ſtill the juſt, and all his race, may know
No cauſe to mourn their ſwift account below.

Whe

hen from beneath he ſaw he wandering ſheep,
graz'd the level, range along the ſteep,
ı roſe, the wanton ſtragglers home to call,
re the pearly dews at evening fall;
aps new thoughts the riſing ground ſupply,
. that employs his mind, which fills his eye.
n pointed hills, he cries, my wiſhes tend,
that great hill from whence ſupports deſcend:
: Lord 's that hill, that place of ſure defence,
wants obtain their certain help from thence.
l as large hills projected ſhadows throw,
ward the ſun from off the vales below,
for their ſafety ſtop the blaſt above,
at, with raw vapours loaded, nightly rove;
ſhall protection o'er his ſervants ſpread,
d I repoſe beneath the ſacred ſhade,
hurt by rage, that, like a ſummer's day,
ſtroys and ſcorches with impetuous ray;
waſting ſorrows, undepriv'd of reſt,
at fall, like damps by moon-ſhine, on the breaſt.
re from the mind the proſpects ſeem to wear,
ıd leave the couch'd deſign appearing bare;
ıd now no more the Shepherd ſings his hill,
t ſings the ſovereign Lord's protection ſtill.
r as he ſees the night prepar'd to come,
. wings of Evening he prepares for home;
ıd in the ſong thus adds a bleſſing more,
what the thought within the figure bore:
rnal Goodneſs manifeſtly ſtill
:ſerves my ſoul from each approach of ill:

Ends all my days, as all my days begin,
And keeps my goings, and my comings-in.
Here think the ſinking ſun deſcends apace,
And, from thy firſt attempt, my fancy ceaſe;
Here bid the ruddy ſhepherd quit the plain,
And to the fold return his flocks again.
Go, leſt the lion, or the ſhagged bear,
Thy tender lambs with ſavage hunger tear;
Though neither bear nor lion match thy might,
When in their rage they ſtood reveal'd to fight;
Go, leſt thy wanton ſheep returning home,
Should, as they paſs, through doubtful darkneſs roam
Go, ruddy youth, to Bethlem turn thy way,
On Bethlem's road conclude the parting day.
Methinks he goes as twilight leads the night,
And ſees the creſcent riſe with ſilver-light;
His words conſider all the ſparkling ſhow
With which the ſtars in golden order glow.
And what is man, he cries, that thus thy kind,
Thy wondrous love, has lodg'd him in thy mind?
For him they glitter, him the beaſts of prey,
That ſcare my ſheep, and theſe my ſheep obey.
O Lord, our Lord, with how deſerv'd a fame,
Does earth record the glories of thy name!
Then, as he thus devoutly walks along,
And finds the road has finiſh'd with the ſong;
He ſings, with lifted hands and lifted eyes,
Be this, my God, an evening ſacrifice.
But now, the lowly dales, the trembling groves,
O'er which the whiſper'd breeze ſerenely roves,

e all the courſe of working fancy clear,
ıly grace another ſubject here;
n my purpoſe new deſigns ariſe,
ıſe brightening images engage mine eyes.
ı here, my verſe, thy louder accents raiſe,
theme through lofty paths of glory trace;
forth his honours in imperial throngs,
ſtrive to touch his more exalted ſongs.
'hile yet in humble vales his harp he ſtrung,
le yet he follow'd after ewes with young,
nal Wiſdom choſe him for his own,
from the flock advanc'd him to the throne;
t there his upright heart, and prudent hand,
h more diſtinguiſh'd ſkill, and high command,
ıt act the ſhepherd in a noble ſphere,
take his nation into regal care.
ould of mercy then, and juſtice ſing,
ſe radiant virtues that adorn a king,
t make his reign blaze forth with bright renown,
ınd thoſe gems whoſe ſplendour decks a crown;
t fixing peace, by temper'd love and fear,
:e plains abound, and barren mountains bare.
hee, to whom theſe attributes belong,
hee, my God, he cry'd, I ſend my ſong;
hee, from whom my regal glory came,
g the forms in which my court I frame;
t the models of imperfect ſkill,
ıme, with ſacred aid, and fix my will.
ıiſe behaviour in my private ways,
l all my ſoul diſpos'd to public peace,

Shall daily ſtrive to let my ſubjects ſee
A perfect pattern how to live, in me.
Still will I think, as ſtill my glories riſe,
To ſet no wicked thing before mine eyes,
Nor will I chooſe the favourites of ſtate,
Among thoſe men that have incurr'd thine hate,
Whoſe vice but makes them ſcandalouſly great;
'Tis time that all, whoſe froward rage of heart
Would vex my realm, ſhall from my realm depart;
'Tis time that all, whoſe private ſlandering lye
Leads Judgment falſely, ſhall by Judgment dye.
And time the great, who looſe the reins to pride,
Shall with neglect and ſcorn be laid aſide;
But o'er the tracts that my commands obey,
I 'll ſend my light, with ſharp diſarming ray,
Through dark retreats, where humble minds abide,
Through ſhades of peace, where modeſt tempers hide;
To find the good that may ſupport my ſtate,
And, having found them, then to make them great.
My voice ſhall raiſe them from the lonely cell,
With me to govern, and with me to dwell.
My voice ſhall Flattery and Deceit diſgrace,
And in their room exalted Virtue place;
That, with an early care, and ſtedfaſt hand,
The wicked periſh from the faithful land.
When on the throne he ſate in calm repoſe,
And with a royal hope his offspring roſe,
His prayers, anticipating time, reveal
Their deep concernment for the public weal;

Upon

on a good forecaſted thought they run,
r common bleſſings in the king begun:
r righteouſneſs and judgment ſtrictly fair,
hich from the king deſcends upon his heir.
when his life and all his labour ceaſe,
e reign ſucceeding, brings ſucceeding peace;
ſtill the poor ſhall find impartial laws,
d orphans ſtill a guardian of their cauſe:
d ſtern Oppreſſion have its galling yoke,
d rabid teeth of prey, to-pieces broke.
en, wondering at the glories of his way,
s friends ſhall love, his daunted foes obey;
r peaceful commerce neighbouring kings apply,
d with great preſents court the grand ally.
r him rich gums ſhall ſweet Arabia bear,
r him rich Sheba mines of gold prepare;
m Tharſis, him the foreign iſles ſhall greet,
d every nation bend beneath his feet.
d thus his honours far-extended grow,
he type of great Meſſiah's reign below.
But worldly realms, that in his accents ſhine,
re left beneath the full-advanc'd deſign;
hen thoughts of empire in the mind encreaſe
'er all the limits that determine place,
f thus the monarch's riſing fancy move
o ſearch for more unbounded realms above,
which celeſtial courts the king maintains,
nd o'er the vaſt extent of nature reigns;
e then deſcribes, in elevated words,
is Iſrael's ſhepherd, as the Lord of Lords.

How bright between the Cherubims he ſits,
What dazzling luſtre all his throne emits;
How Righteouſneſs, with Judgment join'd, ſupport
The regal ſeat, and dignify the court;
How faireſt honour, and majeſtic ſtate,
The preſence grace, and ſtrength and beauty wait;
What glittering miniſters around him ſtand,
To fly like winds, or flames, at his command.
How ſure the beams, on which his palace riſe,
Are ſet in waters, rais'd above the ſkies;
How wide the ſkies, like out-ſpread curtains, fly
To veil majeſtic light from human eye;
Or form'd the wide-expanded vaults above,
Where ſtorms are bounded, tho' they ſeem to rove;
Where fire, and hail, and vapour, ſo fulfil
The wiſe intentions of their Maker's will;
How well 'tis ſeen the great Eternal Mind
Rides on the clouds, and walks upon the wind.

O, wondrous Lord! how bright thy glories ſhine
The heavens declare, for what they boaſt is thine;
And yon blue tract, enrich'd with orbs of light,
In all its handy-work diſplays thy might.

Again the Monarch touch'd another ſtrain,
Another province claim'd his verſe again,
Where goodneſs infinite has fix'd a ſway,
Whoſe out-ſtretch'd limits are the bounds of day.
Beneath this empire of extended air,
Yet ſtill in reach of Providence's care,
God plac'd the rounded earth with ſtedfaſt hand,
And bid the baſis ever firmly ſtand;

bid the mountains from Confuſion's heaps
ılt their ſummits, and aſſume their ſhapes.
bid the waters like a garment ſpread,
form large ſeas, and, as he ſpake, they fled.
voice, his thunder, made the waves obey,
l forward haſten, till they form'd the ſea;
:n, left with lawleſs rage the ſurges roar,
nark'd their bounds, and girt them in with ſhore.
fill'd the land with brooks, that trembling ſteal
ough winding hills, along the flowery vale;
which the beaſts, that graze the vale, retreat
cool refreſhings in the ſummer's heat;
ile, perch'd in leaves upon the tender ſprays,
: birds around their ſinging voices raiſe.
makes the vapours, which he taught to fly,
ſake the chambers of the clouds on high;
l golden harveſt, rich with ears of grain
l ſpiry blades of graſs, adorn the plain;
l grapes luxuriant chear the ſoul with wine,
l ointment ſhed, to make the viſage ſhine.
ough trunks of trees fermenting ſap proceeds,
feed, and tinge the living boughs it feeds:
ſhoots the fir, where airy ſtorks abide,
:edar, Lebanon's aſpiring pride,
ioſe birds, by God's appointment, in their neſt,
th green ſurrounded, lie ſecure of reſt;
ıere ſmall increaſe the barren mountains give,
ere kines, adapted to the feeding, live;
ere flocks of goats in healthy paſtures browſe,
d, in their rocky entrails, rabbits houſe.

Where foreſts, thick with ſhrubs, entangled
Untrod the roads, and deſolate the land,
There cloſe in coverts hide the beaſts of prey
Till heavy darkneſs creeps upon the day,
Then roar with Hunger's voice, and range al
And, in their method, ſeek their meat from
And, when the dawning edge of eaſtern air
Begins to purple, to their dens repair.
Man, next ſucceeding, from the ſweet repoſ
Of downy beds, to work appointed goes.
When firſt the morning ſees the riſing ſun,
He ſees their labours both at once begun;
And, night returning with its ſtarry train,
Perceives their labours done at once again.
O! manifold in works ſupremely wiſe,
How well thy gracious ſtore the world ſuppli
How all thy creatures on thy goodneſs call,
And that beſtows a due ſupport for all!
When from an open hand thy favours flow,
Rich Bounty ſtoops to viſit us below;
When from thy hand no more thy favours fl
Back to the duſt we turn, from whence we
And when thy ſpirit gives the vital heat,
A ſure ſucceſſion keeps the Kinds compleat
The propagated ſeeds their forms retain,
And all the face of earth's renew'd again.
Thus, as you 've ſeen th' effect reveal the c
Is Nature's ruler known in Nature's laws;
Thus ſtill his power is o'er the world diſpl
And ſtill rejoices in the world he made.

e Lord he reigns, the King of kings is king;
nations praiſe, and praiſes learn to ſing.
My verſes here may change their ſtile again,
d trace the Pſalmiſt in another ſtrain;
ere all his ſoul the ſoldier's ſpirit warms,
d to the muſic fits the ſound of arms;
here brave diſorder does in numbers dwell,
d artful number ſpeaks diſorder well.
iſe, my genius, and attempt the praiſe
dreaded power, and perilous eſſays;
id where his accents are too nobly great,
ce diſtant echoes, give the faint repeat:
r who, like him, with enterprizing pen,
n paint the Lord of Hoſts in wrath with men?
, with juſt images of tuneful lay,
t all his terrors in their fierce array?
: comes! The tumult of diſcording ſpheres,
he quivering ſhocks of earth, confeſs their fears;
hick ſmoak precede, and blaſts of angry breath,
hat kindle dread devouring flames of death.
e comes! the firmament, with diſmal night,
ows down, and ſeems to fall upon the light;
he darkling miſts enwrap his head around,
he waters deluge, and the tempeſts ſound;
While on the cherub's purple wings he flies,
nd plants his black pavilion in the ſkies.
le comes! the clouds remove; the rattling hail,
Deſcending, bounds, and ſcatters o'er the vale:
lis voice is heard, his thunder ſpeaks his ire,
lis lightening blaſts with blue ſulphureous fire;

His

His brandiſh'd bolts with ſwift commiſſion go,
To puniſh man's rebellious acts below.
His ſtern rebukes lay deepeſt ocean bare,
And ſolid earth, by wide eruption, tear.
Then glares the naked gulph with diſmal ray,
And then the dark foundations ſee the day:
O God! let mercy this thy war aſſwage:
Alas! no mortal can ſuſtain thy rage.
While I but ſtrive the dire effects to tell,
And on another's words attentive dwell,
Confuſing paſſions in my boſom roll,
And all in tumult work the troubled ſoul:
Remorſe with pity, fear with ſorrow blend,
And I but ſtrive in vain; my verſe, deſcend,
To leſs aſpiring paths direct thy flight,
Though ſtill the leſs may more than match thy might;
While I to ſecond agents tune the ſtrings,
And Iſrael's warrior Iſrael's battles ſings;
Great warrior he, and great to ſing of war,
Whoſe lines (if ever lines prevail'd ſo far)
Might pitch the tents, compoſe the ranks anew,
To combat ſound, and bring the toil to view.
O nation moſt ſecurely rais'd in name,
Whoſe fair records he wrote for endleſs fame;
O nation oft victorious o'er thy foes,
At once thy conqueſts, and thy thanks he ſhows;
For thus he ſung the realms that muſt be thine,
And made thee thus confeſs an aid divine.
When mercy look'd, the waves perceiv'd its ſway,
And Iſrael paſs'd the deep divided ſea.

rcy ſpake it, haughty Pharaoh's hoſt,
hty Pharaoh, by the waves were toſt.
rcy led us through the deſert ſand,
d the borders of the promis'd land:
he kings their gather'd armies brought,
oſe kings by Mercy's help we fought:
h their monarch, Amer's people bleed,
as gracious, and the tribes ſucceed.
ıſtrous Ogg was fell'd on Baſan's plain,
as gracious to the tribes again.
their yoke the realms of Canaan feel,
ſings that God is gracious ſtill.
the warlike prince alone inroll'd
ous fates their fathers did of old;
nblazon'd acts adorn his lays,
may challenge juſt returns of praiſe.
he cries, my ſureſt rock of might,
ı dangers, and my ſhield in fight;
ıleſs bounties I with gladneſs own,
ſiſtance but from thee alone:
;th is armour, and my path ſucceſs,
like thee can thus ſecurely bleſs.
ps united would arreſt my courſe,
ir files, and through their order force;
heir towns they keep, my ſiege I form,
he battlements, and lead the ſtorm;
in camps abroad intrench'd they lie,
ı hinds in chace I bound on high;
ius arms thou teacheſt how to kill,
in ſunder temper'd bows of ſteel;

My

My moving footſteps are enlarg'd by thee,
And kept from ſnares of planned ambuſh free;
And when my foes forſake the field of fight,
Then fluſh'd, with conqueſt, I purſue their flig
In vain their fears, that almoſt reach deſpair,
The trembling wretches from mine anger bear;
As ſwift as fear briſk warmth of conqueſt goes,
And at my feet dejects the wounded foes;
For help they call, but find their helper 's gone,
For God 's againſt them, and I drive them on
As whirling duſt in airy tumult fly,
Before the tempeſt that involves the ſky;
And, in my rage 's unavoided ſway,
I tread their necks like abject heaps of clay.
The warrior thus in ſong his deeds expreſs'd,
Nor vainly boaſted what he but confeſs'd;
While warlike actions were proclaim'd abroad,
That all their praiſes ſhould refer to God.
And here, to make this bright deſign ariſe,
In fairer ſplendor to the nation's eyes,
From private valour he converts his lays,
For yet the publick claim'd attempts of praiſe;
And public conqueſts where they jointly fought,
Thus ſtand recorded by reflecting thought;
God ſent his Samuel from his holy ſeat
To bear the promiſe of my future ſtate,
And I, rejoicing, ſee the tribes fulfil
The promis'd purpoſe of Almighty will:
Subjected Sichem, ſweet Samaria's plain,
And Succoth's valleys, have confeſs'd my reign;

Ren

er Gilead's hilly tracts obey,
eh's parted ſands accept my ſway;
Ephraim's ſons and Ephraim's ports are mine,
ine the throne of princely Judah's line;
ince my people with my ſtandard go,
ng the ſtrength of adverſe empire low,
oab's ſoil, to vile ſubjection brought,
groans declare how well our ranks have fought;
nquiſh'd Edom bow its humbled head,
tell how pompous on its pride I tread;
now, Philiſtia, with thy conquering hoſt,
ay'd and broke, of conquer'd Iſrael boaſt;
if a Seer or Rabbah yet remain
Johemaan's hill, or Amon's plain,
d forth our armies, Lord, regard our prayer;
d, Lord of battles, and we 'll conquer there.
this the warrior ſpake, his heart aroſe,
d thus, with grateful turn, perform'd the cloſe:
ough men to men their beſt aſſiſtance lend,
t men alone will but in vain befriend;
hrough God we work exploits of high renown,
is God that treads our great oppoſers down.
Hear now the praiſe of well-diſputed fields,
he beſt return victorious honour yields;
is common good reſtor'd, when lovely Peace
join'd with Righteouſneſs in ſtrict embrace;
ear, all ye victors, what your ſword ſecures,
ear, all ye nations, for the cauſe is yours;
nd when the joyful trumpets loudly ſound,
hen groaning captives in their ranks are bound,

When

When pillars lift the bloody plumes in air,
And broken ſhafts and batter'd armour bear;
When painted arches acts of war relate,
When ſlow proceſſion's pomps augment the ſtate;
When fame relates their worth among the throng,
Thus take from David their triumphant ſong:
Oh, clap your hands together! oh, rejoice,
In God, with melody's exalted voice;
Your ſacred Pſalm within his dwelling raiſe,
And, for a pure oblation, offer praiſe;
For the rich goodneſs plentifully ſhows
He proſpers our deſign upon our foes.
Then hither, all ye nations, hither run,
Behold the wonders which the Lord has done;
Behold, with what a mind, the heap of ſlain,
He ſpreads the ſanguine ſurface of the plain;
He makes the wars, that mad confuſion hurl'd,
Be ſpent in victories, and leave the world.
He breaks the bended bows, the ſpears of ire,
And burns the ſhatter'd chariots in the fire,
And bids the realms be ſtill, the tumult ceaſe,
And know the Lord of war, for Lord of peace;
Now may the tender youth in goodneſs riſe,
Beneath the guidance of their parents eyes,
As tall young poplars, when the ranger 's nigh,
To watch their riſings, leſt they ſhoot awry.
Now may the beauteous Daughters, bred with care
In modeſt rules, and pious acts of fear,
Like poliſh'd corners of the Temple be,
So bright, ſo ſpotleſs, and ſo fit for thee.

the various ſeaſons bleſs the ſoil,
eous Gardeners pay the Ploughman's toil;
› and kine, upon the flowery meads,
n thouſands, and ten thouſand heads;
no more the ſound of grief complains
that fall in fight, or live in chains;
:n the bleſſings are proclaim'd aloud,
he voices of the thankful crowd;
at feel them thus confeſs their part,
n their worth, with one united heart;
: realm which God vouchſafes to bleſs
the glories of a bright ſucceſs!
›y thrice the realm, if thus he pleaſe
i thoſe glories with the ſweets of eaſe;
fare finiſh'd on a chain of thought,
t attempts of future rapture wrought;
ger, yet thy pinions ſtronger raiſe,
reigning in the power of lays.
's Hill thine airy courſes hold,
ere thy David propheſy'd of old;
e devout in contemplation ſit,
iſion, and extatic fit.
aks I ſeem to feel the charm begin,
et Contentment tunes my ſoul within;
ilrous ſoft ariſing muſic plays,
full ſounds upon the ſenſe increaſe;
d's lyre, his artful fingers move,
the ſpirit from the realms above
as'd to come where holineſs attends,
ted ſpirit from above deſcends.

Hence

Hence on the lyre and voice new graces reſt,
And bright prophetic forms enlarge the breaſt;
Hence firm decrees his myſtic hymns relate,
Affix'd in heaven's adamantine gate,
The glories of the moſt important age,
And Chriſt's bleſt empire ſeen by ſure preſage.
When, in a diſtant view, with inward eyes,
He ſees the Son deſcending from the ſkies,
To take the form of Man for Mankind's ſake,
'Tis thus he makes the great Meſſiah ſpake:
It is not, Father, blood of bullocks ſlain
Can cleanſe the World from univerſal ſtain;
Such offerings are not here requir'd by thee,
But point at mine, and leave the work for me;
To perfect which, as ſervants ears they drill,
In ſign of opening to their Maſter's will;
Thy will would open mine, and have me bear
My ſign of Miniſtry, the body there.
Prophetic volumes of our ſtate aſſign,
The world's redemption as an act of mine;
And lo, with chearful and obedient heart,
I come, my Father, to perform my part.
So ſpake the Son, and left his throng above,
When wings to bear him were prepar'd by Love;
When with their Monarch, on the great deſcent,
Sweet Humbleneſs and gentle Patience went;
Fair ſiſters both, both bleſs'd in his eſteem,
And both appointed here to wait on him.
But now, before the Prophet's raviſh'd eyes,
Succeeding Proſpects of his Life ariſe;

here he teaches all the world to ſing
ſe ſtrains in which the nation own'd him King.
n boughs as at an holy feaſt they bear,
hew the Godhead manifeſted there;
garments, as a mark of glory, ſtrow'd,
ar'd a Prince proclaim'd upon the road:
day the Lord hath made, we will employ,
ngs, he cries, and conſecrate to joy.
nnah, Lord, Hoſannah, ſhed thy peace;
nnah, long-expecting nations grace;
bleſs'd in honour's height triumphant thou,
t waſt to come, oh, bleſs thy people now.
'were eaſy dwelling here with fix'd delight,
much the ſweet engagement of the ſight;
fleeting viſions each on other throng,
change the muſic, and demand the ſong:
muſic chang'd by ſadly moving ſhow:
ſong demanded in exceſs of woe!
what was all the gracious Saviour's ſtay,
lſt here he trod in Life's encumber'd way,
troubled patience, perſecuted breath,
lected ſorrows, and afflicting death;
roach, ye ſinners; think the garden ſhows
bloody ſweat of full ariſing throws;
roach his grief, and hear him thus complain,
ough David's perſon, and in David's ſtrain.
, ſave me, God, thy floods about me roll,
wrath divine hath overflow'd my ſoul:
ne at length where riſing waters drown,
ſink in deep affliction, deeply down.

Deceitful ſnares, to bring me to the dead,
Lie ready plac'd in every path I tread;
And Hell itſelf, with all that Hell contains,
Of fiends accurs'd, and dreadful change of p
To daunt firm will, and croſs the good defig
With ſtrong temptations faſten on the mind;
Such grief, ſuch ſorrows, in amazing view,
Diſtracted fears and heavineſs purſue.
Ye ſages, deeply read in human frame,
The paſſion's cauſes, and their wild extreme
Where mov'd an object more oppos'd to bliſ
What other agony could equal his?

The muſic ſtill proceeds with mournful air
And ſpeaks the dangers, as it ſpeaks the fea
Oh, ſacred Preſence, from the Son withdraw
Oh, God, my Father, whither art thou gone
Oh, muſt my ſoul bewail tormenting pain,
And all my words of anguiſh fall in vain?
The trouble 's near, in which my life will en
But none is near, that will aſſiſtance lend;
Like Baſhan's bulls, my foes againſt me thro
So proud, inhuman, numberleſs, and ſtrong.
Like deſert lions, on their prey they go,
So much their fierce deſire of blood they ſhow
As ploughers wound the ground, they tore n
And long deep furrows manifeſt the track.
They pierc'd my tender hands, my tender fe
And caus'd ſharp pangs, where nerves in num
Rich ſtreams of life forſake my rended veins,
And fall like water ſpill'd upon the plains;

hat us'd in hollow ſeats to cloſe,
h anguiſh of convulſive throws;
ıg heart is melted in my frame,
ılving runs before a flame;
dries up, my fleſh the moiſture leaves,
tongue my clammy palate cleaves:
t; alas! for drink I call;
ey give me vinegar and gall.
game the ſavage ſoldiers go,
veſture, on my veſture throw;
:ride, who ſee me thus forlorn,
ıeir lips, and ſhake their heads in ſcorn.
eſpiteful jeſt, Behold, they cry,
:culiar darling of the ſky;
'od would ſave his ſoul from woe,
ıay have him, if he loves him ſo.
uſt of death, by quick decay,
'ather, be not long away.
thus, the Prince of Life was ſlain?
thus he dy'd for worthleſs men?
Jeſus! thus, in every line,
gs which the Prophet ſpake were thine.
riſtian, to the corpſe, in ſpirit come,
ue ſins of grief ſurround the tomb.
'eſhold-ſtone let ſin be ſlain,
e will beſt avenge his pain.
r then repentance, ſighs, and tears,
ſy'd deſires, bring holy fears;
prayer expreſs'd from thoughts that roll
)ken mind, and groanings of the ſoul;

Theſe ſcatter on his hearſe, and ſo prepare
Thoſe obſequies the Jews deny'd him there;
While in your hearts the flames of love may burn,
To dreſs the vault, like lamps in ſacred urn.
There oft, my ſoul, in ſuch a grateful way,
Thine humbleſt homage, with the godly pay.
But David ſtrikes the ſounding chords anew,
And to thy firſt deſign recals thy view;
From life to death, from death to life he flies,
And ſtill purſues his object in his eyes;
And here recounts, in more enliven'd ſong,
The ſacred Preſence, not abſented long:
The fleſh not ſuffer'd in the grave to dwell,
The ſoul not ſuffer'd to remain in hell;
But as the conqueror, fatigu'd in war,
With hot purſuit of enemies afar,
Reclines to drink the torrent gliding by,
Then lifts his looks to repoſſeſs the ſky;
So bow'd the Son, in life's uneaſy road,
With anxious toil and thorny danger ſtrow'd;
So bow'd the Son, but not to find relief,
But taſte the deep imbitter'd floods of grief;
So when he taſted theſe, he rais'd his head,
And left the ſable manſions of the dead,
Ere mouldering time conſum'd the bones away,
Or ſlow corruption's worms had work'd decay:
Here faith's foundations all the ſoul employ
With ſpringing graces, ſpringing beams of joy;
Then paus'd the voice, where nature 's ſeen to pauſe,
And for a time ſuſpend her ancient laws.

From hence ariſing as the glories riſe,
at muſt advance above the lofty ſkies,
runs with ſprightly fingers o'er the lyre,
id fills new ſongs with new celeſtial fire:
which he ſhews, by fair deſcription's ray,
e Chriſt's aſcenſion to the realms of day;
hen Juſtice, pleas'd with life already paid,
bends her brows, and ſheaths her angry blade;
id meditates rewards, and will reſtore
hat Mercy woo'd him, to forſake before.
hen on a cloud, with gilded edge of light,
roſe above the reach of human ſight,
id met the pomp that hung aloft in air,
o make his honours more exceeding fair.
e, cries the Prophet, how the chariots wait
o bear him upwards, in triumphant ſtate.
twenty thouſands in unnumber'd throng,
nd Angels draw the glittering ranks along.
he Lord amongſt them ſits in glory dreſs'd,
or more the Preſence, Sinai Mount confeſt.
nd now the chariots have begun to fly,
he triumph moves, the Lord aſcends on high,
nd Sin and Satan, us'd to captive men,
re dragg'd for captives in his ample train;
hile, as he goes, ſeraphic circles ſing
ne wondrous conqueſt of their wondrous king;
ith ſhouts of joy their heavenly voices raiſe,
id with ſhrill trumpets manifeſt his praiſe;
om ſuch a point of ſuch exceeding height,
while my verſes ſtoop their airy flight,

And ſeem for reſt on Olivet to breathe,
And charge the two that ſtand in white bene
That as they move, and join the moving rea
Within their honour'd hands, aloft they bear
The crown of thorns, the croſs on which he
The nails that pierc'd his limbs, the ſpear hi
Then, where kind Mercy lays the thunder b
Where Peace has hung great Michael's arm
Let theſe adorn his magazine above,
And hang the trophies of victorious love;
Left man, by ſuperſtitious mind entic'd,
Should idolize whatever touch'd the Chriſt.

But ſtill the Prophet in the ſpirit ſoars
To new Jeruſalem's imperial doors;
There ſees and hears the bleſs'd angelic thro
There feels their muſic, and records their ſon
Or, with the viſion warm'd, attempts to writ
For thoſe inhabitants of native light,
And teaches harmony's diſtinguiſh'd parts,
In ſweet reſpondence of united hearts;
For thus without might warbling angels ſing
Their courſe containing on the flutter'd wing
Eternal gates! your ſtately portals rear,
Eternal gates! your ways of joy prepare;
The King of Glory for admittance ſtays;
He comes, he 'll enter, O prepare your ways
Then bright arch-angels, that attend the wal
Might thus upon the beauteous order call;
Ye fellow-miniſters, that now proclaim
Your King of Glory, tell his awful name.

ı the beauteous order will accord,
ıd of ſolemn notes pronounce the Lord:
ł endued with ſtrength, renown'd for might,
ıils returning from the finiſh'd fight.
ith Lays they charm the ſacred gates,
:es double, while the ſong repeats;
ithin the ſacred guardians ſing,
the name of their victorious king;
ı again, the Lord 's the name rebounds
ıgue to tongue, catch'd up in frequent rounds.
ırones and powers appear to lift the gate,
vid ſtill purſues their enter'd ſtate.
ıhet! father! whither would'ſt thou fly?
tic Iſrael's chariot for the ſky;
ıcred ſpirit! what a wondrous height,
ſupported, ſoars his airy flight!
ıpſe of Majeſty divine is brought,
the ſhifted proſpects of the thought:
ıcred ſight! I dare not gaze for fear,
eneath the ſinger's feet, and hear;
ld each ſound that interrupts the mind,
a calm by power of verſe confin'd.
eadful miniſters of God, diſpleas'd,
ıg tempeſts be no longer rais'd!
-mouth'd thunders, leave your direful groan,
in hollow clouds around the throne.
ſmall voice more juſtly will expreſs
:at Jehovah did the Lord addreſs.
ı bright-feather'd choirs of endleſs peace,
from tuneful Hallelujahs ceaſe;

A while ſtand fix'd, with deep attentive care,
You 'll have the time to ſing for ever there.
The royal Prophet will the ſilence break,
And in his words Almighty goodneſs ſpeak.
He ſpake (and ſmil'd to ſee the buſineſs done,)
Thou art my firſt, my great begotten Son;
Here on the right of Majeſty ſit down,
Enjoy thy conqueſt, and receive thy Crown,
While I thy worſhip and renown compleat,
And make thy foes the foot-ſtool of thy feet;
For I 'll pronounce the long-reſolv'd decree,
My ſacred Sion be reſerv'd for thee.
From thence thy peaceful rod of power extend,
From thence thy Meſſenger of Mercy ſend,
And teach thy vanquiſh'd enemies to bow,
And rule where Hell has fix'd an empire now.
Then ready nations to their rightful king
The free-will offerings of their hearts ſhall bring,
In holy beauties for acceptance dreſs'd,
And ready nations be with pardon bleſs'd;
Meanwhile thy dawn of truth begins the day,
Enlighten'd ſubjects ſhall encreaſe the ſway;
With ſuch a ſplendid and unnumber'd train,
As dews in morning fill the graſſy plain.
This by myſelf I ſwore; the great intent
Has paſt my ſanction, and I can't repent:
Thou art a king, and prieſt of peace below,
Like Salem's monarch, and for ever ſo.
Aſk what thou wilt, 'tis thine the Gentiles' claim
For thy poſſeſſion take, the world's extreme.

kings ſhall rage, the parties ſtrive in vain,
perſecuting rage, to break thy reign;
u art my Chriſt, and they that ſtill can be
ellious ſubjects be deſtroy'd by thee.
ig, like the Potter, to ſevere decay,
worthleſs creatures, found in humble clay;
n hear, ye monarchs, and ye judges hear,
oice with trembling, ſerve the Lord with fear;
is commands with ſigns of homage move,
d kiſs the gracious offers of his love:
ſurely periſh if his anger flame,
d only they be bleſs'd that bleſs his name.
us does the Chriſt in David's anthems ſhine,
ith full magnificence of art divine;
en on his ſubjects gifts of grace beſtow,
d ſpread his image on their hearts below;
when our earthly kings receive the globe,
e ſacred unction, and the purple robe,
d mount the throne with golden glory crown'd,
ey ſcatter medals of themſelves around;
ere heavenly fingers clap their vary'd wings,
d lead the choir of all created things.
late his glory's everlaſting prime,
s fame continued with the length of time;
hile, ere the ſun ſhall dart a gilded beam,
changing moons diffuſe the ſilver'd gleam;
here-e'er the waves of rolling ocean ſent,
compaſs land with arms of wide extent.
ail, full of mercy: ready nations cry!
ail, oh, for ever, ever bleſs'd on high!
ail, oh, for ever on thy beauteous throne!
hou Lord that worketh wondrous things alone!

Still let thy glory to the world appear,
And all the riches of thy goodneſs hear.
But thou, fair church, in whom he fixes love,
Thou queen accepted of the Prince above;
Behold him, fairer than the ſons of men;
Embrace his offer'd heart, and ſhare his reign;
In Moſes' laws they bred thy tender years;
But now to new commands incline thine ears,
Forget thy people, bear no more in mind
Thy father's houſhold, for thy ſpouſe is kind.
Within thy ſoul let vain affections die,
Him only worſhip, and with him comply.
So ſhall thy ſpouſe's heart with thine agree,
So ſhall his fervour ſtill encreaſe for thee.
Come, while he calls, ſupremely-favour'd queen,
In heavenly glories dreſs thy ſoul within;
With pious actions to the throne be brought,
In cloſe connection of the virtues wrought;
Let theſe around thee for a garment ſhine,
And be the work to make them pleaſing thine:
Come, lovely queen, advance with ſtately port;
Thy good companions ſhall compleat thy court,
With joyful ſouls their joyful entrance ſing,
And fill the palace of your gracious king;
What though thy Moſes and the prophets ceaſe,
What though the prieſthood leaves the ſettled race,
The father's place their offspring well ſupplies,
When at thy ſpouſe's miniſtry they riſe;
When thy bleſs'd houſhold on his orders go,
And rule for him where-e'er he reigns below.

Co

Come, Queen exalted, come; my laſting ſong
To future ages ſhall thy fame prolong.
The joyful nations ſhall thy praiſe proclaim,
And, for their ſafety, crowd beneath thy name.
Oh, bounteous Saviour! ſtill thy mercy kind,
Still what thy David ſung thy ſervants find;
Still what thy David ſung thy ſervants ſee,
From thee ſent down, and ſent again to thee.
They ſee the words of Thanks, and Love divine,
In ſtrains myſterious intermingled ſhine,
As ſweet and rich unite in coſtly waves,
When purling gold the purpled webb receives;
And ſtill the church he ſhadow'd hears the lays,
In daily ſervice, as an aid to praiſe.
At theſe her temper good Devotion warms,
And mounts aloft with more engaging charms:
Then, as ſhe ſtrives to reach the lofty ſky,
Bids Gratitude aſſiſt her will to fly;
In theſe our gratitude becomes on fire,
Then feels its flames improv'd by ſtrong deſire;
Then feels deſire in eager wiſhes move,
And wiſh determine in the point of love.
Such hymns to regulate, and ſuch to raiſe,
Approach, ye ſounding inſtruments of praiſe:
'Tis fit you tune for him whoſe holy love,
In wiſh aſpiring to the choir above,
And fond to practiſe ere his time to go,
Devoutly call'd you to the choir below;
There, where he plac'd you, with your ſolemn ſound,
For God's high glory, fill the ſacred ground,

And

And there, and every-where, his wondrous name
Within his firmament of power proclaim.
Soft pleaſing lutes with eaſy ſweetneſs move,
To touch the ſentiments of heavenly love;
Aſſiſt the lyre and voice, to tell the charms
That gently ſtole him from the father's arms;
Gay trembling timbrels, us'd with airs of mirth,
Aſſiſt the loud Hoſannah rais'd on earth;
When on an aſs he meekly rides along,
And multitudes are heard within the ſong.
Full-tenor'd Pſaltery join the doleful part,
In which his agony poſſeſt his heart;
And ſeem to feel thyſelf, and ſeem to ſhew,
A riſing heavineſs and ſigns of woe.
Sonorous organ, at his paſſion moan,
And utter forth thy ſympathizing groan,
In big ſlow murmurs anxious ſorrow ſpeak,
While melancholy winds thine entrails ſhake.
As when he ſuffer'd, with complaining ſound,
The ſtorms in vaulted caverns ſhook the ground;
Swift chearful cymbals give an airy ſtrain,
When, having bravely broke the doubled chain
Of Death and Hell, he left the conquer'd grave,
And roſe to viſit thoſe he dy'd to ſave,
And as he mounts in ſong and Angels ſing,
With grand proceſſion their returning king,
Triumphant trumpets raiſe their notes on high,
And make them ſeem to mount, and ſeem to fly,
Then all at once conſpire to praiſe the Lord,
In Muſick's full conſent, and juſt accord;

'e ſons of Art, in ſuch melodious way,
Conclude the ſervice which you join to pay,
While nations ſing Amen, and yet again
Hold forth the note, and ſing aloud Amen.
Here has my fancy gone where David leads,
Now ſoftly pacing o'er the graſſy meads;
Now nobly mounting where the monarchs rear,
The gilded ſpires of palaces in air;
Now ſhooting thence, upon the level flight,
To dreadful dangers and the toils of fight,
Anon with utmoſt ſtretch aſcending far,
Beyond the region of the fartheſt ſtar;
As ſharpeſt-ſighted eagles towering fly,
To weather their broad ſails in open ſky,
At length on wings half-clos'd ſlide gently down,
And one attempt ſhall all my labours crown.
In others' verſe the reſt be better ſhewn,
But this is more, or ſhould be more, thine own.
If then the ſpirit that ſupports my lines
Have prov'd unequal to my large deſigns,
Let others riſe from earthly paſſion's dream,
By me provok'd to vindicate the theme.
Let others round the world in rapture rove,
Or with ſtrong feathers fan the breeze above,
Or walk the duſky ſhades of death, and dive
Down hell's abyſs, and mount again alive.
But, Oh, my God! may theſe unartful rhymes
In ſober words of woe bemoan my crimes.
'Tis fit the ſorrows I for ever vent
For what I never can enough repent;

'Tis

'Tis fit, and David ſhews the moving way,
And with his prayer inſtructs my ſoul to pray.
Then, ſince thy guilt is more than match'd by m
And ſince my troubles ſhould with thine agree,
O Muſe, to glories in affliction born!
May thy humility my ſoul adorn.
For humbleſt prayers are moſt affecting ſtrains,
As mines lye rich in lowly planted veins;
Such aid I want, to render mercy kind,
And ſuch an aid as here I want, I find:
Thy weeping accents in my numbers run,
Ah, thought! ah, voice of inward dole begun!
My God, whoſe anger is appeas'd by tears,
Bow gently down thy mercy's gracious ears;
With many tongues my ſins for juſtice call,
But Mercy's ears are manifold for all.
Thoſe ſweet celeſtial windows open wide,
And in full ſtreams let ſoft compaſſion glide;
There waſh my ſoul, and cleanſe it yet again,
O throughly cleanſe it from the guilty ſtain;
For I my life with inward anguiſh ſee,
And all its wretchedneſs confeſs to thee.
The large indictment ſtands before my view,
Drawn forth by conſcience, moſt amazing true;
And fill'd with ſecrets hid from human eye,
When, fooliſh man, thy God ſtood witneſs by.
Then, oh, thou majeſty divinely great,
Accept the ſad confeſſions I repeat,
Which clear thy juſtice to the world below,
Should diſmal ſentence doom my ſoul to woe.

When in the ſilent womb my ſhape was made,
And from the womb to lightſome life convey'd,
Curs'd ſin began to take unhappy root,
And through my veins its early fibres ſhoot;
And then, what goodneſs didſt thou ſhew, to kill
The riſing weeds, and principles of ill;
When to my breaſt, in fair celeſtial flame,
Eternal Truth and lovely Wiſdom came,
Bright gift, by ſimple Nature never got,
But here reveal'd to change the ancient blot.
This wondrous help which Mercy pleas'd to grant,
Continue ſtill, for ſtill thine aid I want;
And, as the men whom leproſies invade,
Or they that touch the carcaſe of the dead,
With hyſſop ſprinkled, and by water clean'd,
Their former pureneſs in the law regain'd;
So purge my ſoul, diſeas'd, alas! within,
And much polluted with dead works of ſin.
For ſuch bleſs'd favours at thine hand I ſue,
Be grace thine hyſſop, and thy water too.
Then ſhall my whiteneſs for perfection vie
With blanching ſnows that newly leave the ſky.
Thus, through my mind, thy voice of gladneſs ſend,
Thus ſpeak the joyful word, I will be clean'd;
That all my ſtrength, conſum'd with mournful pain,
May, by thy ſaving health, rejoice again:
And now no more my foul offences ſee,
O turn from theſe, but turn thee not from me;
Or, leſt they make me too deform'd a ſight,
Oh, blot them with Oblivion's endleſs night.

Then

Then further pureneſs to thy ſervant grant,
Another heart, or change in this, I want.
Create another, or the change create,
For now my vile corruption is ſo great,
It ſeems a new creation to reſtore
Its fall'n eſtate to what it was before.
Renew my ſpirit, raging in my breaſt,
And all its paſſions in their courſe arreſt;
Or turn their motions, widely gone aſtray,
And fix their footſteps in thy righteous way
When this is granted, when again I 'm wh
Oh ne'er withdraw thy preſence from my ſo
There let it ſhine, ſo let me be reſtor'd
To preſent joy, which conſcious hopes affo
There let it ſweetly ſhine, and o'er my bre
Diffuſe the dawning of eternal reſt;
Then ſhall the wicked this compaſſion ſee,
And learn thy worſhip, and thy works, fro
For I, to ſuch occaſions of thy praiſe,
Will tune my lyre, and conſecrate my lays
Unſeal my lips, where guilt and ſhame hav
To ſtop the paſſage of my grateful tongue,
And let my prayer and ſong aſcend, my pr
Here join'd with ſaints, my ſong with ange
Yet neither prayer I 'd give, nor ſongs alon
If either offerings were as much thy own:
But thine 's the contrite ſpirit, thine 's an h
Oppreſs'd with ſorrow, broke with inward
That at thy footſtool in confeſſion ſhews,
How well its faults, how well the judge it k

fin with ſober reſolution flies,
gift thy mercy never will deſpiſe.
in my ſoul a myſtic altar rear,
ſuch a ſacrifice I 'll offer there.
: ſhall it ſtand, in vows of virtue bound,
falling tears ſhall waſh it all around;
harp remorſe, yet ſharper edg'd by woe,
r'd and fear'd, inflict the bleeding blow;
: ſhall my thoughts to holy breathings fly,
d of incenſe, to perfume the ſky,
hence my willing heart aſpires above,
tim panting in the flames of love.

SOLOMON.

through the Pſalms, from theme to theme, I
chang'd,
nks like Eve in Paradiſe I rang'd;
very grace of ſong I ſeem'd to ſee,
: gay pride of every ſeaſon ſhe;
ently treading all the walks around,
'd the ſpringing beauties of the ground,
ly, gliſtering with the morning dew,
ſe in red, the violet in blue,
ink in pale, the bells in purple rows,
ilips colour'd in a thouſand ſhows:
ere and there perhaps ſhe pull'd a flower,
w with moſs, and paint her leafy bower;
ere and there, like her, I went along,
a bright ſtrain, and bid it deck my ſong.

But now the ſacred Singer leaves mine eye,
Crown'd as he was, I think he mounts on high;
Ere this devotion bore his heavenly Pſalms,
And now himſelf bears up his harp and palms.
Go, ſaint triumphant, leave the changing ſight,
So fitted out, you ſuit the realms of light;
But let thy glorious robe at parting go,
Thoſe realms have robes of more effulgent ſhow;
It flies, it falls, the fluttering ſilk I ſee;
Thy ſon has caught it, and he ſings like thee,
With ſuch election of a theme divine,
And ſuch ſweet grace, as conquers all but thine.
Hence every writer o'er the fabled ſtreams,
Where frolic fancies ſport with idle dreams;
Or round the ſight enchanted clouds diſpoſe,
Whence wanton Cupids ſhoot with gilded bows,
A nobler writer, ſtrains more brightly wrought,
Themes more exalted, fill my wondering thought:
The parted ſkies are track'd with flames above,
As love deſcends to meet aſcending love;
The ſeaſons flouriſh where the ſpouſes meet,
And earth in gardens ſpreads beneath their feet;
This freſh-bloom proſpect in the boſom throngs,
When Solomon begins his ſong of ſongs,
Bids the wrapt ſoul to Lebanon repair,
And lays the ſcene of all his actions there;
Where as he wrote, and from the bower ſurvey'd
The ſcenting groves, or anſwering knots he made,
His ſacred art the ſights of nature brings,
Beyond their uſe, to figure heavenly things.

eat Son of God! whoſe goſpel pleas'd to throw
id thy rich glory veils of earthly ſhow;
made the vineyard oft thy church deſign,
made the marriage-feaſt a type of thine;
t my verſes, which attempt to trace
ſhadow'd beauties of celeſtial grace,
with illapſes of ſeraphic fire
work which pleas'd thee once, once more inſpire.
ook, or Illuſion's airy viſions draw,
iow I walk the gardens which I ſaw,
ere ſilver waters feed a flowering ſpring,
l winds ſalute it with a balmy wing.
re, on a bank, whoſe ſhades directly riſe,
ſcreen the ſun, and not exclude the ſkies,
re ſits the ſacred church; methinks I view
: ſpouſe's aſpect, and her enſigns too.
face has features where the Virtues reign,
hands the book of ſacred Love contain,
ight (Truth's emblem) on her boſom ſhines,
d at her ſide the meekeſt lamb reclines:
d oft on heavenly lectures in the book,
d oft on heaven itſelf ſhe caſts a look,
:et, humble, fervent zeal, that works within,
length burſts forth, and raptures thus begin:
.et Him, that Him my ſoul adores above,
:loſe communions breathe his holy love;
theſe bleſs'd words his pleaſing lips impart,
ond all cordials, chear the fainting heart.
rich and ſweet the precious ointments ſtream,
:ch thy graces flow, ſo ſweet thy name

Diffuſes ſacred joy; 'tis hence we find
Affection rais'd in every virgin mind;
For this we come, the daughters here, and I,
Still draw we forward, and behold I fly;
I fly through mercy, when my king invites,
To tread his chambers of ſincere delights;
There, join'd by myſtic union, I rejoice,
Exalt my temper, and enlarge my voice,
And celebrate thy joys, ſupremely more
Than earthly bliſs; thus upright hearts adore.
Nor you, ye maids, who breathe of Salem's air,
Nor you refuſe that I conduct you there;
Though clouding darkneſs hath eclips'd my face,
Dark as I am, I ſhine with beams of grace,
As the black tents, where Iſhmael's line abides,
With glittering trophies dreſs their inward ſides;
Or as thy curtains, Solomon, are ſeen,
Whoſe plaits conceal a golden throne within.
'Twere wrong to judge me by the carnal ſight,
And yet my viſage was by nature white;
But fiery ſuns, which perſecute the meek,
Found me abroad, and ſcorch'd my roſy cheek.
The world, my brethren, they were angry grown,
They made me dreſs a vineyard not my own,
Among their rites (their vines) I learn'd to dwell,
And in the mean employ my beauty fell;
By frailty loſt, I gave my labour o'er,
And my own vineyard grew deform'd the more.
Behold I turn; O ſay, my ſoul's deſire,
Where doſt thou feed thy flock, and where retire

To reſt that flock, when noon-tide heats ariſe?
Shepherd of Iſrael, teach my dubious eyes
To guide me right; for why ſhould thine abide
Where wandering ſhepherds turn their flocks aſide?
So ſpake the church, and ſigh'd: a purple light
Sprung forth, the Godhead ſtood reveal'd to ſight,
And heaven and nature ſmil'd; as white as ſnow
His ſeamleſs veſture looſely fell below:
Sedate and pleas'd, he nodded; round his head
The pointed glory ſhook, and thus he ſaid:
If thou, the loveliеſt of the beauteous kind,
If thou canſt want thy ſhepherd's walk to find,
Go by the foot-ſteps where my flocks have trod,
My ſaints, obedient to the laws of God;
Go, where their tents my teaching ſervants rear,
And feed the kids, thy young believers there.
Should thus my flocks increaſe, my fair delight,
I view their numbers, and compare the ſight
To Pharaoh's horſes when they take the field,
Beat plains to duſt, and make the nations yield.
With rows of gems thy comely cheeks I deck,
And chains of pendant gold o'erflow thy neck,
For ſo like gems the riches of my grace,
And ſo deſcending glory, chears thy face:
Gay bridal robes a flowering ſilver ſtrows,
Bright gold engrailing on the border glows.
He ſpake; the ſpouſe admiring heard the ſound,
Then, meekly bending on the ſacred ground,
She cries, Oh preſent to my raviſh'd breaſt,
This ſweet communion is an inward feaſt,

There ſits the king, while all around our heads
His grace, my ſpikenard, pleaſing odours ſheds
About my ſoul, his holy comfort flies;
So cloſely treaſur'd in the boſom lies
The bundled myrrh, ſo ſweet the ſcented gale
Breathes all En-gedi 's aromatic vale.
Now, ſays the king, my love, I ſee thee fair,
Thine eyes, for mildneſs, with the dove's compa
No, thou, belov'd, art fair, the church replies
(Since all my beauties but from thee ariſe;)
All fair, all pleaſant, theſe communions ſhew
Thy counſels pleaſant, and thy comforts ſo.
And as at marriage feaſts they ſtrow the flowers,
With nuptial chaplets hang the ſummer bowers,
And make the rooms of ſmelling cedars fine,
Where the fond bridegroom and the bride recline
I dreſs my ſoul with ſuch exceeding care,
With ſuch, with more, to court thy preſence ther
Well haſt thou prais'd, he ſays; the Sharon ro
Through flowery fields a pleaſing odour throws,
The valley lilies raviſh'd ſenſe regale,
And with pure whiteneſs paint their humble vale
Such names of ſweetneſs are thy lover 's due,
And thou, my love, be thou a lily too,
A lily ſet in thorns; for all I ſee,
All other daughters, are as thorns to thee.
Then ſhe; the trees that pleaſing apples yield
Surpaſs the barren trees that cloath the field;
So you ſurpaſs the ſons with worth divine,
So ſhade, and fruit as well as ſhade, is thine.

ſat me down, and ſaw thy branches ſpread,
nd green protection flouriſh o'er my head;
ſaw thy fruit, the ſoul's celeſtial food,
pull'd, I taſted, and I found it good.
ence in the ſpirit to the bliſsful ſeats,
/here Love, to feaſt, myſteriouſly retreats;
e led me forth; I ſaw the banner rear,
ınd love was pencil'd for the motto there.
rophets and teachers in your care combine,
tay me with apples, comfort me with wine,
The cordial promiſes of joys above,
'or hope deferr'd has made me ſick with love.
\h! while my tongue reveals my fond deſire,
lis hands ſupport me, leſt my life expire;
\s round a child the parent's arms are plac'd,
'his holds the head, and that enfolds the waiſt.
Here ceas'd the church, and lean'd her languid head,
nt down with joy; when thus the lover ſaid,
'old, ye daughters of the realm of peace,
ſleeps, at leaſt her thoughts of ſorrow ceaſe.
r, by the bounding roes, the ſkipping fawns,
· the cool brooks, or o'er the graſſy lawns,
ll the tender innocents that rove,
·hourly charges, in my ſacred grove,
l the dear charge from each approach of ill,
ld not have her wake but when ſhe will.
eſt the church and ſpouſe: my verſes ſo
· to languiſh with the flames you ſhew,
ıuſing reſt; but not the pauſe be long,
thy Solomon purſues the ſong.

Then keep the place in view; let ſweets more r
Than earth produces fill the purpled air;
Let ſomething ſolemn overſpread the green,
Which ſeems to tell us, Here the Lord has beer
But let the virgin ſtill in proſpect ſhine,
And other ſtrains of her's enliven mine.
She wakes, ſhe riſes: bid the whiſpering breeze
More ſoftly whiſper in the waving trees,
Or fail with ſilent awe; bid all around,
Before the church's voice, abate their ſound;
While thus her ſhadowy ſtrains attempt to ſhew
A future advent of the ſpouſe below:

Hark! my beloved's voice! behold him too!
Behold him coming in the diſtant view:
No clambering mountains make my lover ſtay,
(For what are mountains in a lover's way?)
Leaping he come, how like the nimble roe
He runs the paths his prophets us'd to ſhow!
And now he looks from yon partition-wall,
Built till he comes—'tis only then to fall,
And now he 's nearer in the promiſe ſeen,
Too faint the ſight—'tis with a glaſs between;
From hence I hear him as a lover ſpeak,
Who near a window calls a fair to wake.

Attend, ye virgins, while the words that tra
An opening ſpring deſign the day of grace.
Hark! or I dream, or elſe I hear him ſay,
Ariſe, my love; my fair-one, come away;
For now the tempeſts of thy winter end,
Thick rains no more in heavy drops deſcend;

:t painted flowers their silken leaves uncloſe,
dreſs the face of earth with varied ſhows;
ıe green wood the ſinging birds renew,
r chirping notes, the ſilver turtles coo:
trees that yield the fig already ſhoot,
knit their bloſſoms for their early fruit;
ı fragrant ſcents the vines refreſh the day,
e, my love; my fair-one, come away.
me, my dove, forſake thy cloſe retreat,
cloſe in ſafety haſt thou fix'd thy ſeat,
earful pigeons in dark clefts abide,
ſafe the clefts their tender charges hide.
let thy looks with modeſt guiſe appear,
let thy voice ſalute my longing ear,
in thy looks an humble mind I ſee,
er forms thy voice, and both are ſweet to me.
ave the bloomings of my vineyard, haſte,
ch foxes (falſe deluding teachers) waſte;
ch well their haunts, and catch the foxes there,
grapes are tender, and demand thy care.
s ſpeaks my love: ſurprizing love divine!
ıs am his, he thus for ever mine.
, till he comes, I find a preſence ſtill,
re ſouls attentive ſerve his holy will;
re down in vales unſpotted lilies grow,
te types of innocence, in humble ſhow.
till the ſpicy breath of heavenly day,
all thy ſhadows fleet before thy ray;
ı, my beloved, with thy comforts here,
in thy promiſe, in thy grace appear,

Nor

Nor let ſuch ſwiftneſs in the roes be ſhown
To ſave themſelves, as thou to chear thine own;
Turn like the nimble harts that lightly bound,
Before the ſtretches of the fleeteſt hound;
Skim the plain chace of lofty Bether's head,
And make the mountain wonder if they tread.
But long expectance of a bliſs delay'd
Breeds anxious doubt, and tempts the ſacred maid;
Then miſts ariſing ſtrait repel the light,
The colour'd garden lies diſguis'd with night;
A pale-horn'd creſcent leads a glimmering throng,
And groans of abſence jar within the ſong.
By night, ſhe cries, a night which blots the mind,
I ſeek the lover, whom I fail to find:
When on my couch compos'd to thought I lie,
I ſearch, and vainly ſearch, with reaſon's eye;
Riſe, fondly riſe, thy preſent ſearch give o'er,
And aſk if others knew thy lover more.
Dark as it is, I riſe; the moon that ſhines
Shows by the gleam the city's outward lines:
I range the wandering road, the winding ſtreet,
And aſk, but aſk in vain, of all I meet,
Till, toil'd with every diſappointing place,
My ſteps the guardians of the temple trace,
Whom thus my wiſh accoſts: Ye ſacred guides,
Ye prophets, tell me where my love reſides?
'Twas well I queſtion'd, ſcarce I paſs'd them by,
Ere my rais'd ſoul perceives my lover nigh:
And have I found thee, found my joy divine?
How faſt I 'll hold thee, till I make thee mine!

My mother waits thee, thither thou repair,
Long-waiting Iſrael wants thy preſence there.
The lover ſmiles to ſee the virgin's pain;
The miſts roll off, and quit the flowery plain;
Yes, there I come, he ſays, thy ſorrow ceaſe;
And guard her, daughters of the realms of peace,
By all the bounding roes and ſkipping fawns,
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the graſſy lawns;
By all the tender innocents that rove,
Your hourly charges, in my ſacred grove:
Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
I 'll have her feel my comforts while ſhe will.
Here, hand in hand, with chearful heart they go,
When wandering Salem ſees the ſolemn ſhow,
Dreams the rich pomp of Solomon again,
And thus her daughters ſing th' approaching ſcene:
Who from the deſert, where the waving clouds
High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?
For Sion's hill her ſober pace ſhe bends,
As grateful incenſe from the dome aſcends.
It ſeems the ſweets, from all Arabia ſhed,
Curl at her ſide, and hover o'er her head.
For her the king prepares a bed of ſtate,
Round the rich bed her guards in order wait,
All myſtic Iſrael's ſons, 'tis there they quell
The foes within, the foes without repel.
The guard his miniſtry, their ſwords of fight,
His ſacred laws, her preſent ſtate of night.
He forms a chariot too, to bring her there,
Not the carv'd frame of Solomon ſo fair;

Sweet

Sweet ſmells the chariot as the temple ſtood,
The fragrant cedar ſent them both the wood;
High wreaths of ſilver'd columns prop the door,
Fine gold engrail'd adorns the figur'd floor,
Deep-fringing purple hangs the roof above,
And ſilk embroidery paints the midſt with love.
Go forth, ye daughters; Sion's daughters, go;
A greater Solomon exalts the ſhow,
If crown'd with gold, and by the queen beſtow'd,
To grace his nuptials, Jacob's monarch rode;
A crown of glory from the King Divine,
To grace theſe nuptials, makes the Saviour ſhine;
While the bleſs'd pair expreſs'd in emblem ride,
Meſſiah Solomon, his church the bride.
Ye kind attendants, who, with wondering eyes,
Saw the grand entry, what you ſaid ſuffice;
You ſung the lover with a loud acclaim,
The lover's fondneſs longs to ſing the dame.
He ſpeaks, admiring Nature ſtands around,
And learns new muſic, while it hears the ſound.
Behold, my love, how fair thy beauties ſhow,
Behold how more, how moſt extremely ſo!
How ſtill to me thy conſtant eyes incline,
I ſee the turtle's when I gaze on thine;
Sweet through the lids they ſhine with modeſt can
And ſweet and modeſt is a virgin's air.
How bright thy locks! how well their number pa
The great aſſemblies of my lovely ſaints!
So bright the kids, ſo numerouſly fed,
Graze the green top of lofty Gilead's head;

All Gilead's head a fleecy whiteneſs clouds,
And the rich maſter glories in the crowds.
How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
Each anſwering each, whilſt all the publick aid;
Theſe lovely graces in my church I find,
This candor, order, and accorded mind:
Thus when the ſeaſon bids the ſhepherd lave
His ſheep new ſhorn within the cryſtal wave;
Waſh'd they return, in ſuch unſully'd white,
Thus march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
How pleaſe thy lips adorn'd with native red!
Art vainly mocks them in the ſcarlet thread!
But, if they part, what muſic wafts the air!
So ſweet thy praiſes, and ſo ſoft thy prayer.
If through thy looſen'd curls, with honeſt ſhame,
Thy lovely temples fine complexion flame,
Whatever crimſon granate bloſſoms ſhow,
'Twas never theirs ſo much to pleaſe, and glow.
But what 's thy neck, the poliſh'd form I ſee,
Whoſe ivory ſtrength ſupports thine eyes to me!
Fair type of firmneſs, when my ſaints aſpire
The ſacred confidence that lifts deſire,
As David's turret, on the ſtately frame,
Upheld its thouſand conquering ſhields of fame.
And what thy breaſts! they ſtill demand my lays,
What image wakes to charm me whilſt I gaze!
Two lovely mountains each exactly round,
Two lovely mountains with the lily crown'd;
While two twin roes, and each on either bred,
Feed in the lilies of the mountain's head.

Let this reſemblance ſpotleſs virtues ſhow,
And in ſuch lilies feed my young below.
But now, farewell, till night's dark ſhades decay,
Farewell, my virgin, till the break of day;
Swift for the hills of ſpice and gums I fly,
To breathe ſuch ſweets as ſcent a purer ſky;
Yet, as I leave thee, ſtill, above compare,
My Love, my ſpotleſs, ſtill I find thee fair.
Here reſt, celeſtial maid; for if he go,
Nor will he part, nor is the promiſe ſlow,
Nor ſlow my fancy move; diſpel the ſhade,
Charm forth the morning, and relieve the maid.
Ariſe, fair ſun, the church attends to ſee
The ſun of righteouſneſs ariſe in thee;
Ariſe, fair ſun; and bid the church adore;
'Tis then he 'll court her, whom he prais'd befor
As thus I ſing, it ſhines; there ſeems a ſound
Of plumes in air, and feet upon the ground:
I ſee their meeting, ſee the flowery ſcene,
And hear the myſtic love purſued again.
Now to the mount, whoſe ſpice perfumes the d
'Tis I invite thee; come, my ſpouſe, away;
Come, leave thy Lebanon: is aught we ſee
In all thy Lebanon, compar'd to me?
Nor tow'rd thy Canaan turn with wiſhful ſight,
From Hermon's, Sheniar's, and Amana's height
There dwells the leopard, there aſſaults the bear;
This world has ills, and ſuch may find thee ther
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter, O thy wondrous art,
Which through my boſom drew my raviſh'd hear

Won by one eye, my raviſh'd heart is gone,
For all thy ſeeing guides conſent as one.
Drawn by one chain, which round thy body plies,
For all thy members one bleſs'd union ties.
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter, O the charm to pleaſe,
When love repaid returns my boſom eaſe!
Strongly thy love, and ſtrongly wines reſtore,
But wines muſt yield, thy love enflames me more.
Sweetly thine ointments (all thy virtues) ſmell,
Not altar-ſpices pleaſe thy king ſo well.
How ſoft thy doctrine on thy lips reſides!
From theſe two combs the dropping honey glides;
All pure without, as all within ſincere,
Beneath thy tongue—I find it honey there.
Ah, while thy graces thus around thee ſhine,
The charms of Lebanon muſt yield to thine!
His ſpring, his garden, every ſcented tree,
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter, all I find in thee.
Thee, for myſelf, I fence, I ſhut, I ſeal;
Myſterious ſpring, myſterious garden, hail!
A ſpring, a font, where heavenly waters flow;
A grove, a garden, where the Graces grow.
There riſe my fruits, my cypreſs, and my fir,
My ſaffron, ſpikenard, cinnamon, and myrrh;
Perpetual fountains for their uſe abound,
And ſtreams of ſavour feed the living ground.
Scarce ſpake the Chriſt, when thus the church replies
(And ſpread her arms where-e'er the ſpirit flies):
Ye cooling northern gales, who freſhly ſhake
My balmy reeds; ye northern gales, awake.

And

And thou the regent of the ſouthern ſky,
O ſoft inſpiring, o'er my garden fly;
Unlock and waft my ſweets, that every grace,
In all its heavenly life, regale the place.
If thus a paradiſe thy garden prove,
'Twere beſt prepar'd to entertain my love;
And, that the pleaſing fruits may pleaſe the m
O think my proffer was thy gift before.
At this, the Saviour cries, Behold me near,
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter; O behold me here;
To gather fruits, I come at thy requeſt,
And, pleas'd, my ſoul accepts the ſolemn feaſt
I gather myrrh, with ſpice to ſcent the treat,
My virgin-honey with the combs I eat;
I drink my ſweetening milk, my lively wine
(Theſe words of pleaſure mean thy gifts divine
To ſhare my bliſs, my good elect I call,
The church (my garden) muſt include them al
Now ſit and banquet; now, belov'd, you ſee
What gifts I love, and prove theſe fruits with
O might this ſweet communion ever laſt!
But with the ſun the ſweet communion paſt.
The Saviour parts, and on Oblivion's breaſt
Benumb'd and ſlumbering lies the church to re
Paſs the ſweet alleys while the duſk abides,
Seek the fair lodge in which the maid reſides;
Then, Fancy, ſeek the maid at night again,
The Chriſt will come, but comes, alas, in vain
I ſleep, ſhe ſays, and yet my heart awakes
(There 's ſtill ſome feeling while the lover ſpeal

With what fond fervor from without he cries,
Ariſe, my love; my undefil'd, ariſe!
My dove, my ſiſter, cold the dews alight,
And fill my treſſes with the drops of night;
Alas, I 'm all unrob'd, I waſh'd my feet,
I taſted ſlumber, and I find it ſweet.
As thus my words refuſe, he ſlips his hands
Where the clos'd latch my cruel door commands;
What, though deny'd, ſo perſevering kind!
Who long denies a perſevering mind?
From my wak'd ſoul my ſlothful temper flies,
My bowels yearn; I riſe, my love, I riſe;
I find the latch thy fingers touch'd before,
Thy ſmelling myrrh comes dropping off the door.
Now, where 's my love?—what! haſt thou left the place?
O, to my ſoul repeat thy words of grace!
Speak in the dark, my love; I ſeek thee round,
And vainly ſeek thee, till thou wilt be found.
What, no return? I own my folly paſt,
I lay too liſtleſs; ſpeak, my love, at laſt.
The guards have found me—are ye guards indeed,
Who ſmite the ſad, who make the feeble bleed?
Dividing teachers, theſe; who wrong my name,
Rend my long veil, and caſt me bare to ſhame.
But you, ye daughters of the realm of reſt,
If ever pity mov'd a virgin-breaſt,
Tell my belov'd how languiſhing I lie,
How love has brought me near the point to die.
And what belov'd is this you would have found?
Say Salem's daughters, as they flock'd around?

What wondrous thing? what charm beyon
Say, what 's thy lover, faireſt o'er the fair?
His face is white and ruddy, ſhe replies,
So mercy, join'd to juſtice, tempers dies;
His lofty ſtature, where a myriad ſhine,
O'ertops, and ſpeaks a majeſty divine.
Fair honour crowns his head, the raven-bla
In buſhy curlings, flows adown his back:
Sparkling his eyes, with full proportion pla
White like the milk, and with a mildneſs g
As the ſweet doves, whene'er they fondly p
By running waters in a glittering day.
Within his breath what pleaſing ſweetneſs
'Tis ſpice exhal'd, and mingled on the roſe.
Within his words what grace with goodneſs
So beds of lilies drop with balmy ſweets.
What rings of eaſtern price his fingers hold
Gold decks the fingers, beryl decks the gol
His ivory ſhape adorns a coſtly veſt,
Work paints the ſkirts, and gems inrich the
His limbs beneath, his ſhining ſandals caſe
Like marble columns on a golden baſe.
Nor boaſts that mountain, where the ceda
Perfumes our realm, ſuch numerous ſweets
O, lovely all! what could my king require
To make his preſence more the world's deſi
And now, ye maids, if ſuch a friend you kn
'Tis ſuch my longings look to find below.
While thus her friend the ſpouſe's anthen
Deck'd with the thummim, crown'd a ſacre

The Daughters' hearts the fine deſcription drew,
And that which rais'd their wonder, aſk'd their view.
Then where, they cry, thou faireſt o'er the fair,
Where goes thy lover? Tell the virgins where.
What flowering walks invite his ſteps aſide?
We 'll help to ſeek him, let thoſe walks be try'd.
The ſpouſe revolving here the grand deſcent,
'Twas that he promis'd, there, ſhe cries, he went;
He keeps a garden where the ſpices breathe,
Its bowering borders kiſs the vale beneath;
'Tis there he gathers lilies, there he dwells,
And binds his flowerets to unite their ſmells.
O, 'tis my height of love that I am his!
O, he is mine, and that 's my height of bliſs!
Deſcend, my virgins; well I know the place,
He feeds in lilies, that 's a ſpotleſs race.
At dawning day the bridegroom leaves a bower,
And here he waters, there he props a flower,
When the kind damſel, ſpring of heavenly flame,
With Salem's daughters to the garden came.
Then thus his love the bridgroom's words repeat
The ſmelling borders lent them both a ſeat):
), great as Tirzah! 'twas a regal place,
), fair as Salem! 'tis the realm of peace;
Vhoſe aſpect, awful to the wondering eye,
ppears like armies when the banners fly;
turn, my ſifter, O my beauteous bride,
hy face o'ercomes me, turn that face aſide;
ow bright thy locks, how well their number paints
he great aſſemblies of my lovely ſaints!

So bright the kids, ſo numerouſly fed,
Graze the green wealth of lofty Gilead
How pure thy teeth! for equal order n
Each anſwering each, while all the pub
As when the ſeaſon bids the ſhepherd
His ſheep new ſhorn within the ſilver
Waſh'd, they return in ſuch unſully'd
So march by pairs, and in the flock un
How ſweet thy temples! not pomegra
With equal modeſt look, to pleaſe and
If Solomon his life of pleaſure leads,
With wives in numbers, and unnumbe
In other paths, my life of pleaſure ſho
Admits my love, my undefil'd alone.
Thy mother, Iſrael, ſhe the dame who
Her choice, my dove, my ſpotleſs, own
The Gentile queens, at thy appearanc
Hail, queen of nations! hail, the mai
And thus they ſing thy praiſe: what
Springs like the morning, with a purp
What riſes like the morn with ſilver li
What, like the ſun, aſſiſts the world w
Yet awful ſtill, though thus ſerenely
Like hoſts with enſigns rattling in the
I grant I left thy ſight, I ſeem'd to go
But was I abſent when you fancy'd ſ
Down to my garden, [redacted] my planted
Where nuts their ground in underwoo
Where blown pomegranates, there I
What knitting bloſſoms white the bea

View the green buds, recall the wandering ſhoots,
Smell my gay flowerets, taſte my flavour'd fruits;
Raiſe the curl'd vine, refreſh the ſpicy beds,
And joy for every grace my garden ſheds.
The Saviour here, and here the church ariſe,
And am I thus reſpected, thus ſhe cries!
I mount for heaven, tranſported on the winds,
My flying chariot 's drawn by willing minds.
As, rapt with comfort, thus the maid withdrew,
The waiting daughters wonder'd where ſhe flew;
And O! return, they cry, for thee we burn,
O maid of Salem; Salem's ſelf return.
And what 's in Salem's maid we covet ſo?
Hear, all ye nations—'tis your bliſs below;
That glorious viſion, by the patriarch ſeen,
When ſky-born beauties march'd the ſcented green;
There the met ſaints and meeting angels came,
Two lamps of God, Mahanaim was the name.
Again the maid reviews her ſacred ground;
Solemn ſhe ſits, the damſels ſing around.
O, prince's daughter! how, with ſhining ſhow,
Thy golden ſhoes prepare thy feet below!
How firm thy joints! what temple-work can be,
With all its gems and art, preferr'd to thee?
In thee, to feed thy lover's faithful race,
Still flow the riches of abounding grace;
Pure, large, refreſhing, as the waters fall
From the carv'd navels of the ciſtern-wall.
In thee the lover finds his race divine,
You teem with numbers, they with virtues ſhine;

So wheat with lilies, if their heaps unite,
The wheat 's unnumber'd, and the lilies white;
Like tender roes, thy breaſts appear above,
Two types of innocence, and twins of love.
Like ivory-turrets ſeems thy neck to rear,
O, ſacred emblem, upright, firm, and fair!
As Heſhbon-pools, which, with a ſilver-ſtate,
Diffuſe their waters at their city-gate,
For ever ſo thy virgin eyes remain,
So clear within, and ſo without ſerene.
As through ſweet fir the royal turret ſhows,
Whence Lebanon ſurveys a realm of foes;
So through thy lovely curls appear thy face,
To watch thy foes, and guard thy faithful race.
The richeſt colours flowery Carmel wears,
Red fillets, croſs'd with purple, braid thy hairs;
Yet, not more ſtrictly theſe thy locks reſtrain,
Than thou thy king, with ſtrong affection's chain;
When from his palace he enjoys thy ſight,
O love, O beauty, form'd for all delight!
Strait is thy goodly ſtature, firm, and high,
As palms aſpiring in the brighter ſky;
Thy breaſts the cluſter (if thoſe breaſts we view,
As late for beauty, now for profit too).
Woo'd to thine arms, thoſe arms that oft extend,
In the kind poſture of a waiting friend;
Each maid of Salem cries, I 'll mount the tree,
Hold the broad branches, and depend on thee.
O, more than grapes, thy fruit delights the maids,
Thy pleaſing breath excels the citron ſhades;

Thy mouth exceeds rich wine, the words that go
From thoſe ſweet lips with more refreſhment flow;
Their powerful graces ſlumbering ſouls awake,
And cauſe the dead, that hear thy voice, to ſpeak.
This anthem ſung, the glorious ſpouſe aroſe,
Yet thus inſtructs the daughters ere ſhe goes.
Faught, my damſels, in the ſpouſe ye find
Deſerving praiſes, think the lover kind:
To my belov'd theſe marriage-robes I owe,
'm his deſire, and he would have it ſo.
Scarce ſpake the ſpouſe, but ſee the lover near!
Her humble temper brought the Preſence here;
Then, rais'd by grace, and ſtrongly warm'd by love,
No ſecond languor lets her Lord remove;
She flies to meet him, zeal ſupplies the wings,
And thus her haſte to work his will ſhe ſings:
Come, my beloved, to the fields repair,
Some, where another ſpot demands our care;
There in the village we 'll to reſt recline,
Mean as it is, I try to make it thine.
When the firſt rays their chearing crimſon ſhed,
We 'll riſe betimes to ſee the vineyard ſpread;
See vines luxuriant-verdur'd leaves diſplay,
Supporting tendrils curling all the way:
See young unpurpled grapes in cluſters grow,
And ſmell pomegranate-bloſſoms as they blow;
There will I give my loves, employ my care,
And, as my labours thrive, approve me there:
Scarce have we paſs'd my gate, the ſcent we meet,
My covering jaſmines now diffuſe their ſweet;

My ſpicy flowerets, mingled as they fly,
With doubling odours croud a balmy ſky.
Now all the fruits, which crown the ſeaſon, view,
Theſe nearer fruits are old, and thoſe are new;
And theſe, and all of every loaded tree,
My love, I gather, and reſerve for thee.
If then thy ſpouſe's labour pleaſe thee well,
Oh! like my brethren, with thy Siſter dwell;
No blameleſs maid, whoſe fond careſſes meet
An infant-brother in the public ſtreet,
Clings to its lips with leſs reſerve than I
Would hang on thine, where'er I found thee nigh:
No ſhame would make me from thy ſide remove,
No danger make me not confeſs thy love.
Strait to my mother's houſe, thine Iſrael ſhe
(And thou my monarch wouldſt arrive with me);
'Tis there I 'd lead thee, where I mean to ſtay,
Till thou, by her, inſtruct my ſoul to pray;
There ſhalt thou prove my virtues, drink my wine,
And feel my joy, to find me wholly thine.
Oh! while my ſoul were ſick, through fond deſire,
Thine hands ſhould hold me leſt my life expire;
As round a child the parents' arms are plac'd,
This holds the head, and that enfolds the waiſt.
So caſt thy cares on me, the lover cry'd,
Lean to my boſom, lean, my lovely bride;
And now, ye daughters of the realm of bliſs,
Let nothing diſcompoſe a love like this;
But guard her reſt from each approach of ill;
I caus'd her languor, guard her while ſhe will.

Her

uſe the lines, but ſoon the lines renew,
e the pair celeſtial come to view;
them once, my raviſh'd fancy, more,
thy ſongs of Solomon are o'er:
een bank purſue their orb of light,
hines out, but ſhines not half ſo bright.
's maids, in white, attend the King,
:t the ſpouſes—hark, to what they ſing.
from the deſert, where the wandering clouds
ii pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?
the ſpouſe! Oh! favour'd o'er the reſt!
ks reclin'd by ſuch a lover's breaſt.
ouſe, rejoicing, heard the kind ſalute,
addreſs'd him—all the reſt were mute.
he law, our goodly parent tree,
ıy much-belov'd, in ſearch of thee;
like one in pangs of travail, ſtrove;
one may wonder, if I gain thy love.
heir pictures to the wax impart,
picture ſtamp thy gentle heart;
he ſignets on our hands remain,
thine, and ne'er to part again;
is ſtrong as Death, whene'er they ſtrike,
erious, vainly check'd alike;
l to looſe, love, mix'd with jealous dread!
he marble tomb reſigns the dead.
ırrows fiery-pointed fall,
ntenſe, and thine the moſt of all;
the points no chilling floods are found,
uld afflictions roll like floods around,

Were

Were wealth of nations offer'd, all would
Too ſmall a danger, or a price for love.
If then with love this world of worth agre
With ſoft regard our little ſiſter ſee;
How far unapt, as yet, like maids that ow
No breaſts at all, or breaſts but hardly gro
Her part of Proſelyte is ſcarce a part,
Too much a Gentile at her erring heart;
Her day draws nearer; what have we to do
Leſt ſhe be aſk'd, and prove unworthy too
Deſpair not, ſpouſe, he cries; we 'll find t
Her good beginnings aſk the greater pains.
Let her but ſtand, ſhe thrives; a wall too l
Is not rejected for the ſtanding ſo;
What falls is only loſt, we 'll build her hi
Till the rich palace glitters in the ſky.
The door that's weak (what need we ſpare
If 'tis a door, we need not think it loſt;
The leaves ſhe brings us, if thoſe leaves be
We 'll cloſe in cedar's uncorrupting wood.
Wrapt with the news, the ſpouſe convert
And, oh! companions to the maids, ſhe cr
What joys are ours, to hail the nuptial da
Which calls our ſiſter!—Hark, I hear her ſ
Yes, I 'm a wall; lo! ſhe that boaſted non
Now boaſts of breaſts unmeaſurably grown
Large towery buildings, where ſecurely reſt
A thouſand thouſand of my lover's gueſts;
The vaſt increaſe affords his heart delight,
And I find favour in his heavenly ſight.

The lover here, to make her rapture laſt,
Thus adds aſſurance to the promiſe paſt.
A ſpacious vine-yard, in Baal-Hamon vale,
The vintage ſet, by Solomon, to ſale,
His keepers took; and every keeper paid
A thouſand purſes for the gains he made.
And I 've a vintage too; his vintage bleeds
A large increaſe, but my return exceeds.
Let Solomon receive his keeper's pay,
He gains his thouſand, their two hundred they;
Mine is mine own, 'tis in my preſence ſtill,
And ſhall increaſe the more, the more ſhe will.
My love, my vineyard, oh the future ſhoots
Which fill my garden-rows with ſacred fruits!
I ſaw the liſtening maids attend thy voice,
And in their liſtening ſaw their eyes rejoice;
A due ſucceſs thy words of comfort met,
Now turn to me—'tis I would hear thee yet.
Say, dove, and ſpotleſs, for I muſt away,
Say, ſpouſe, and ſiſter, all you wiſh to ſay.
He ſpake; the place was bright with lambent fire,
(But what is brightneſs, if the Chriſt retire?)
Gold-bordering purple mark'd his road in air,
And kneeling all, the ſpouſe addreſs'd the prayer:
Deſire of nations! if thou muſt be gone,
Accept our wiſhes, all compriz'd in one;
We wait thine advent! Oh, we long to ſee
I, and my ſiſter, both as one, in thee.
Then leave thy heaven, and come and dwell below;
Why ſaid I leave?—'tis heaven where-e'er you go.

Haſte,

Haſte, my belov'd, thy promiſe haſte to crown,
The form thou 'lt honour waits thy coming down;
Nor let ſuch ſwiftneſs in the roes be ſhown
To ſave themſelves, as thine to ſave thine own.
Haſte, like the nimbleſt harts, that lightly bound
Before the ſtretches of the ſwifteſt hound;
With reaching feet devour a level way,
Acroſs their backs their branching antlers lay,
In the cool dews their bending body ply,
And bruſh the ſpicy mountains as they fly.

JONAH.

THUS ſung the king—ſome angel reach a bough
From Eden's tree to crown the wiſeſt brow.
And now, thou faireſt garden ever made,
Broad banks of ſpices, bloſſom'd walks of ſhade,
O Lebanon! where much I love to dwell,
Since I muſt leave thee, Lebanon, farewell!
Swift from my ſoul the fair idea flies,
A wilder ſight the changing ſcene ſupplies;
Wide ſeas come rolling to my future page,
And ſtorms ſtand ready, when I call, to rage.
Then go where Joppa crowns the winding ſhore,
The prophet Jonah juſt arrives before;
He ſees a ſhip unmooring, ſoft the gales,
He pays, and enters, and the veſſel ſails.
Ah, wouldſt thou fly thy God? raſh man, forbear.
What land ſo diſtant but thy God is there?

Weak

Weak reaſon, ceaſe thy voice.—They run the deep,
And the tir'd Prophet lays his limbs to ſleep.
Here God ſpeaks louder, ſends a ſtorm to ſea,
The clouds remove to give the vengeance way;
Strong blaſts come whiſtling, by degrees they roar,
And ſhove big ſurges tumbling on to ſhore;
The veſſel bounds, then rolls, and every blaſt
Works hard to tear her by the groaning maſt;
The ſailors, doubling all their ſhouts and cares,
Furl the white canvas, and caſt forth the wares;
Each ſeek the God their native regions own,
In vain they ſeek them, for thoſe Gods were none.
Yet Jonah ſlept the while, who ſolely knew,
In all that number, where to find the true.
To whom the pilot. Sleeper, riſe and pray,
Our Gods are deaf; may thine do more than they!
But thus they reſt, perhaps we waft a foe
To heaven itſelf, and that 's our cauſe of woe;
Let's ſeek by lots, if heaven be pleas'd to tell;
And what they ſought by lots, on Jonah fell:
Then, whence he came, and who, and what, and why
Thus rag'd the tempeſt, all confus'dly cry;
Each preſs'd in haſte to get his queſtion heard,
When Jonah ſtops them with a grave regard.
An Hebrew man, you ſee, who God revere,
He made this world, and makes this world his care;
His the whirl'd ſky, theſe waves that lift their head,
And his yon land, on which you long to tread.
He charg'd me late, to Nineveh repair,
And to their face denounce his ſentence there:

Go,

Go, ſaid the viſion, Prophet, preach to all,
Yet forty days, and Nineveh ſhall fall.
But well I knew him gracious to forgive,
And much my zeal abhorr'd the bad ſhould live;
And if they turn, they live; then what were I
But ſome falſe Prophet, when they fail to die?
Or what, I fancied, had the Gentiles too
With Hebrew prophets, and their God, to do?
Drawn by the wilful thoughts, my ſoil I run,
I fled his preſence, and the work 's undone.

The ſtorm increaſes as the Prophet ſpeaks,
O'er the toſt ſhip a foaming billow breaks;
She riſes pendant on the lifted waves,
And thence deſcries a thouſand watery graves;
Then, downward ruſhing, watery mountains hide
Her hulk beneath, in deaths on every ſide.
O, cry the ſailors all, thy faſt was ill,
Yet, if a Prophet, ſpeak thy maſter's will;
What part is ours with thee? can aught remain
To bring the bleſſings of a calm again?

Then Jonah: Mine's the death will beſt atone
(And God is pleas'd that I pronounce my own);
Ariſe, and caſt me forth, the wind will ceaſe,
The ſea ſubſiding wear the looks of peace,
And you ſecurely ſteer. For well I ſee
Myſelf the criminal, the ſtorm for me.

Yet pity moves for one that owns a blame,
And awe reſulting from a Prophet's name;
Love pleads, he kindly meant for them to die;
Fear pleads againſt him, leſt they power defy:

ı to aid the flight abets the ſin,
:hink to land him where they took him in.
s, to quit the cauſe, might end the woe,
God appeaſing, let the veſſel go.
.s they fix their oars, and ſtrike the main,
od withſtands them, and they ſtrike in vain.
ſtorm increaſes more with want of light,
.ackening clouds involve the ſhip in night;
battering rains fly through the driving ſkies,
hunder bellows, darted lightning flies;
ıdful picture night-born horror drew,
is, or their's, or both their fates, they view.
n thus to God they cry: Almighty power,
ı we ne'er knew till this deſpairing hour,
this devoted blood thy ſervants free,
he 's innocent, if ſo to thee;
the paſt we ſee thy wond'rous hand,
hat he periſh, think it thy command.
s prayer perform'd, they caſt the Prophet o'er;
ge receives him, and he mounts no more;
ſtill 's the thunder, ceaſe the flames of blue,
ains abated, and the winds withdrew;
louds ride off, and, as they march away,
ıgh every breaking ſhoots a chearful day;
:a, which rag'd ſo loud, accepts the prize,
ile it rolls, then all the tempeſt dies;
adual ſinking, flat the ſurface grows,
afe the veſſel with the ſailors goes.
.ion thus, that bounds the fences o'er,
makes the mountain-echoes learn to roar,

If on the lawn a branching deer he rend,
Then falls his hunger, all his roarings end;
Murmuring a while, to reſt his limbs he lays,
And the freed lawn enjoys its herd at eaſe.

Bleſs'd with the ſudden calm, the ſailors own
That wretched Jonah worſhip'd right alone;
Then make their vows, the victim ſheep prepar
Bemoan the Prophet, and the God revere.

Now, though you fear to loſe the power to bl
Now, though you tremble, Fancy, dive benea
What worlds of wonders in the deep are ſeen!
But this the greateſt—Jonah lives within!
The man who fondly fled the Maker's view,
Strange as the crime, has found a dungeon too
God ſent a monſter of the frothing ſea,
Fit, by the bulk, to gorge the living prey,
And lodge him ſtill alive; this hulk receives
The falling Prophet, as he daſh'd the waves.
There, newly wak'd from fancied death, he lie
And oft again in apprehenſion dies:
While three long days and nights, depriv'd of
He turn'd and toſs'd him up and down the dee
He thinks the judgment of the ſtrangeſt kind,
And much he wonders what the Lord deſign'd
Yet, ſince he lives, the gift of life he weighs,
That 's time for prayer, and thus a ground for
From the dark entrails of the whale to thee,
(This new contrivance of a hell to me)
To thee, my God, I cry'd; my full diſtreſs
Pierc'd thy kind ear, and brought my ſoul red

Caſt to the deep I fell, by thy command,
Caſt in the midſt, beyond the reach of land;
Then to the midſt brought down, the ſeas abide
Beneath my feet, the ſeas on every ſide;
In ſtorms the billow, and in calms the wave,
Are moving coverings to my wandering grave.
Forc'd by deſpair, I cry'd, How to my coſt
I fled thy preſence, Oh, for ever loſt!
But hope revives my ſoul, and makes me ſay,
Yet tow'rds thy temple ſhall I turn and pray;
Or, if I know not here where Salem lies,
Thy temple 's heaven, and faith has inward eyes.
Alas! the waters, which my whale ſurround,
Have through my ſorrowing ſoul a paſſage found;
And now the dungeon moves, new depths I try,
New thoughts of danger all his paths ſupply.
The laſt of deeps affords the laſt of dread,
And wraps its funeral weeds around my head:
Now o'er the ſand his rollings ſeem to go,
Where the big mountains root their baſe below;
And now to rocks and clefts their courſe they take,
Earth's endleſs bars, too ſtrong for me to break;
Yet, from th' abyſs, my God! thy grace divine
Hath call'd him upward, and my life is mine.
Still, as I toſs'd, I ſcarce retain'd my breath,
My ſoul was ſick within, and faint to death.
'Twas then I thought of thee, for pity pray'd,
And to thy temple flew the prayers I made.
The men, whom lying vanity enſnares,
Forſake thy mercy, that which might be theirs.

But I will pay—my God! my King! re
The ſolemn vows my full affection gave,
When in thy temple, for a pſalm, I ſing
Salvation only from my God, my king.

Thus ends the Prophet; firſt from Ca
To let the Gentiles know they muſt repe
God hears, and ſpeaks; the Whale, at G
Heaves to the light, and caſts him forth

With long fatigue, with unexpected ea
Oppreſs'd a while, he lies aſide the ſeas;
His eyes, though glad, in ſtrange aſtoniſ
Stare at the golden front of chearful day
Then, ſlowly rais'd, he ſees the wonder
And what he pray'd, he wrote, to ſing a

The ſong recorded brings his vow to m
He muſt be thankful, for the Lord was k
Strait to the work he ſhunn'd he flies in
(That ſeems his vow, or ſeems a part at
Preaching he comes, and thus denounc'd
Yet forty days, and Nineveh ſhall fall;
Fear ſeiz'd the Gentles, Nineveh believes
All faſt with penitence, and God forgiv

Nor yet of uſe the Prophet's ſuffering
Hell's deep black boſom more than ſhew
But ſome reſemblance brings a type to vi
The place was dark, the time proportion
A race, the Saviour cries, a ſinful race,
Tempts for a ſign the powers of heaven
And let them take the ſign: as Jonah la
Three days and nights within the fiſh of

l the Son of Man deſcend below,
opening entrails ſhall retain him ſo.
ſoul, now ſeek the ſong, and find me there
Heaven has ſhewn thee to repel deſpair;
ıere from Hell ſhe breaks the crumbling ground,
ırs ſtand upright, and they ſtare around;
rrid front deep-trenching wrinkles trace,
ıarpening looks deform her livid face;
e the brows, and at the bend below,
ire and blood two wandering eye-balls glow;
ıre her arms with numerous aids to kill,
ſod ſhe fancies but the judge of ill.
ir-ey'd Hope! thou ſee'ſt the paſſion nigh,
ter of Promiſe, Oh forbear to fly!
nce holds thee, Fear would have thee go,
hy blue wings, and ſtand thy deadly foe;
ıdge of Ill is ſtill the Lord of Grace,
:h behold him in the Prophet's caſe,
› be drown'd, devour'd within the ſea,
:o the deep, and yet reſtor'd to day.
love the Lord, my ſoul, whoſe parent care
es the world he puniſhes to ſpare.
vy grief my downcaſt heart oppreſs,
›dy danger, or my ſtate diſtreſs,
low ſubmiſſion in thy temper bow,
ſonah pray, like Jonah make thy vow;
hopes of comfort kiſs the chaſtening rod,
ſhunning mad deſpair, repoſe in God;
, whatſoe'er the Prophet's vow deſign,
ıtance, Thanks, and Charity, be mine.

HEZEKIAH.

FROM the bleak beach, and broad expanſe of ſ
To lofty Salem, Thought, direct thy way;
Mount thy light chariot, move along the plains,
And end thy flight when Hezekiah reigns.
How ſwiftly Thought has paſs'd from land to la
And quite out-run Time's meaſuring-glaſs of ſand!
Great Salem's walls appear, and I reſort
To view the ſtate of Hezekiah's court.
Well may that king a pious verſe inſpire,
Who cleans'd the temple, who reviv'd the choir,
Pleas'd with the ſervice David fix'd before,
That heavenly muſic might on earth adore.
Deep-rob'd in white, he made the Levites ſtand
With cymbals, harps, and pſalteries in their hand
He gave the prieſts their trumpets, prompt to raiſe
The tuneful ſoul, by force of ſound, to praiſe.
A ſkilful maſter for the ſong he choſe,
The ſongs were David's theſe, and Aſaph's thoſe
Then burns their offering, all around rejoice,
Each tunes his inſtrument to join the voice;
The trumpets ſounded, and the ſingers ſung,
The people worſhip'd, and the temple rung.
Each, while the victim burns, preſents his hea
Then the prieſt bleſſes, and the people part.
Hail! ſacred Muſic! ſince you know to dr
The ſoul to heaven, the ſpirit to the law,

ıe to prove thy force, thy warbling ſtring
tune my ſoul to write what others ſing.
t is this Salem? this the promis'd bliſs,
: ſighs and groans? what means the realm by this?
: ſolemn ſorrow dwells in every ſtreet?
fear confounds the downcaſt looks I meet?
the king! whole nations ſink with woe,
ı righteous kings are ſummon'd hence to goe;
:ing lies ſick; and thus, to ſpeak his doom,
'rophet, grave Iſaiah, ſtalks the room:
'rince, thy ſervant, ſent from God, believe;
l in order, for thou canſt not live.
ın he ſaid, and ſighing left the place;
prints of horror furrow'd every face;
ın their minds appear eternal glooms,
gaping marbles of their monarchs' tombs;
ıg belov'd deceas'd, his offspring none,
wars deſtructive, ere they fix the throne.
,to the wall he turn'd, with dark deſpair,
as tow'rds the temple, or for private prayer,)
thus to God the pious monarch ſpoke,
burn'd the groves, the brazen ſerpent broke:
mber, Lord, with what a heart for right,
care for truth, I walk'd within thy ſight.
vas thus with terror, prayers, and tears, he toſs'd,
ı the mid-court the grave Iſaiah croſs'd,
n, in the cedar columns of the ſquare,
ı a ſweet Angel, hung in glittering air.
with a trance, he ſtop'd, before his eye
; a rais'd arch of viſionary ſky,

Where, as a minute paſs'd, the greater light
Purpling appear'd, and ſouth'd and ſet in night
A moon ſucceeding leads the ſtarry train,
She glides, and ſinks her ſilver horns again:
A ſecond fancied morning drives the ſhades,
Clos'd by the dark, the ſecond evening fades;
The third bright dawn awakes, and ſtrait he ſe
The temple riſe, the monarch on his knees.
Pleas'd with the ſcene, his inward thoughts rej
When thus the Guardian Angel form'd a voice
Now tow'rds the captain of my people go,
And, Seer, relate him what thy viſions ſhow;
The Lord has heard his words, and ſeen his te
And through fifteen extends his future years.

Here, to the room prepar'd with diſmal blac
The Prophet turning, brought the comfort ba
Oh, monarch, hail, he cry'd; thy words are h
Thy virtuous actions meet a kind regard;
God gives thee fifteen years, when thrice a da
Shews the round ſun, within the temple pray.

When thrice the day! ſurpriz'd, the monarc
When thrice the ſun! what power have I to ri
But, if thy comfort 's human or divine,
'Tis ſhort to prove it—give thy prince a ſign.

Behold, the Prophet cry'd, (and ſtretch'd hi
Againſt yon lattice, where the dial ſtands;
Now ſhall the ſun a backward journey go
Through ten drawn lines, or leap to ten belo
'Tis eaſier poſting Nature's airy track,
Replies the monarch: let the ſun go back.

Attentive here he gaz'd, the Prophet pray'd,
Back went the ſun, and back purſued the ſhade.
Chear'd by the ſign, and by the Prophet heal'd,
What ſacred thanks his gratitude reveal'd!
As ſickly ſwallows, when a ſummer ends,
Who miſs'd the paſſage with their flying friends,
Take to a wall, there lean the languid head,
While all who find them think the ſleepers dead;
If yet their warmth new days of ſummer bring,
They wake, and joyful flutter up to ſing:
So far'd the monarch, ſick to death he lay,
His court deſpair'd, and watch'd the laſt decay;
At length new favour ſhines, new life he gains,
And rais'd he ſings; 'tis thus the ſong remains:
I ſaid, my God, when in the loath'd diſeaſe
Thy Prophet's words cut off my future days,
Now to the grave, with mournful haſte, I go,
Now death unbars his ſable gates below.
How might my years by courſe of nature laſt!
But thou pronounc'd it, and the proſpect paſs'd.
I ſaid, My God, thy ſervant now no more
Shall in thy temple's ſacred courts adore;
No more on earth with living man converſe,
Shrunk in a cold uncomfortable hearſe.
My life, like tents which wandering ſhepherds raiſe,
Proves a ſhort dwelling, and removes at eaſe.
My ſins purſue me; ſee the deadly band!
My God, who ſees them, cuts me from the land;
As when a weaver finds his labour ſped,
Swift from the beam he parts the faſtening thread.

With pining ſickneſs all from night to day,
From day to night, he makes my ſtrength decay:
Reckoning the time, I roll with reſtleſs groans,
Till, with a lion's force, he cruſh my bones;
New morning dawns, but, like the morning paſt,
'Tis day, 'tis night, and ſtill my ſorrows laſt.
Now, ſcreaming like the crane, my words I ſpoke,
Now, like the ſwallow, chattering quick, and broke;
Now, like the doleful dove, when on the plains
Her mourning tone affects the liſtening ſwains.
To heaven, for aid, my wearying eyes I throw,
At length they 're weary'd quite, and ſink with woe.
From Death's arreſt, for ſome delays, I ſue;
Thou, Lord, who judg'd me, thou reprieve me, too.
Rapture of joy! what can thy ſervant ſay?
He ſent his Prophet to prolong my day;
Through my glad limbs I feel the wonder run,
Thus ſaid the Lord, and this Himſelf has done.
Soft ſhall I walk, and, well ſecur'd from fears,
Poſſeſs the comforts of my future years.
Keep ſoft, my heart, keep humble, while they roll,
Nor e'er forget my bitterneſs of ſoul.
'Tis by the means thy ſacred words ſupply,
That mankind live, but in peculiar I;
A ſecond grant thy mercy pleas'd to give,
And my rais'd ſpirits doubly ſeem to live.
Behold the time! when peace adorn'd my reign,
'Twas then I felt my ſtroke of humbling pain;
Corruption dug her pit, I fear'd to ſink,
God lov'd my ſoul, and ſnatch'd me from the brink.

He

He turn'd my follies from his gracious eye,
As men who paſs accounts, and caſt them by.
What mouth has death, which can thy praiſe proclaim?
What tongue the grave, to ſpeak thy glorious name?
Or will the ſenſeleſs dead exult with mirth,
Mov'd to their hope by promiſes on earth?
The living, Lord, the living only praiſe,
The living only fit to ſing thy lays:
Theſe feel thy favours, theſe thy temple ſee;
Theſe raiſe the ſong, as I this day to thee.
Nor will thy truth the preſent only reach,
This the good fathers ſhall their offſpring teach;
Report the bleſſings which adorn my page,
And hand their own, with mine, from age to age.
So, when the Maker heard his creature crave,
So kindly roſe his ready Will to ſave,
Then march we ſolemn tow'rds the temple-door,
While all our joyful muſick ſounds before;
There, on this day, through all my life appear,
When this comes round in each returning year;
There ſtrike the ſtrings, our voices jointly raiſe,
And let his dwellings hear my ſongs of praiſe.
Thus wrote the monarch, and I 'll think the lay
Deſign'd for publick, when he went to pray;
I 'll think the perfect compoſition runs,
Perform'd by Heman's or Jeduthun's ſons.
Then, ſince the time arrives the Seer foretold,
And the third morning rolls an orb of gold,
With thankful zeal, recover'd Prince, prepare
To lead thy nation to the dome of prayer.

My

My fancy takes her chariot once again,
Moves the rich wheels, and mingles in thy train;
She ſees the ſingers reach Moriah's hill,
The minſtrels follow, then the porches fill;
She wakes the numerous inſtruments of art,
That each perform its own adapted part;
Seeks airs expreſſive of thy grateful ſtrains,
And, liſtening, hears the vary'd tune ſhe feigns.
From a grave pitch, to ſpeak the monarch's woe,
The notes flow down, and deeply ſound below;
All long-continuing, while depriv'd of eaſe
He rolls for tedious nights and heavy days.
Here intermix'd with diſcord, when the crane
Screams in the notes, through ſharper ſenſe of pain;
There, run with deſcant on, and taught to ſhake,
When pangs repeated force the voice to break:
Now like the dove they murmur, till in ſighs
They fall, and languiſh with the failing eyes:
Then ſlowly ſlackening, to ſurprize the more,
From a dead pauſe his exclamations ſoar,
To meet briſk health the notes aſcending fly,
Live with the living, and exult on high:
Yet ſtill diſtinct in parts the muſick plays,
Till prince and people both are call'd to praiſe;
Then all, uniting, ſtrongly ſtrike the ſtring,
Put forth their utmoſt breath, and loudly ſing;
The wide-ſpread chorus fills the ſacred ground,
And holy tranſport ſcales the clouds with ſound.
Or thus, or livelier, if their hand and voice
Join'd the good anthem, might the realm rejoice.

This ſtory known, the learn'd Chaldeans came,
Drawn by the ſign obſerv'd, or mov'd by fame;
Theſe aſk the fact for Hezekiah done,
And much they wonder at their God the ſun,
That thrice he drove, through one extent of day,
His gold-ſhod horſes in etherial way:
Then vainly ground their gueſs on nature's laws;
The ſoundeſt knowledge owns a greater cauſe.
Faith knows the fact tranſcends, and bids me find
What help for practice here incites the mind:
Strait to the ſong, the thankful ſong, I move;
May ſuch the voice of every creature prove!
If every creature meets its ſhare of woe,
And for kind reſcues every creature owe,
In publick ſo thy Maker's praiſe proclaim,
Nor what you begg'd with tears, conceal with ſhame;
'Tis there the miniſtry thy name repeat,
And tell what mercies were vouchſaf'd of late;
Then joins the church, and begs, through all our days,
Not only with our lips, but lives, to praiſe.
'Tis there our Sovereigns, for a ſignal day
The feaſt proclaim'd, their ſignal thanks repay.
O'er the long ſtreets we ſee the chariots wheel,
And, following, think of Hezekiah ſtill.
In the bleſs'd dome we meet the white-rob'd choir,
In whoſe ſweet notes our raviſh'd ſouls aſpire;
Side anſwering ſide, we hear, and bear a part,
All warm'd with language from the grateful heart;
Or raiſe the ſong, where meeting keys rejoice,
And teach the baſe to wed the treble voice;

Art's

Art's ſoftening echoes in the muſick ſound,
And, anſwering nature's, from the roof rebound.
Here cloſe my verſe, the ſervice aſks no more,
Bleſs thy good God, and give the tranſport o'er.

HABAKKUK.

NOW leave the porch, to viſion now retreat,
Where the next rapture glows with varying heat;
Now change the time, and change the temple-ſcene,
The following Seer forewarns a future reign.
To ſome retirement, where the Prophets' ſons
Indulge their holy flight, my fancy runs;
Some ſacred college, built for praiſe and prayer,
And heavenly dream, ſhe ſeeks Habakkuk there.
Perhaps 'tis there he moans the nation's ſin,
Hears the word come, or feels the fit within;
Or ſees the viſion, fram'd with angels' hands,
Ands dread the judgments of revolted lands;
Or holds a converſe, if the Lord appear,
And, like Elijah, wraps his face for fear.
This deep receſs portends an act of weight,
A meſſage labouring with the work of fate.
Methinks the ſkies have loſt their lovely blue,
A ſtorm rides fiery, thick the clouds enſue.
Fall'n to the ground, with proſtrate face I lie:
Oh! 'twere the ſame in this to gaze and die!
But hark the Prophet's voice; My prayers com
Of labour ſpent, of preaching urg'd in vain.

And muſt, my God, thy ſorrowing ſervant ſtill
Quit my lone joys, to walk this world of ill?
Where ſpoiling rages, ſtrife and wrong command,
And the ſlack'd laws no longer curb the land?
At this a ſtrange and more than human ſound
Thus breaks the cloud, and daunts the trembling ground.
Behold, ye Gentiles; wondering all behold,
What ſcarce ye credit, though the work be told;
For, lo, the proud Chaldean troops I raiſe,
To march the breadth, and all the region ſeize;
Fierce as the prowling wolves, at cloſe of day,
And ſwift as eagles in purſuit of prey.
As eaſtern winds to blaſt the ſeaſon blow,
For blood and rapine flies the dreadful foe;
Leads the ſad captives, countleſs as the ſand,
Derides the princes, and deſtroys the land.
Yet theſe, triumphant grown, offend me more,
And only thank the gods they choſe before.
Art thou not holieſt, here the prophet cries;
Supreme, Eternal, of the pureſt eyes?
And ſhall thoſe eyes the wicked realms regard,
Their crimes be great, yet victory their reward?
Shall theſe ſtill ravage more and more to reign,
Draw the full net, and caſt to fill again?
As watch-men ſilent ſit, I wait to ſee
How ſolves my doubt, what ſpeaks the Lord to me.
Then go, the Lord replies, ſuſpend thy fears,
And write the viſion for a term of years:
Thy foes will feel their turn when thoſe are paſt,
Wait, though it tarry; ſure it comes at laſt.

'Tis

'Tis for their rapine, luſts, and thirſt of blood,
And all their unprotecting gods of wood,
The Lord is preſent on his ſacred hill,
Ceaſe thy weak doubts, and let the world be ſtill.
Here terror leaves me; with exalted head,
I breathe fine air, and find the viſion fled;
The Seer withdrawn, inſpir'd, and urg'd to write,
By the warm influence of the ſacred ſight.
His writing finiſh'd, Prophet-like array'd,
He brings the burden on the region laid;
His hands a tablet and a volume bear,
The tablet threatenings, and the volume prayer;
Both for the temple, where, to ſhun decay,
Enroll'd the works of inſpiration lay.
And awful, oft he ſtops, or marches ſlow,
While the dull'd nation hears him preach their woe.
Arriv'd at length, with grave concern for all,
He fix'd his table on the ſacred wall.
'Twas large inſcrib'd, that thoſe who run might read
"Habakkuk's burden, by the Lord decreed;
"For Judah's ſins her empire is no more,
"The fierce Chaldeans bathe her realm in gore."
Next to the prieſt his volume he reſign'd,
'Twas prayer, with praiſes mix'd, to raiſe the mind;
'Twas facts recounted, which their fathers knew,
'Twas power in wonders manifeſt to view;
'Twas comfort, rais'd on love already paſt,
And hope, that former love returns at laſt.
The prieſts within the prophecy convey'd,
The ſingers' tunes to join his anthem made.

He

:, and attend the words: and, holy Thou
t help'd the Prophet, help the Poet now.
, Lord, who rul'ſt the world, with mortal ear
: heard thy judgments, and I ſhake for fear.
Lord, by whom their number'd years we find,
ı in the midſt receive the drooping mind;
ı in the midſt thou canſt—then make it known,
' love, thy will, thy power, to ſave thine own.
ıember mercy, though thine anger burn,
l ſoon to Salem bid thy flock return.
Lord, who gav'ſt it with an outſtretch'd hand,
well remember how thou gav'ſt the land.
od came from Teman, ſouthward ſprung the flame,
m Paron-mount the one that's Holy came;
glittering glory made the deſert blaze,
h heaven was cover'd, earth was fill'd with praiſe.
zling the brightneſs, not the ſun ſo bright,
vas here the pure ſubſtantial Fount of Light;
t from his hand and ſide in golden ſtreams,
ne forward effluent horny-pointed beams:
us ſhone his coming, as ſublimely fair
bounded nature has been fram'd to bear;
: all his further marks of grandeur hid,
: what he could was known, but what he did.
e plagues before him ran at his command,
waſte the nations in the promis'd land.
corching flame went forth where'er he trod,
d burning fevers were the coals of God.
'd on the mount he ſtood, his meaſuring reed
ırks the rich realms for Jacob's ſeed decreed:

He looks with anger, and the nations fly
From the fierce ſparklings of his dreadful eye;
He turns, the mountain ſhakes its awful brow;
Awful he turns, and hills eternal bow.
How glory there, how terror here, diſplays
His great unknown, yet everlaſting ways!
I ſee the ſable tents along the ſtrand
Where Cuſhan wander'd, deſolately ſtand;
And Midian's high pavilions ſhake with dread,
While the tam'd ſeas thy reſcued nation tread.
What burſt the path? what made the Lord engage?
Could waters anger, ſeas incite thy rage,
That thus thine horſes force the foaming tide,
And all the chariots of ſalvation ride?
Thy bow was bare for what thy mercy ſwore;
Thoſe oaths, that promiſe, Iſrael had before.
The rock that felt thee cleav'd, the rivers flow,
The wondering deſert lends them beds below.
Thy might the mountain's heaving ſhocks confeſs'd
High ſhatter'd Horeb trembled o'er the reſt.
Great Jordan paſs'd its nether waters by,
Its upper waters rais'd the voice on high:
Safe in the deep we went, the liquid wall
Curling aroſe, and had no leave to fall.
The ſun effulgent, and the moon ſerene,
Stopt by thy will, their heavenly courſe refrain:
The voice was man's, yet both the voice obey,
Till wars completed cloſe the lengthen'd day.
Thy glittering ſpears, thy rattling darts prevail,
Thy ſpears of lightning, and thy darts of hail.

thou that march'd againſt their heathen band,
n thy viſage, and thy flail in hand;
thou that went before to wound their head,
ıptain follow'd where the Saviour led:
from their earth, they feel the deſperate wound,
ower unfounded fails for want of ground.
village-war thy tribes, where'er they go,
's the remnant of the ſcatter'd foe;
ad they ruſh'd, as whirling wind deſcends,
eem'd for friendleſs thoſe the Lord befriends.
ampling horſe from ſea to ſea ſubdue,
ounding ocean left no more to do.
when I heard what thou vouchſaf'ſt to win,
works of wonder muſt be loſt for ſin;
c'd through fear, the voice forſook my tongue,
my lips, with quivering accent hung;
anneſs entering to my marrow came,
very looſening nerve unſtrung my frame.
hall I reſt, in what protecting ſhade,
the day comes, and hoſtile troops invade?
ough neither bloſſoms on the fig appear,
nes with cluſters deck the purpling year;
gh all our labours olive-trees belie,
gh fields the ſubſtance of the bread deny;
gh flocks are ſever'd from the ſilent fold,
he rais'd ſtalls no lowing cattle hold;
all my ſoul be glad, in God rejoice,
my Saviour will I lift my voice;
my Saviour ſtill my temper ſings,
David ſet to inſtruments of ſtrings.

The Lord 's my ſtrength, like hinds he makes my
Yon mount 's my refuge, I as ſafely fleet;
Or (if the ſong 's apply'd) he makes me ſtill
Expect returning to Moriah's hill.
In all this hymn what daring grandeur ſhines,
What darting glory rays among the lines:
What mountains, earthquakes, clouds, and ſmoke
ſeen,
What ambient fires conceal the Lord within;
What working wonders give the promis'd place,
And load the conduct of a ſtubborn race!
In all the work a lively fancy flows,
O'er all the work ſincere affection glows:
While truth's firm rein the courſe of fancy guides,
And o'er affection zeal divine preſides.
Borne on the prophet's wings, methinks I fly
Amongſt eternal Attributes on high:
And here I touch at Love ſupremely fair,
And now at Power, anon at Mercy there;
So, like a warbling bird, my tunes I raiſe,
On thoſe green boughs the Tree of Life diſplays;
Whoſe twelve fair fruits, each month by turns receiv
And, for the nations' healing, ope their leaves.
Then be the nations heal'd, for this I ſing,
Deſcending ſoftly from the prophet's wing.
Thou, world, attend the caſe of Iſrael; ſee
'Twill thus at large refer to God and thee.
If Love be ſhewn thee, turn thine eyes above,
And pay the duties relative to Love;
If Power be ſhewn, and wonderfully ſo,
Wonder and thank, adore, and bow below.

If Power that led thee now, no longer lead,
But brow-bent Juſtice draws the flaming blade.
When Love is ſcorn'd, when ſin the ſword provokes,
Let tears and prayers avert, or heal the ſtrokes;
If Juſtice leaves to wound, and thou to groan,
Beneath new lords, in countries not thine own,
Know this for Mercy's act, and let your lays,
Grateful in all, recount the cauſe of praiſe:
Then Love returns, and while no ſins divide
The firm alliance, power will ſhield thy ſide.
See the grand round of Providence's care,
See realms aſſiſted here, and puniſh'd there;
O'er the juſt circle caſt thy wondering eyes,
Thank while you gaze, and ſtudy to be wiſe.

HYMN FOR MORNING.

SEE the ſtar that leads the day,
Riſing, ſhoots a golden ray,
To make the ſhades of darkneſs go
From heaven above and earth below;
And warn us early with the ſight,
To leave the beds of ſilent night;
From an heart ſincere and ſound,
From its very deepeſt ground;
Send devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the ſky.
See the time for ſleep has run,
Riſe before, or with the ſun:

Lift thy hands, and humbly pray,
The fountain of eternal day;
That, as the light ſerenely fair,
Illuſtrates all the tracts of air;
The Sacred Spirit ſo may reſt,
With quickening beams, upon thy breaſt
And kindly clean it all within,
From darker blemiſhes of ſin;
And ſhine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care:
From the lap of night it ſprings,
With heaps of buſineſs on its wings;
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
That bows ſubmiſſively reſign'd;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has order'd all.
And whether, with a ſamll repaſt,
We break the ſober morning faſt;
Or in our thoughts and houſes lay
The future methods of the day;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our buſineſs, with induſtrious feet:
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory ſtill be kept in view.
O, giver of eternal bliſs,
Heavenly Father, grant me this;
Grant it all, as well as me,
All whoſe hearts are fix'd on thee;

Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy Sacred Spirit love.

HYMN FOR NOON.

THE ſun is ſwiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the ſouthern ſky;
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
Father, alſo with thy fire
Warm the cold, the dead deſire,
And make the ſacred love of thee,
Within my ſoul, a ſun to me.
Let it ſhine ſo fairly bright,
That nothing elſe be took for light;
That worldly charms be ſeen to fade,
And in its luſtre find a ſhade.
Let it ſtrongly ſhine within,
To ſcatter all the clouds of ſin,
That drive when guſts of paſſion riſe,
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let its glory more than vie
With the ſun that lights the ſky:
Let it ſwiftly mount in air,
Mount with that, and leave it there;
And ſoar, with more aſpiring flight,
To realms of everlaſting Light.
Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily wiſh to live with thee;

And feel that union which thy love
Will, after death, complete above.
From my ſoul I ſend my prayer,
Great Creator, bow thine ear;
Thou, for whoſe propitious ſway
The world was taught to ſee the day;
Who ſpake the word, and earth begun,
And ſhew'd its beauties in the ſun;
With pleaſure I thy creatures view,
And would, with good affection too;
Good affection ſweetly free,
Looſe from them, and move to thee;
O, teach me, due returns to give,
And to thy glory let me live;
And then my days ſhall ſhine the more,
Or paſs more bleſſed than before.

HYMN FOR EVENIN

THE beam-repelling miſts ariſe,
And evening ſpreads obſcurer ſkies:
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itſelf be ſoon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
And pray the Lord of glory now,
To fill thy breaſt, or deadly ſin
May cauſe a blinder night within.
And whether pleaſing vapours riſe,
Which gently dim the cloſing eyes;

Which makes the weary members bleſs'd,
With ſweet refreſhment in their reſt;
Or whether ſpirits in the brain
Diſpel their ſoft embrace again;
And on my watchful bed I ſtay,
Forſook by ſleep, and waiting day;
Be God for ever in my view,
And never he forſake me too;
But ſtill as day concludes in night,
To break again with new-born light;
His wondrous bounty let me find,
With ſtill a more enlighten'd mind;
When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God, and love from me;
Grace that will from heaven inſpire,
Love that ſeals it in deſire:
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with encreaſing flames.
Thou that haſt thy palace far
Above the moon and every ſtar,
Thou that ſitteſt on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice and make me bleſs'd,
By kindly granting its requeſt.
If thoughts on thee my ſoul employ,
My darkneſs will afford me joy,
Till thou ſhalt call, and I ſhall ſoar,
And part with darkneſs evermore.

THE SOUL IN SORROW.

WITH kind compaſſion hear my cry,
O, Jeſu, Lord of Life, on high!
As when the ſummer's ſeaſons beat,
With ſcorching flame and parching heat:
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
And thirſty gaps in earth are made.
My thoughts of comfort languiſh ſo,
And ſo my ſoul is broke by woe.
Then on thy ſervant's drooping head
Thy dews of bleſſing ſweetly ſhed;
Let thoſe a quick refreſhment give,
And raiſe my mind, and bid me live.
My fears of danger, while I breathe,
My dread of endleſs hell beneath:
My ſenſe of ſorrow for my ſin,
To ſpringing comfort, change within;
Change all my ſad complaints for eaſe,
To chearful notes of endleſs praiſe;
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But ſuch as owe their birth to joy:
Joy tranſporting, ſweet, and ſtrong,
Fit to fill and raiſe my ſong;
Joy that ſhall reſounded be,
While days and nights ſucceed for me:
Be not as a Judge ſevere,
For ſo thy preſence who may bear?

On all my words and actions look,
(I know they 're written in thy book;)
But then regard my mournful cry,
And look with Mercy's gracious eye;
What needs my blood, ſince thine will do,
To pay the debt to Juſtice due?
O, tender Mercy's art divine!
Thy ſorrow proves the cure of mine!
Thy dropping wounds, thy woeful ſmart,
Allay the bleedings of my heart:
Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
Reſtores my ſoul to life again.
Guide me then, for here I burn,
To make my Saviour ſome return.
I 'll riſe (if that will pleaſe him, ſtill,
And ſure I 've heard him own it will);
I 'll trace his ſteps, and bear my croſs,
Deſpiſing every grief and loſs;
Since he, deſpiſing pain and ſhame,
Firſt took up his, and did the ſame.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HOW bleſs'd the man, how fully ſo,
As far as man is bleſs'd below,
Who, taking up his croſs, eſſays
To follow Jeſus all his days;
With reſolution to obey,
And ſteps enlarging in his way.

The

The Father of the ſaints above
Adopts him with a father's love,
And makes his boſom throughly ſhine
With wondrous ſtores of grace divine;
Sweet grace divine, the pledge of joy,
That will his ſoul above employ;
Full joy, that, when his time is done,
Becomes his portion as a ſon.
Ah me! the ſweet infus'd deſires,
The fervid wiſhes, holy fires,
Which thus a melted heart refine,
Such are his, and ſuch be mine.
From hence deſpiſing all beſides
That earth reveals, or ocean hides;
All that men in either prize,
On God alone he ſets his eyes.
From hence his hope is on the wings,
His health renews, his ſafety ſprings,
His glory blazes up below,
And all the ſtreams of comfort flow.
He calls his Saviour King above,
Lord of mercy, Lord of love;
And finds a kingly care defend,
And mercy ſmile, and love deſcend,
To chear, to guide him in the ways
Of this vain world's deceitful maze:
And though the wicked earth diſplay,
Its terrors in their fierce array;
Or gape ſo wide that horror ſhows
Its hell replete with endleſs woes;

Such ſuccour keeps him clear of ill,
Still firm to good, and dauntleſs ſtill.
So, fix'd by Providence's hands,
A rock amidſt an ocean ſtands;
So bears without a trembling dread,
The tempeſt beating round its head;
And with its ſide repels the wave,
Whoſe hollow ſeems a coming grave:
The ſkies, the deeps, are heard to roar;
The rock ſtands ſettled as before.
I, all with whom he has to do,
Admire the life which bleſſes you,
That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,
Without a bye deſigning end;
Its knowing real intereſt lies
On the bright ſide of yonder ſkies,
Where, having made a title fair,
It mounts, and leaves the world to care;
While he that ſeeks for pleaſing days,
In earthly joys and evil ways,
Is but the fool of toil or fame,
(Though happy be the ſpacious name)
And made by wealth, which makes him great,
A more conſpicuous wretch of ſtate.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS

HOW long, ye miſerable blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind;
How long the paſſions make their flight
At empty ſhadows of delight.
No more in paths of error ſtray,
The Lord thy Jeſus is the way,
The ſpring of happineſs, and where
Should men ſeek happineſs but there?
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldneſs, run with ſpeed,
For he forſook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aſide his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirſt and hunger, pain and woe,
To wounds, to death itſelf below;
And he, that ſuffer'd theſe alone
For all the world, deſpiſes none.
To bid the ſoul, that 's ſick, be clean,
To bring the loſt to life again;
To comfort thoſe that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodneſs ſtill.
And, as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only ſon,
So kind a love his mercies ſhow,
So kind and more extremely ſo.

Thrice happy men! (or find a phraſe
That ſpeaks your bliſs with greater praiſe)
Who moſt obedient to thy call,
Leaving pleaſures, leaving all,
With heart, with ſoul, with ſtrength incline,
O ſweeteſt Jeſu! to be thine.
Who know thy will, obſerve thy ways,
And in thy ſervice ſpend their days:
Ev'n death, that ſeems to ſet them free,
But brings them cloſer ſtill to thee.

THE CONVERT'S LOVE.

BLESSED light of ſaints on high,
Who fill the manſions of the ſky;
Sure defence, whoſe mercy ſtill
Preſerves thy ſubjects here from ill;
Oh, my Jeſus! make me know
How to pay the thanks I owe.
As the fond ſheep that idly ſtrays,
With wanton play, through winding ways,
Which never hits the road of home,
O'er wilds of danger learns to roam,
Till, wearied out with idle fear,
And paſſing there, and turning here,
He will, for reſt, to covert run,
And meet the wolf he wiſh'd to ſhun.
Thus wretched I, through wanton will,
Run blind and headlong on in ill:
'Twas thus from ſin to ſin I flew,
And thus I might have periſh'd too;

But

But mercy dropt the likeneſs here,
And ſhew'd, and ſav'd me from my fear.
While o'er the darkneſs of my mind
The ſacred ſpirit purely ſhin'd,
And mark'd and brighten'd all the way
Which leads to everlaſting day;
And broke the thickening clouds of ſin,
And fix'd the light of love within.
From hence my raviſh'd ſoul aſpires,
And dates the riſe of its deſires.
From hence to thee, my God! I turn,
And fervent wiſhes ſay I burn;
I burn, thy glorious face to ſee,
And live in endleſs joy with thee.
There 's no ſuch ardent kind of flame
Between the lover and the dame;
Nor ſuch affection parents bear
To their young and only heir,
Though, join'd together, both conſpire,
And boaſt a doubled force of fire,
My tender heart, within its ſeat,
Diſſolves before the ſcorching heat;
As ſoftening wax is taught to run
Before the warmneſs of the ſun.
Oh, my flame, my pleaſing pain,
Burn and purify my ſtain,
Warm me, burn me, day by day,
Till you purge my earth away;
Till at the laſt I throughly ſhine,
And turn a torch of love divine.

A DESIRE TO PRAISE.

PROPITIOUS Son of God, to thee,
With all my ſoul, I bend my knee;
My wiſh I ſend, my want impart,
And dedicate my mind and heart:
For, as an abſent parent's ſon,
Whoſe ſecond year is only run,
When no protecting friend is near,
Void of wit, and void of fear,
With things that hurt him fondly plays,
Or here he falls, or there he ſtrays;
So ſhould my ſoul's eternal guide,
The ſacred ſpirit be deny'd,
Thy ſervant ſoon the loſs would know,
And ſink in ſin, or run to woe.
O, ſpirit bountifully kind,
Warm, poſſeſs, and fill my mind;
Diſperſe my ſins with light divine,
And raiſe the flames of love with thine;
Before thy pleaſures rightly priz'd,
Let wealth and honour be deſpis'd;
And let the Father's glory be
More dear than life itſelf to me.
Sing of Jeſus! Virgins, ſing
Him, your everlaſting King!
Sing of Jeſus! chearful youth,
Him, the God of love and truth!

Write,

Write, and raiſe a ſong divine,
Or come and hear, and borrow mine.
Son eternal, word ſupreme,
Who made the univerſal frame,
Heaven, and all its ſhining ſhow,
Earth, and all it holds below:
Bow with mercy, bow thine ear,
While we ſing thy praiſes here;
Son Eternal, ever-bleſs'd,
Reſting on the Father's breaſt,
Whoſe tender love for all provides,
Whoſe power over all preſides;
Bow with pity, bow thine ear;
While we ſing thy praiſes, hear!
Thou, by pity's ſoft extreme,
Mov'd, and won, and ſet on flame,
Aſſum'd the form of man, and fell
In pains, to reſcue man from hell;
How bright thine humble glories riſe,
And match the luſtre of the ſkies,
From death and hell's dejected ſtate
Ariſing, thou reſum'd thy ſeat,
And golden thrones of bliſs prepar'd
Above, to be thy ſaints' reward.
How bright thy glorious honours riſe
And with new luſtre grace the ſkies!
For thee, the ſweet ſeraphic choir
Raiſe the voice, and tune the lyre,
And praiſes with harmonious ſound
Through all the higheſt heaven rebou

O make our notes with theirs agree,
And bleſs the ſouls that ſing of thee!
To thee the churches here rejoice,
The ſolemn organs aid the voice:
To ſacred roofs the ſound we raiſe,
The ſacred roofs reſound thy praiſe:
And while our notes in one agree,
O! bleſs the church that ſings to thee!

ON HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

THE morning opens, very freſhly gay,
And life itſelf is in the month of May.
With green my fancy paints an arbour o'er,
And flowerets with a thouſand colours more;
Then falls to weaving that, and ſpreading theſe,
And ſoftly ſhakes them with an eaſy breeze.
With golden fruit adorns the bending ſhade,
Or trails a ſilver water o'er its bed.
Glide, gentle water, ſtill more gently by,
While in this ſummer-bower of bliſs I lye,
And ſweetly ſing of ſenſe-delighting flames,
And nymphs and ſhepherds, ſoft invented names;
Or view the branches which around me twine,
And praiſe their fruit, diffuſing ſprightly wine;
Or find new pleaſures in the world to praiſe,
And ſtill with this return adorn my lays;
"Range round your gardens of eternal ſpring,
"Go, range my ſenſes, while I ſweetly ſing:"

In vain, in vain, alas! ſeduc'd by ill,
And acted wildly by the force of will!
I tell my ſoul, it will be conſtant May,
And charm a ſeaſon never made to ſtay;
My beauteous arbour will not ſtand a ſtorm,
The world but promiſes, and can't perform:
Then fade, ye leaves; and wither, all ye flowers;
I 'll doat no longer in enchanted bowers;
But ſadly mourn, in melancholy ſong,
The vain conceits that held my ſoul ſo long.
The luſts that tempt us with deluſive ſhow,
And ſin brought forth for everlaſting woe.
Thus ſhall the notes to Sorrow's object riſe,
While frequent reſts procure a place for ſighs;
And, as I moan upon the naked plain,
Be this the burthen cloſing every ſtrain:
Return, my ſenſes; range no more abroad;
He 'll only find his bliſs who ſeeks for God.

E X T A C Y.

THE fleeting joys, which all affords below,
Work the fond heart with unperforming ſh
The wiſh that makes our happier life compleat,
Nor graſps the wealth nor honours of the great;
Nor looſely ſails on Pleaſure's eaſy ſtream,
Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of fame
Weak man, whoſe charms to theſe alone confine,
Attend my prayer, and learn to make it thine.

From thy rich throne, where circling trains of light
Make day that 's endleſs, infinitely bright;
Thence, heavenly Father! thence with mercy dart
One beam of brightneſs to my longing heart.
Dawn through the mind, drive Error's clouds away,
And ſtill the rage in Paſſion's troubled ſea;
That the poor baniſh'd ſoul, ſerene and free,
May riſe from earth, to viſit heaven and thee:
Come, Peace divine! ſhed gently from above,
Inſpire my willing boſom, wondrous Love;
Thy purpled pinions to my ſhoulders tye,
And point the paſſage where I want to fly.
But whither, whither now! what powerful fire
With this bleſs'd influence equals my deſire?
I riſe (or Love, the kind deluder, reigns,
And acts in fancy ſuch enchanted ſcenes);
Earth leſſening flies, the parting ſkies retreat,
The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat;
And now the ſun and now the ſtars are gone,
Yet ſtill methinks the ſpirit bears me on,
Where tracts of æther purer blue diſplay,
And edge the golden realm of native day.
Oh, ſtrange enjoyment of a bliſs unſeen!
Oh, raviſhment! Oh, ſacred rage within!
Tumultuous pleaſure, rais'd on peace of mind,
Sincere, exceſſive, from the world refin'd!
I ſee the light that veils the throne on high,
A light unpierc'd by man's impurer eye;
I hear the words, that iſſuing thence proclaim,
"Let God's attendants praiſe his awful name!"

Then heads unnumber'd bend before the ſhrine,
Myſterious ſeat of Majeſty divine!
And hands unnumber'd ſtrike the ſilver ſtring,
And tongues unnumber'd Hallelujah ſing.
See, where the ſhining Seraphims appear,
And ſink their decent eyes with holy fear.
See flights of angels all their feathers raiſe,
And range the orbs, and, as they range, they praiſe;
Behold the great Apoſtles! ſweetly met,
And high on pearls of azure æther ſet.
Behold the Prophets, full of heavenly fire,
With wandering finger wake the trembling lyre;
And hear the Martyrs' tune, and all around
The church triumphant makes the region ſound.
With harps of gold, with bows of ever-green,
With robes of white, the pious throngs are ſeen;
Exalted anthems all their hours employ,
And all is muſick, and exceſs of joy.
Charm'd with the ſight, I long to bear a part;
The pleaſure flutters at my raviſh'd heart.
Sweet ſaints and angels of the heavenly choir,
If love has warm'd you with celeſtial fire,
Aſſiſt my words, and, as they move along,
With Hallelujahs crown the burthen'd ſong.
Father of all above, and all below,
O great, and far beyond expreſſion ſo;
No bounds thy knowledge, none thy power confine,
For power and knowledge in their ſource are thine;
Around thee glory ſpreads her golden wing:
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah ſing.

So

Son of the Father, firſt-begotten Son,
Ere the ſhort meaſuring line of time begun,
The world has ſeen thy works, and joy'd to ſee
The bright effulgence manifeſt in thee.
The world muſt own thee Love's unfathom'd ſpring;
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah ſing.
Proceeding Spirit, equally divine,
In whom the Godhead's full perfections ſhine,
With various graces, comforts unexpreſs'd,
With holy tranſports you refine the breaſt;
And earth is heavenly where your gifts you bring,
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah ſing.

But where 's my rapture, where my wondrous heat,
What interruption makes my bliſs retreat?
This world 's got in, the thoughts of t' other 's croſt,
And the gay picture 's in my fancy loſt.
With what an eager zeal the conſcious ſoul
Would claim its ſeat, and, ſoaring, paſs the pole!
But our attempts theſe chains of earth reſtrain,
Deride our toil, and drag us down again.
So from the ground aſpiring meteors go,
And, rank'd with planets, light the world below;
But their own bodies ſink them in the ſky,
When the warmth 's gone that taught them how to fly.

ON DIVINE LOVE

BY MEDITATING ON THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST

HOLY Jeſus! God of Love!
Look with pity from above
Shed the precious purple tide
From thine hands, thy feet, thy ſide;
Let thy ſtreams of comfort roll,
Let them pleaſe and fill my ſoul.
Let me thus for ever be
Full of gladneſs, full of thee.
This, for which my wiſhes pine,
Is the cup of love divine;
Sweet affections flow from hence,
Sweet, above the joys of ſenſe;
Bleſſed philtre! how we find
Its ſacred worſhips! how the mind,
Of all the world forgetful grown,
Can deſpiſe an earthly throne;
Raiſe its thoughts to realms above,
Think of God, and ſing of love.
Love celeſtial, wondrous heat,
O, beyond expreſſion great!
What reſiſtleſs charms were thine,
In thy good, thy beſt deſign!

When God was hated, Sin obey'd,
And man undone without thy aid,
From the ſeats of endleſs peace
They brought the Son, the Lord of Grace;
They taught him to receive a birth,
To cloath in flesh, to live on earth;
And after, lifted him on high,
And taught him on the croſs to die.
Love celeſtial, ardent fire,
O, extreme of ſweet deſire!
Spread thy brightly raging flame
Through and over all my ſtrame;
Let it warm me, let it burn,
Let my corpſe to aſhes turn;
And, might thy flame thus act with me
To ſet the ſoul from body free,
I next would uſe thy wings, and fly
To meet my Jeſus in the ſky.

ON QUEEN ANNE'S PEACE.

(Written in December, 1712*.)

MOTHER of Plenty, daughter of the ſkies,
Sweet Peace, the troubled world's deſire, ariſe;
round thy Poet weave thy ſummer ſhades,
ithin my fancy ſpread thy flowery meads;

* This Poem received ſeveral corrections, in conſequence of hints from Lord Bolingbroke and Dr. ſift. See the Dean's "Journal to Stella," Dec. , 1712; Jan. 31, and Feb. 19, 1712-13. N.

Amongſt thy train ſoft Eaſe and Pleaſure bring,
And thus indulgent ſooth me whilſt I ſing.
Great Anna claims the ſong; no brighter name
Adorns the liſt of never-dying fame;
No fairer ſoul was ever form'd above;
None e'er was more the grateful nation's love,
Nor lov'd the nation more. I fly with ſpeed
To ſing ſuch lines as Bolingbroke may read,
On war diſpers'd, on faction trampled down,
On all the peaceful glories of the crown.
And, if I fail in too confin'd a flight,
May the kind world upon my labours write,
"So fell the lines which ſtrove for endleſs fame,
"Yet fell, attempting on the nobleſt theme."
Now twelve revolving years has Britain ſtood,
With loſs of wealth, and vaſt expence of blood,
Europa's guardian; ſtill her gallant arms
Secured Europa from impending harms.
Fair honour, full ſucceſs, and juſt applauſe,
Purſued her marches, and adorn'd her cauſe;
Whilſt Gaul, aſpiring to erect a throne
O'er other empires, trembled for her own;
Bemoan'd her cities won, her armies ſlain,
And ſunk the thought of univerſal reign.
When thus reduc'd the world's invaders lie,
The fears which rack'd the nations juſtly die:
Power finds its balance, giddy motions ceaſe
In both the ſcales, and each inclines to peace.
This fair occaſion Providence prepares,
To anſwer pious Anna's hourly prayers,

Which ſtill on warm Devotion's wings aroſe,
And, reaching heaven, obtain'd the world's repoſe.
Within the vaſt expanſion of the ſky,
Where orbs of gold in fields of azure lie,
A glorious palace ſhines, whoſe ſilver ray,
Serenely flowing, lights the milky way;
The road of angels. Here, with ſpeedy care,
The ſummon'd guardians of the world repair.
When Britain's Angel, on the meſſage ſent,
Speaks Anna's prayers, and Heaven's ſupreme intent;
That war's deſtructive arm ſhould humble Gaul,
Spain's parted realms to different monarchs fall;
The grand alliance crown'd with glory ceaſe,
And joyful Europe find the ſweets of peace.
He ſpoke: the ſmiling hopes of man's repoſe,
The joy that ſprings from certain hopes aroſe,
Diffuſive o'er the place; complacent airs,
edately ſweet, were heard within the ſpheres;
nd, bowing, all adore the ſovereign mind,
nd fly to execute the work deſign'd.
This done, the Guardian on the wing repairs,
here Anna ſate, revolving public cares
h deep concern of thought. Unſeen he ſtood,
enting peaceful images of good;
ancy's airy ſtage, returning Trade,
nk Exchequer fill'd, an Army paid:
ields with men, the men with plenty bleſs'd,
owns with riches, and the world with reſt.
leaſing objects on her boſom play,
ive the dawn of glory's golden day;

When

When all her labours at their harveſt ſhown
Shall, in her ſubjects' joy, complete her own.
Then breaking ſilence; 'Tis enough, ſhe cries,
That war has rag'd to make the nations wiſe.
Heaven proſpers armies whilſt they fight to ſave,
And thirſt of further fame deſtroys the brave;
The vanquiſh'd Gauls are humbly pleas'd to live,
And but eſcap'd the chains they meant to give.
Now let the powers be ſtill'd, and each poſſeſs'd
Of what ſecures the common ſafety beſt.

So ſpake the Queen; then, fill'd with warmth di
She call'd her Oxford to the grand deſign;
Her Oxford, prudent in affairs of ſtate,
Profoundly thoughtful, manifeſtly great
In every turn, whoſe ſteddy temper ſteers
Above the reach of gold, or ſhock of fears;
Whom no blind chance, but merit underſtood,
By frequent trials, power of doing good;
And will to execute, advanc'd on high,
Oh, ſoul created to deſerve the ſky!
And make the nation, crown'd with glory, ſee
How much it rais'd itſelf by raiſing thee!
Now let the ſchemes which labour in thy breaſt,
The long Alliance, bleſt with laſting reſt:
Weigh all pretences with impartial laws,
And fix the ſeparate intereſts of the cauſe.

Theſe toils the graceful Bolingbroke attends,
A genius faſhion'd for the greateſt ends;
Whoſe ſtrong perception takes the ſwifteſt flight,
And yet its ſwiftneſs ne'er obſcures its ſight:

'hen ſchemes are fix'd, and each aſſign'd a part,
›ne ſerves his country with a nobler heart;
.ft thoughts of honour all his mind control,
nd expedition wings his lively ſoul.
a ſuch a Patriot to confer the truſt,
ne Monarch knows it ſafe, as well as juſt.
Then next proceeding in her Agents' choice,
nd ever pleas'd that worth obtains the voice,
e, from the voice of high-diſtinguiſh'd fames,
ith pious Briſtol, gallant Strafford names:
ne form'd to ſtand a Church's firm ſupport,
ne other fitted to adorn a Court:
›th vers'd in buſineſs, both of fine addreſs,
r which experience leads to great ſucceſs:
nd both to diſtant lands the Monarch ſends,
nd, to their conduct, Europe's peace commends.
Now ſhips unmoor'd, to waft her Agents o'er,
read all their ſail, and quit the flying ſhore;
ne foreign Agents reach th' appointed place,
ne Congreſs opens, and it will be peace.
ethinks the war, like ſtormy winter, flies,
hen fairer months unveil the bluiſh ſkies;
flowery world the ſweeteſt ſeaſon ſpreads,
nd doves, with branches, flutter round their heads.
Half-peopled Gaul, whom numerous ills deſtroy,
ith wiſhful heart, attends the promis'd joy.
r this prepares the Duke — ah, ſadly ſlain,
is grief to name him whom we mourn in vain:
warmth of verſe repairs the vital flame,
verſe can only grant a life in fame;

Yet

Whoſe far-projecting thoughts, maturel
Like glaſſes, draw their diſtant objects n
Good parts, by gentle breeding much re
And ſtores of learning, grace his ample
A cautious virtue regulates his ways,
And honour gilds them with a thouſand
To ſerve his nation, at his Queen's com
He parts, commiſſion'd for the Gallick l
With pleaſure Gaul beholds him on her
And learns to love a name ſhe fear'd be

Once more aloft, there meet for new c
The Guardian Angels of Europa's ſtate
And mutual concord ſhines in every fac
And every boſom glows with hopes of p
While Britain's ſteps, in one conſent, th
Then gravely mourn their other realms
Their doubtful claims, through fears of
Their fears that Gallia fell but half ſub
And all the reaſonings which attempt to

ı ſtern Oppreſſors range the bloody field,
uſt to conquer, and unſafe to yield:
: ſave the nations; but no more purſue,
n thy turn become Oppreſſor too."
ebel angels for Ambition fell,
ar in Heaven produc'd a Fiend in Hell.
ith a ſoft concern for man's repoſe,
der Guardians join to moan our woes;
vful riſe, combin'd with all their might,
what Fury, 'ſcap'd the den of night,
aſing labours of their love withſtands,
eads a wild diſtraction o'er the lands.
littering pinions ſound in yielding air,
ıtchful Providence approves the care.
dria's ſoil, where camps have mark'd the plain,
nd, impetuous Diſcord, fix'd her reign;
her royal ſeat. With full reſort
apes of Horror throng'd her buſy court;
Iiſchief, Ambuſh cloſe concealing Ire,
hreatenings, Ruin arm'd with ſword and fire;
ng Fierceneſs, Anger wanting breath,
ddening Rage, and various forms of death;
ps of darkneſs, whom with gore ſhe feeds,
war beyond its point of good proceeds.
ick armour, call'd with alter'd name
ove of Empire, to the field ſhe came;
ill ſupporting Feud, ſhe ſtrives to hide
that name, and only change the ſide:
ſhe whirl'd the rapid wheels around,
mangled limbs in heaps pollute the ground

A ſullen

And all on bat-like wings (if Fame be
From Chriſtian lands to Northern clima
But riſing murmurs from Britannia's
With ſpeed recall her watchful Guardi
He ſpreads his pinions, and, approachi
Theſe hints, in ſcatter'd words, aſſault
The People's power—The Grand Allia
The Peace is ſeparate—Our Religion 's
Led by the blatant voice along the ſkie
He comes, where Faction over cities ſlie
A talking Fiend, whom ſhaky locks diſ
And numerous mouths deform her duſk
Whence Lies are utter'd, Whiſper ſoft
Sly Doubts amaze, or Inuendo wounds;
Within her arms are heaps of Pamphlet
And theſe blaſpheme the Saviour, thoſe
Aſſociate Vices: thus with tongue and

ıtain cloſing o'er the Fury lies,
her paſſage, where ſhe means to riſe;
ı ſhe ſtrives, or ſhifts her ſide for eaſe,
n rocks amidſt her circling ſeas.
ace, returning after tedious woes,
he comforts of a calm repoſe;
the warriors ſheath their ſanguin'd arms,
trumpets ceaſe to ſound alarms:
e to thunder in the tortur'd air,
ning colours furl around the ſpear;
contending realm no longer jar,
s'd with reſt, unharneſs all the war.
ies, the Bleſſing comes; where'er ſhe moves
ging Beauty all the land improves:
ps of fragrant flowers the field adorn,
et the birds ſalute the roſy morn;
ly green refreſhes all the leaves,
e breeze the corn more thickly waves.
s, the Bleſſing comes in eaſy ſtate,
ıs of brightneſs all around her wait:
ing Safety, with her boſom bare,
walks, and chearful Plenty there;
drous Sciences with eagles' ſight;
beral Arts, which make the world polite;
ı Traffick, joining hand in hand,
eſt Induſtry, approach the land.
come, long-deſir'd, and lately found!
hy ſeat upon the Britiſh ground;
ng train around the nation ſend,
degrees the loading taxes end:

While

While Caution calm, yet ſtill prepar'd for arms,
And foreign Treaties, guard from foreign harms:
While equal Juſtice, hearing every cauſe,
Makes every ſubject join to love the laws.
Where Britain's Patriots in Council meet,
Let public ſafety reſt at Anna's feet:
Let Oxford's ſchemes the path to Plenty ſhow,
And through the realm increaſing Plenty go.
Let Arts and Sciences in glory riſe,
And pleas'd the world has leiſure to be wiſe;
Around their Oxford and their St. John ſtand,
Like plants that flouriſh by the Maſter's hand:
And ſafe in hope the ſons of Learning wait,
Where Learning's ſelf has fix'd her fair retreat.
Let Traffick, cheriſh'd by the Senate's care,
On all the ſeas employ the waſting air:
And Induſtry, with circulating wing,
Through all the land the goods of Traffick bring.
The bleſſings ſo diſpos'd will long abide,
Since Anna reigns, and Harley's thoughts preſide;
Great Ormond's arms the ſword of caution wield,
And hold Britannia's broad-protecting ſhield;
Bright Bolingbroke and worthy Dartmouth treat,
By fair diſpatch, with every foreign State;
And Harcourt's knowledge, equitably ſhown,
Makes Juſtice call his firm decrees her own.
Thus all that Poets fancied Heaven of old,
May for the Nation's preſent emblem hold:
There Jove imperial ſway'd; Minerva wiſe,
And Phœbus eloquent, adorn'd the ſkies;

On arts Cyllenius fix'd his full delight,
Mars rein'd the war, and Themis judg'd the right:
All mortals, once beneficently great,
(As Fame reports) and rais'd in heavenly ſtate;
Yet, ſharing labours, ſtill they ſhunn'd repoſe,
To ſhed the bleſſings down by which they roſe.
Illuſtrious Queen, how Heaven hath heard thy prayers!
What ſtores of happineſs attend thy cares!
A Church in ſafety fix'd, a State in reſt,
A faithful Miniſtry, a People bleſs'd;
And Kings, ſubmiſſive at thy foot-ſtool thrown,
That others Rights reſtore, or beg their own.
Now rais'd with thankful mind; and rolling ſlow,
In grand proceſſion to the temple go,
By ſnow-white horſes drawn; while ſounding Fame
Proclaims thy coming, Praiſe exalts thy name;
Fair Honour, dreſs'd in robes, adorns thy ſtate,
And on thy train the crowded nations wait;
Who, preſſing, view with what a temper'd grace
The looks of Majeſty compoſe thy face;
And mingling ſweetneſs ſhines, or how thy dreſs,
And how thy pomp, an inward joy confeſs;
Then, fill'd with pleaſures to thy glory due,
With ſhouts, the chariot moving on, purſue.

As when the Phœnix from Arabia flown
If any Phœnix were by Anna known)
His ſpice at Phœbus' ſhrine prepar'd to lay,
Where'er their Monarch cut his airy way;
The gathering birds around the wonder flew,
And much admir'd his ſhape, and much his hue;

The tuft of gold that glow'd above his head,
His ſpacious train with golden feathers ſpread;
His gilded boſom, ſpeck'd with purple pride,
And both his wings in gloſſy purple dy'd:
He ſtill purſues his way; with wondering eyes
The birds attend, and follow where he flies.

Thrice happy Britons, if at laſt you know
'Tis leſs to conquer, than to want a foe;
That triumphs ſtill are made for war's decreaſe,
When men, by conqueſt, riſe to views of peace;
That over toils for peace in view we run,
Which gain'd, the world is pleas'd, and war is d
Fam'd Blenheim's field, Ramillies' noble feat,
Blaregni's deſperate act of gallant heat,
Or wondrous Winendale, are war purſued,
By wounds and deaths, through plains with l
embrued;
But good deſign, to make the world be ſtill,
With human grace adorns the needful ill.
This end obtain'd, we cloſe the ſcenes of rage,
And gentler glories deck the riſing age.
Such gentler glories, ſuch reviving days,
The Nation's wiſhes, and the Stateſman's praiſe:
Now pleas'd to ſhine, in golden order throng,
Demand our annals, and enrich our ſong.
Then go where Albion's cliffs approach the ſkies,
(The Fame of Albion ſo deſerves to riſe);
And, deep engrav'd for time, till time ſhall ceaſe,
Upon the ſtones their fair inſcription place.
Iberia rent, the power of Gallia broke,
Batavia reſcued from the threaten'd yoke;

The royal Auſtrian rais'd, his realms reſtor'd,
Great Britain arm'd, triumphant and ador'd;
Its ſtate enlarg'd, its peace reſtor'd again,
Are bleſſings all adorning Anna's Reign.

TO DR. SWIFT,

On his BIRTH-DAY, November 30, 1713.

URG'D by the warmth of Friendſhip's ſacred flame,
But more by all the glories of thy fame;
By all thoſe offſprings of thy learned mind,
In judgment ſolid, as in wit refin'd,
Reſolv'd I ſing. Though labouring up the way
To reach my theme, O Swift, accept my lay.
Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
Through Contemplation's airy fields I rove;
Where powerful Fancy purifies my eye,
And lights the beauties of a brighter ſky;
Freſh paints the meadows, bids green ſhades aſcend,
Clear rivers wind, and opening plains extend;
Then fills its landſcape through the varied parts
With Virtues, Graces, Sciences, and Arts:
Superior Forms, of more than mortal air,
More large than mortals, more ſerenely fair.
Of theſe two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conſpire to raiſe thee to the point of fame.
Ye Future Times, I heard the ſilver ſound!
I ſaw the Graces form a circle round!

Each, where ſhe fix'd, attentive ſeem'd to root,
And all, but Eloquence herſelf, was mute.
High o'er the reſt I ſee the Goddeſs riſe,
Looſe to the breeze her upper garment flies:
By turns, within her eyes the Paſſions burn,
And ſofter Paſſions languiſh in their turn:
Upon her tongue Perſuaſion or Command,
And decent Action dwells upon her hand.
From out her breaſt ('twas there the treaſure lay)
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms ſhe could inſpire,
And taught the liſtening audience to admire,
How ſtrong thy flight, how large thy graſp of thought,
How juſt thy ſchemes, how regularly wrought;
How ſure you wound when Ironies deride,
Which muſt be ſeen, and feign to turn aſide.
'Twas thus exploring ſhe rejoic'd to ſee
Her brighteſt features drawn ſo near by thee:
"Then here," ſhe cries, "let future ages dwell,
"And learn to copy, where they can't excel."
She ſpake. Applauſe attended on the cloſe:
Then Poëſy, her ſiſter-art, aroſe;
Her fairer ſiſter, born in deeper eaſe,
Not made ſo much for buſineſs, more to pleaſe.
Upon her cheek ſits Beauty, ever young;
The ſoul of Muſic warbles on her tongue;
Bright in her eyes a pleaſing Ardour glows,
And from her heart the ſweeteſt Temper flows:
A laurel-wreath adorns her curls of hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air;

She

She ſhakes the colours of her radiant wing,
And, from the Spheres, ſhe takes a pitch to ſing.
Thrice happy Genius his, whoſe Works have hit
The lucky point of Buſineſs and of Wit.
They ſeem like ſhowers, which April months prepare
To call their flowery glories up to air:
The drops, deſcending, take the painted bow,
And dreſs with ſunſhine, while for good they flow.
To me retiring oft, he finds relief
In ſlowly-waſting care and biting grief:
From me retreating oft, he gives to view
What eaſes care and grief in others too.
Be fondly grave, be wiſe enough to know,
Life, ne'er unbent, were but a life of woe."
Come, full in ſtretch for greatneſs, ſome for gain,
In his own rack each puts himſelf to pain.
I'll gently ſteal you from your toils away,
Where balmy winds with ſcents ambroſial play;
Where, on the banks as cryſtal rivers flow,
They teach immortal amaranths to grow:
Then, from the mild indulgence of the ſcene,
Reſtore your tempers ſtrong for toils again.
She ceas'd. Soft muſic trembled in the wind,
And ſweet delight diffus'd through every mind:
The little Smiles, which ſtill the Goddeſs grace,
Sportive aroſe, and ran from face to face.
But chief (and in that place the Virtues bleſs)
A gentle band their eager joys expreſs:
Here, Friendſhip aſks, and Love of Merit longs
To hear the Goddeſſes renew their ſongs;

Here great Benevolence to Man is pleas'd;
Theſe own their Swift, and grateful hear hi
You gentle band, you well may bear your p
You reign Superior Graces in his heart.

O Swift! if fame be life (as well we knov
That Bards and Heroes have eſteem'd it ſo)
Thou canſt not wholly die. Thy works wi
To future times, and Life in Fame be thine

On Biſhop BURNET's being ſet on Fire in

FROM that dire æra, bane to Sarum's p
Which broke his ſchemes, and laid his f
He talks and writes that Popery will return,
And we, and he, and all his works will bur
What touch'd himſelf was almoſt fairly pro
(Oh, far from Britain be the reſt remov'd!)
For, as of late he meant to bleſs the age
With flagrant Prefaces of party-rage,
O'er-wrought with paſſion, and the ſubject's
Lolling, he nodded in his elbow-ſeat;
Down fell the candle; Greaſe and Zeal con
Heat meets with heat, and Pamphlets burn t
Here crawls a Preface on its half-burn'd ma
And there an Introduction brings its faggot
Then roars the Prophet of the Northern Nat
Scorch'd by a flaming ſpeech on Moderatio

Unwarn'd by this, go on, the realm to fi
Thou Briton vaunting in thy ſecond-ſight!

ſuch a Miniſtry you ſafely tell,
ow much you'd ſuffer, if Religion fell.

ELYSIUM.

[N airy fields, the fields of bliſs below,
Where woods of myrtle, ſet by Maro, grow;
Vhere graſs beneath, and ſhade diffus'd above,
efreſh the fevers of diſtracted love:
here, at a ſolemn tide, the beauties, ſlain
y tender paſſion, act their fates again,
hrough gloomy light, that juſt betrays the grove,
n orgies, all diſconſolately rove:
hey range the reeds, and o'er the poppies ſweep,
hat nodding bend beneath their load of ſleep,
y lakes ſubſiding with a gentle face,
nd rivers gliding with a ſilent pace;
Where Kings and Swains, by ancient authors ſung,
low chang'd to flowerets o'er the margin hung;
he ſelf-admirer, white Narciſſus, ſo
ades at the brink, his picture fades below:
n bells of azure, Hyacinth aroſe;
n crimſon painted, young Adonis glows;
he fragrant Crocus ſhone with golden flame,
nd leaves inſcrib'd with Ajax' haughty name.
A ſad remembrance brings their lives to view,
nd, with their paſſion, makes their tears renew;
nwinds the years, and lays the former ſcene,
Where, after death, they live for deaths again.

Loſt by the glories of her lover's ſtate,
Deluded Semele bewails her fate;
And runs, and ſeems to burn, the flames atiſe,
And fan with idle fury as ſhe flies.

The lovely Cænis, whoſe transforming ſhape
Secur'd her honour from a ſecond rape,
Now moans the firſt, with ruffled dreſs appears,
Feels her whole ſex return, and bathes with tears

The jealous Procris wipes a ſeeming wound,
Whoſe trickling crimſon dyes the bufhy ground;
Knows the ſad ſhaft, and calls before ſhe go,
To kiſs the favourite hand that gave the blow.
Where Ocean feigns a rage, the Seſtian Fair
Holds a dim taper from a tower of air;
A noiſeleſs wind aſſaults the wavering light,
The beauty tumbling mingles with the night.

Where curling ſhades for rough Leucate roſe,
With love diſtracted tuneful Sappho goes;
Sings to mock clifts a melancholy lay,
And with a lover's leap affrights the ſea.

The ſad Eryphile retreats to moan,
What wrought her huſband's death, and caus'd he
Surveys the glittering veil, the bribe of fate,
And tears the ſhadow, but ſhe tears too late.

In thin deſign, and airy picture, fleet
The tales that ſtain the royal houſe of Crete;
To court a lovely Bull, Paſiphaë flies,
The ſnowy phantom feeds before her eyes.
Loſt Ariadne raves, the thread ſhe bore
Trails on unwinding, as ſhe walks the ſhore;

And Phædra, deſperate, ſeeks the lonely groves,
To read her guilty letter while ſhe roves;
Red ſhame confounds the firſt, the ſecond wears
A ſtarry crown, the third a halter bears.
Fair Leodamia mourns her nuptial night
Of love defrauded by the thirſt of fight;
Yet, for another as deluſive cries,
And, dauntleſs, ſees her hero's ghoſt ariſe.
Here Thiſbe, Canace, and Dido, ſtand,
All arm'd with ſwords, a fair, but angry band,
This ſword a lover own'd; a father gave
The next; a ſtranger chanc'd the laſt to leave.
And there ev'n ſhe, the Goddeſs of the Grove,
Join'd with the phantom-fairs, affects to rove,
As once, for Latmos, ſhe forſook the plain,
To ſteal the kiſſes of a ſlumbering ſwain:
Around her head a ſtarry fillet twines,
And at the front a ſilver creſcent ſhines.
Theſe, and a thouſand, and a thouſand more,
With ſacred rage recall the pangs they bore,
Strike the deep dart afreſh, and aſk relief,
Or ſooth the wound with ſoftening words of grief.
At ſuch a tide, unheedful love invades
The dark receſſes of the madding ſhades;
Through long deſcent he fans the fogs around;
His purple feathers, as he flies, reſound.
The nimble beauties, crouding all to gaze,
Perceive the common troubler of their eaſe;
Though dulling miſts and dubious day deſtroy
The fine appearance of the fluttering boy,

Though

Though all the pomp that glitters at his ſide,
The golden belt, the claſp and quiver hide;
And though the torch appear a gleam of white,
That faintly ſpots, and moves in hazy night,
Yet ſtill they know the god, the general foe,
And threatning lift their airy hands below.

From hence they lead him where a myrtle ſtood,
The ſaddeſt myrtle in the mournful wood;
Devote to vex the gods, 'twas here before
Hell's awful Empreſs ſoft Adonis bore.
When the young hunter ſcorn'd her graver air,
And only Venus warm'd his ſhadow there.

Fix'd to the trunk the tender boy they bind,
They cord his feet beneath, his hands behind;
He mourns, but vainly mourns his angry fate,
For Beauty, ſtill relentleſs, acts in hate.
Though no offence be done, no judge be nigh,
Love muſt be guilty by the common cry;
For all are pleas'd, by partial Paſſion led,
To ſhift their follies on another's head.

Now ſharp reproaches ring their ſhrill alarms,
And all the heroines brandiſh all their arms;
And every heroine makes it her decree,
That Cupid ſuffer juſt the ſame as ſhe.
To fix the deſperate halter one eſſay'd,
One ſeeks to wound him with an empty blade.
Some headlong hang the nodding rocks of air,
They fall in fancy, and he feels deſpair.
Some toſs the hollow ſeas around his head
(The ſeas that want a wave afford a dread).

Or ſhake the torch, the ſparkling fury flies,
And flames that never burn'd afflict his eyes.
The mournful Myrrha burſts her rended womb,
And drowns his viſage in a moiſt perfume.
While others, ſeeming mild, adviſe to wound
With humorous pains by ſly deriſion found.
That prickling bodkins teach the blood to flow,
From whence the roſes firſt begin to glow;
Or in their flames, to ſinge the boy prepare,
That all ſhould chuſe by wanton Fancy where.
The lovely Venus, with a bleeding breaſt,
She too ſecurely through the circle preſt,
Forgot the parent, urg'd his haſty fate,
And ſpurr'd the female rage beyond debate;
O'er all her ſcenes of frailty ſwiftly runs,
Abſolves herſelf, and makes the crime her ſon's,
That claſp'd in chains with Mars ſhe chanc'd to lie,
A noted fable of the laughing ſky;
That, from her love's intemperate heat, began
Sicanian Eryx, born a ſavage man;
The looſe Priapus, and the monſter-wight,
In whom the ſexes ſhamefully unite.
Nor words ſuffice the Goddeſs of the Fair,
She ſnaps the roſy wreath that binds her hair;
Then on the God, who fear'd a fiercer woe,
Her hands, unpitying, dealt the frequent blow:
From all his tender ſkin a purple dew
The dreadful ſcourges of the chaplet drew,
From whence the roſe, by Cupid ting'd before,
Now, doubly tinging, flames with luſtre more.

Here

Here ends their wrath, the parent ſeems ſeven
The ſtroke's unfit for little Love to bear;
To ſave their foe the melting Beauties fly,
And, cruel Mother, ſpare thy child, they cry.
To Love's account they plac'd their death of lat
And now transfer the ſad account to Fate:
The Mother, pleas'd, beheld the ſtorm aſſwage,
Thank'd the calm mourners, and diſmiſs'd her i
Thus Fancy, once in duſky ſhade expreſs'd,
With empty terrors work'd the time of reſt.
Where wretched Love endur'd a world of woe,
For all a Winter's length of night below.
Then ſoar'd, as ſleep diſſolv'd, unchain'd away,
And through the Port of Ivory reach'd the day.
As, mindleſs of their rage, he ſlowly ſails
On pinions cumber'd in the miſty vales;
(Ah, fool to light!) the Nymphs no more obey
Nor was this region ever his to ſway:
Caſt in a deepen'd ring they cloſe the plain,
And ſeize the god, reluctant all in vain.

THE JUDGEMENT OF PA

WHERE waving pines the brows of Ida
The ſwain, young Paris, half ſupinely l
Saw the looſe flocks through ſhrubs unnumber'
And, piping, call'd them to the gladded grove.
'Twas there he met the meſſage of the ſkies
That he, the Judge of Beauty, deal the pri
The meſſage known; one Love with anxious
To make his mother guard the time aſſign'd,

Drew forth her proud white ſwans, and trac'd the pair
That wheel her chariot in the purple air:
A golden bow behind his ſhoulder bends,
A golden quiver at his ſide depends;
Pointing to theſe he nods, with fearleſs ſtate,
And bids her ſafely meet the grand debate.
Another Love proceeds, with anxious care,
To make his ivory ſleek the ſhining hair;
Moves the looſe curls, and bids the forehead ſhow,
In full expanſion, all its native ſnow.
A third enclaſps the many-colour'd ceſt,
And, rul'd by Fancy, ſets the ſilver veſt;
When, to her ſons, with intermingled ſighs,
The Goddeſs of the roſy lips applies.
'Tis now, my darling boys, a time to ſhow
The love you feel, the filial aids you owe:
Yet, would we think that any dar'd to ſtrive
For charms, when Venus and her Love 's alive?
Or ſhould the prize of Beauty be deny'd,
Has Beauty's Empreſs aught to boaſt beſide?
And, ting'd with poiſon, pleaſing while it harms,
My darts I truſted to your infant arms;
If, when your hands have arch'd the golden bow,
The World's great Ruler, bending, owns the blow,
Let no contending form invade my due,
Tall Juno's mien, nor Pallas eyes of blue.
But, grac'd with triumph, to the Paphian ſhore
Your Venus bears the palms of conqueſt o'er;
And joyful ſee my hundred altars there,
With coſtly gums perfume the wanton air.

While thus the Cupids hear the Cyprian Dame
The groves reſounded where a Goddeſs came.
The warlike Pallas march'd with mighty ſtride,
Her ſhield forgot, her helmet laid aſide.
Her hair unbound, in curls and order flow'd,
And Peace, or ſomething like, her viſage ſhew'd
So, with her eyes ſerene, and hopeful haſte,
The long-ſtretch'd alleys of the wood ſhe trac'd;
But, where the woods a ſecond entrance found,
With ſcepter'd pomp and golden glory crown'd,
The ſtately Juno ſtalk'd, to reach the ſeat,
And hear the ſentence in the laſt debate;
And long, ſeverely long, reſent the grove;
In this, what boots it ſhe 's the wife of Jove?
Arm'd with a grace at length, ſecure to win,
The lovely Venus, ſmiling, enters in;
All ſweet and ſhining, near the youth ſhe drew,
Her roſy neck ambroſial odours threw;
The ſacred ſcents diffus'd among the leaves,
Ran down the woods, and fill'd their hoary cave
The charms, ſo amorous all, and each ſo great,
The conquer'd Judge no longer keeps his ſeat;
Oppreſs'd with light, he drops his weary'd eyes,
And fears he ſhould be thought to doubt the prize

ON MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR LEAVING LONDON.

FROM town fair Arabella flies;
The beaux unpowder'd grieve;
The rivers play before her eyes;
The breezes, ſoftly breathing, riſe;
The Spring begins to live.

Her lovers ſwore, they muſt expire:
Yet quickly find their eaſe;
For, as ſhe goes, their flames retire,
Love thrives before a nearer fire,
Eſteem by diſtant rays.

Yet ſoon the fair-one will return,
When Summer quits the plain:
Ye rivers, pour the weeping urn;
Ye breezes, ſadly ſighing, mourn;
Ye lovers, burn again.

'Tis conſtancy enough in love
That Nature 's fairly ſhewn:
To ſearch for more, will fruitleſs prove;
Romances, and the turtle dove,
The virtue boaſt alone.

A RIDDLE.

UPON a bed of humble clay,
In all her garments looſe,
A proſtitute my mother lay,
To every comer's uſe.

Till one gallant, in heat of love,
His own peculiar made her;
And to a region far above,
And ſofter beds, convey'd her.

But, in his abſence, to his place
His rougher rival came;
And, with a cold conſtrain'd embrace,
Begat me on the dame.

I then appear'd to public view
A creature wondrous bright;
But ſhortly periſhable too,
Inconſtant, nice, and light.

On feathers not together faſt
I wildly flew about,
And from my father's country paſs'd
To find my mother out.

Where her gallant, of her beguil'd,
With me enamour'd grew,
And I, that was my mother's child,
Brought forth my mother too.

ONTENTS

OF

RNELL'S POEMS.

SIOD, or the Riſe of Woman, - Page 5
ong, - - - - 14, 15
ontic, - - - - 16—19
y Tale, in the ancient Engliſh Style, 21
gil of Venus, - - - 29
of the Frogs and Mice, - - 37
. Pope, - - - 54
the firſt Canto of the Rape of the Lock
tranſlated, - - - 57
an Eclogue, - - - 58
ies, an Eclogue, - - - 61
gy to an old Beauty, - - - 63
ok-worm, - - - - 66
egory on Man, - - - 69
tation of French Verſes, - - 73
t-piece on Death, - - - 75
o Contentment, - - - 78
rmit, - - - - 81
r the Viſion, - - - 89
, - - - - - 94
rſe and the Olive, - - - 97
nne's third Satire verſified, - - 99
ſt of Poetry, - - - 104

Moſes, - - - Page
Deborah, - - - -
Hannah, - - - -
David, - - - -
Solomon, - - - -
Jonah, - - - -
Hezekiah, - - - -
Habakkuk, - - - -
Hymn for Morning, - - -
Hymn for Noon, - - - -
Hymn for Evening, - - -
The Soul in Sorrow, - - -
The Happy Man, - - -
The Way to Happineſs, - - -
The Convert's Love, - - -
A Deſire to Praiſe, - - -
On Happineſs in this Life, - -
Extacy, - - - - -
On Divine Love, by meditating on the Wounds of Chriſt, - - -
On Queen Anne's Peace, Anno 1712, -
To Dr. Swift, on his Birth-day, - -
On Biſhop Burnet's being ſet on Fire in his Cloſet,
Elyſium, - - -
The Judgment of Paris, - -
On Mrs. Arabella Fermor leaving London, -
A Riddle, - - -

PASTORALS,

EPISTLES, ODES,

AND OTHER

ORIGINAL POEMS,

WITH TRANSLATIONS FROM

PINDAR, ANACREON, AND SAPPHO.

BY AMBROSE PHILIPS, ESQUIRE.

"——— hic cæstus artemque repono." VIRG.

TO HIS GRACE

MAS, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

LORD,

E honours of your ancient and illuſtrious fa-
nily, which that noble writer, Algernon Sidney,
among the firſt in theſe kingdoms for preroga-
birth, the titles which you have long worn with
uiſhed luſtre, and the high ſtation which you
any years filled, and now fill, in the government,
our Grace a juſt preheminence in the commu-
but they are excellencies of a more exalted kind
ch this tribute of my reſpect is paid. Your early
the cauſe of liberty, which manifeſted itſelf
cloſe of a late reign, when the worſt of ſchemes
romoted againſt this nation by the worſt of men,
ociation (of which I had the honour to be an
member) into which you then entered, with
thers, eminent for their birth, fortune, and
dge, for ſecuring the ſucceſſion of the houſe of
r to the throne of theſe kingdoms, your taſte
l and polite literature, and the encouragement
you have been always ready to give to it, your
regard to, and connection with, that uni-
which has been the nurſe of the greateſt ſtateſ-
eroes, philoſophers, and poets, of Engliſh
, and the open liberality of your heart on all

 laudable

laudable occaſions, muſt give you a place in the af
tions of all Engliſhmen who know the intereſt of t
native country: and to thoſe virtues, more than to
private friendſhip with which your Grace has l
honoured me, I make this offering of the few poet
Pieces which were the produce of my leiſure, but f
of my moſt pleaſant, hours: your Grace will be
to diſtinguiſh thoſe which have been printed bef
from thoſe which now make their firſt appearance:
I number among the felicities of my days this op
tunity of approaching you with ſomething perhaps
unworthy your acceptance; and I have the honou
be,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

moſt devoted, obliged,

and moſt humble ſervant,

April, 1748.

AMBROSE PHILI

PAST

PASTORAL POEMS.

"Noſtra nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thalia."

VIRG. Ecl. 6.

PREFACE.

IT is ſomewhat ſtrange to conceive, in an age ſo addicted to the Muſes, how Paſtoral Poetry comes to be never ſo much as thought upon; conſidering eſpecially, that it is of the greateſt antiquity, and hath ever been accounted the foremoſt, among the ſmaller poems, in dignity. Virgil and Spenſer made uſe of it as a prelude to Epic Poetry: but, I fear, the innocency of the ſubject makes it ſo little inviting.

There is no kind of Poem, if happily executed, but gives delight; and herein may the Paſtoral boaſt after a peculiar manner: for, as in Painting, ſo in Poetry, the country affords not only the moſt delightful ſcenes and proſpects, but likewiſe the moſt pleaſing images of life.

Gaſſendus (I remember) obſerves, that Peireſkius was a great lover of muſic, eſpecially the melody of birds: becauſe their ſimple ſtrains have leſs of paſſion,

admiration, and fwells the foul with noble
deur: but when I ſee a little country-dwellin
tageouſly ſituated amidſt a beauteful varie
meadows, fields, woods, and rivulets, I f
ſpeakable ſort of ſatisfaction, and cannot forb
my kinder fortune would place me in ſuch
tirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenſer, are the
who ſeem to have hit upon the true natur
ral Compoſitions: ſo that it will be ſuffi
for me, if I have not altogether failed in my

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

LOBBIN.

IF we, O Dorſet, quit the city-throng,
To meditate in ſhades the rural ſong,
By your command, be preſent: and, O bring
The Muſe along! The Muſe to you ſhall ſing:
Her influence, Buckhurſt, let me there obtain,
And I forgive the fam'd Sicilian Swain.
Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,
When flocks and herds were no inglorious ſtore,
Lobbin, a ſhepherd-boy, one evening fair,
As weſtern winds had cool'd the ſultry air,
His number'd ſheep within the fold now pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary diſcontent;
Beneath a hoary poplar's whiſpering boughs,
He, ſolitary, ſat to breathe his vows,
Venting the tender anguiſh of his heart,
As paſſion taught, in accents free of art:
And little did he hope, while, night by night,
His ſighs were laviſh'd thus on Lucy bright.
" Ah, well-a-day! how long muſt I endure
" This pining pain? Or who ſhall ſpeed my cure?
" Fond love no cure will have, ſeek no repoſe,
" Delights in grief, nor any meaſure knows:
" And now the moon begins in clouds to riſe;
" The brightening ſtars increaſe within the ſkies;

" The

" The winds are huſh; the dews diſtil; and ſleep
" Hath clos'd the eyelids of my weary ſheep:
" I only, with the prowling wolf, conſtrain'd
" All night to wake: with hunger he is pain'd,
" And I, with love. His hunger he may tame;
" But who can quench, O cruel Love, thy flame?
" Whilom did I, all as this poplar fair,
" Up-raiſe my heedleſs head, then void of care,
" 'Mong ruſtic routs the chief for wanton game;
" Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
" Who better ſeem than I in ſhepherds' arts,
" To pleaſe the lads, and win the laſſes' hearts?
" How deftly, to mine oaten-reed ſo ſweet,
" Wont they, upon the green, to ſhift their feet?
" And, weary'd in the dance, how would they yea
" Some well-deviſed tale from me to learn?
" For many ſongs and tales of mirth had I,
" To chace the loitering ſun adown the ſky:
" But, ah! ſince Lucy coy, deep-wrought her ſpig
" Within my heart, unmindful of delight
" The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
" To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitleſs mo
" Oh! quit thy wonted ſcorn, relentleſs Fair!
" Ere, lingering long, I periſh through deſpair.
" Had Roſalind been miſtreſs of my mind,
" Though not ſo fair, ſhe would have prov'd more ki
" O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
" How flying years impair thy youthful prime!
" Thy virgin-bloom will not for ever ſtay,
" And flowers, though left ungather'd, will decay:

" Th

" The flowers, anew, returning ſeaſons bring!
" But beauty faded has no ſecond ſpring.
" My words are wind! She, deaf to all my cries,
" Takes pleaſure in the miſchief of her eyes.
" Like friſking heifer, looſe in flowery meads,
" She gads where'er her roving fancy leads;
" Yet ſtill from me. Ah me, the tireſome chace!
" Shy as the fawn, ſhe flies my fond embrace.
" She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
" Fly where ſhe will, her likeneſs in my mind.
" No cruel purpoſe, in my ſpeed, I bear;
" 'Tis only love; and love why ſhould'ſt thou fear?
" What idle fears a maiden-breaſt alarm!
" Stay, ſimple girl: a lover cannot harm.
" Two ſportive kidlings, both fair-fleck'd, I rear;
" Whoſe ſhooting horns like tender buds appear:
" A lambkin too, of ſpotleſs fleece, I breed,
" And teach the fondling from my hand to feed:
" Nor will I ceaſe betimes to cull the fields
" Of every dewy ſweet the morning yields:
" From early ſpring to autumn late ſhalt thou
" Receive gay girlonds, blooming o'er thy brow:
" And when,—But, why theſe unavailing pains?
" The gifts, alike, and giver, ſhe diſdains:
" And now, left heireſs of the glen, ſhe'll deem
" Me, landleſs lad, unworthy her eſteem:
" Yet, was ſhe born, like me, of ſhepherd-ſire;
" And I may fields and lowing herds acquire.
" O! would my gifts but win her wanton heart,
" Or could I half the warmth I feel impart,

" How

" How would I wander, every day, to find
" The choice of wildings, bluſhing through the
" For gloſſy plumbs how lightſome climb the tr
" How riſk the vengeance of the thrifty bee!
" Or! if thou deign to live a ſhepherdeſs,
" Thou Lobbin's flock, and Lobbin, ſhalt poſſe
" And, fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
" If liquid fountains flatter not; and why
" Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet ſhow
" The bordering flowers leſs beauteous than they ſ
" O! come, my love; nor think th' employment
" The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean,
" To drive a-field, by morn, the fattening ewes,
" Ere the warm ſun drink-up the cooly dews,
" While, with my pipe, and with my voice, I
" Each hour, and through the day detain thine ear
" How would the crook beſeem thy lily-hand!
" How would my younglings round thee gazing
" Ah, witleſs younglings! gaze not on her eye:
" Thence all my ſorrow; thence the death I die
" O, killing beauty! and O, ſore deſire!
" Muſt then my ſufferings, but with life, expire
" Though bloſſoms every year the trees adorn,
" Spring after ſpring I wither, nipt with ſcorn:
" Nor trow I when this bitter blaſt will end,
" Or if yon ſtars will e'er my vows befriend.
" Sleep, ſleep, my flock; for happy ye may take
" Sweet nightly reſt, though ſtill your maſter wake
Now to the waning moon, the nightingale,
In ſlender warblings, tun'd her piteous tale,

he love-ſick Shepherd; liſtening, felt relief,
eas'd with ſo ſweet a partner in his grief,
ill, by degrees, her notes and ſilent night
o ſlumbers ſoft his heavy heart invite.

THE SECOND PASTORAL.

THENOT, COLINET.

THENOT.

[S it not Colinet I loneſome ſee,
Leaning with folded arms againſt the tree?
)r is it age of late bedims my ſight?
Tis Colinet, indeed, in woeful plight.
Thy cloudy look, why melting into tears,
Inſeemly, now the ſky ſo bright appears?
Why in this mournful manner art thou found,
Inthankful lad, when all things ſmile around?
)r hear'ſt not lark and linnet jointly ſing,
Their notes blithe-warbling to ſalute the ſpring?

COLINET.

Though blithe their notes, not ſo my wayward fate;
for lark would ſing, nor linnet, in my ſtate.
ach creature, Thenot, to his taſk is born,
s they to mirth and muſic, I to mourn.
/aking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
Iy tears oft' mingling with the falling dew.

THENOT.

THENOT.

Small cauſe, I ween, has luſty youth to plain:
Or who may, then, the weight of eld ſuſtain,
When every ſlackening nerve begins to fail,
And the load preſſeth as our days prevail?
Yet, though with years my body downward tend,
As trees beneath their fruit, in autumn, bend;
Spite of my ſnowy head, and icy veins,
My mind a chearful temper ſtill retains:
And why ſhould man, miſhap what will, repine,
Sour every ſweet, and mix with tears his wine?
But tell me, then: it may relieve thy woe,
To let a friend thine inward ailment know.

COLINET.

Idly 'twill waſte thee, Thenot, the whole day,
Shouldſt thou give ear to all my grief can ſay.
Thine ewes will wander; and the heedleſs lambs,
In loud complaints, require their abſent dams.

THENOT.

See Lightfoot; he ſhall tend them cloſe: and I,
'Tween whiles, acroſs the plain will glance mine eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end.
Does there one ſmiling hour my youth attend!
Though few my days, as well my follies ſhow,
Yet are thoſe days all clouded o'er with woe:
No happy gleam of ſunſhine doth appear,
My lowering ſky, and wintery months, to cheer.
My piteous plight in yonder naked tree,
Which bears the thunder-ſcar, too plain I ſee:

Qui

deſtitute it ſtands of ſhelter kind,
ıark of ſtorms, and ſport of every wind:
ıven trunk feels not th' approach of ſpring;
rds among the leafleſs branches ſing:
›re, beneath thy ſhade, ſhall ſhepherds throng,
jocund tale, or pipe, or pleaſing ſong.
ed tree! and more ill-fated I!
thee, from me, alike the ſhepherds fly.

THENOT.

hou in hapleſs hour of time waſt born,
blighting mildews ſpoil the riſing corn,
ſting winds o'er bloſſom'd hedge-rows paſs,
ll the promis'd fruits, and ſcorch the graſs,
en the moon, by wizard charm'd, foreſhows,
-ſtain'd in foul eclipſe, impending woes.
ely born, ill-luck betides thee ſtill.

COLINET.

:an there, Thenot, be a greater ill?

THENOT.

›x, nor wolf, nor rot among our ſheep,
this good ſhepherd's care his flock may keep:
ſt ill-luck, alas! all forecaſt fails;
il by day, nor watch by night, avails.

COLINET.

:, the while! ah me, the luckleſs day!
uckleſs lad! befits me more to ſay.
›py hour! when, freſh in youthful bud,
Sabrina fair, thy ſilvery flood,
lly I! more ſilly than my ſheep,
ı on thy flowery banks I wont to keep.

Sweet

Sweet are thy banks! Oh, when ſhall I, once more,
With raviſh'd eyes review thine amell'd ſhore?
When, in the cryſtal of thy water, ſcan
Each feature faded, and my colour wan?
When ſhall I ſee my hut, the ſmall abode
Myſelf did raiſe, and cover o'er with ſod?
Small though it be, a mean and humble cell,
Yet is there room for peace and me to dwell.

THENOT.

And what enticement charm'd thee, far away,
From thy lov'd home, and led thy heart aſtray?

COLINET.

A lewd deſire, ſtrange lads and ſwains to know:
Ah, God! that ever I ſhould covet woe!
With wandering feet unbleſt, and fond of fame,
I ſought I know not what beſides a name.

THENOT.

Or, ſooth to ſay, didſt thou not hither roam
In ſearch of gains more plenty than at home?
A rolling-ſtone is, ever, bare of moſs;
And, to their coſt, green years old proverbs croſs.

COLINET.

Small need there was, in random ſearch of gain,
To drive my pining flock athwart the plain,
To diſtant Cam. Fine gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to myſelf ſuch deal of woe!
My ſheep quite ſpent, through travel and ill-fare,
And, like their keeper, ragged grown and bare,
The damp, cold greenſward, for my nightly bed,
And ſome ſlant willow's trunk to reſt my head.

Ha

bear of pinching cold the pain;
is want to the unpractis'd ſwain:
r want, nor pinching cold, is hard,
g ſtorms of calumny compar'd:
hail it falls; the pelting ſhower
he tender herb, and budding flower.

THENOT.

ſhepherds count the vileſt wrong:
wounds ſorer than an evil tongue?

COLINET.

lads, the wanton imps of ſpite,
k of all the ditties I indite.
) Colinet, thy pipe, ſo ſhrill,
ery vale, and gladdens every hill:
ou ſeek'ſt the coverings of the grove,
ſhade to ſing the pains of love:
thou wilt, ill-nature will prevail;
elf hath ſkill enough to rail:
ough poor and artleſs be my vein,
eems to like my ſimple ſtrain:
that he delighteth in my ſong,
he good Menalcas doth belong,
nor day, ſhall my rude muſic ceaſe;
re, ſo I Menalcas pleaſe.

THENOT.

lord of theſe fair fertile plains,
e ſheep, and o'er the ſhepherds reigns:
r yearly wakes, and feaſts, we hold,
the faireſt firſtling from the fold:

He, good to all, who good deſerve, ſhall give
Thy flock to feed, and thee at eaſe to live,
Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
And bounteouſly reward thy rural ſongs.

COLINET.

Firſt, then, ſhall lightſome birds forget to fly,
The briny ocean turn to paſtures dry,
And every rapid river ceaſe to flow,
Ere I unmindful of Menalcas grow.

THENOT.

This night thy care with me forget; and fold
Thy flock with mine, to ward th' injurious cold.
New milk, and clouted cream, mild cheeſe and curd
With ſome remaining fruit of laſt year's hoard,
Shall be our evening fare, and, for the night,
Sweet herbs and moſs, which gentle ſleep invite:
And now behold the ſun's departing ray,
O'er yonder hill, the ſign of ebbing day:
With ſongs the jovial hinds return from plow;
And unyok'd heifers, loitering homeward, low.

THE THIRD PASTORAL.

ALBINO.

WHEN Virgil thought no ſhame the Doric re
To tune, and flocks on Mantuan plains to f
With young Auguſtus' name he grac'd his ſong:
And Spenſer, when amid the rural throng

ol'd ſweet, and graz'd along the flood
ittle Thames, made every ſounding wood
good Eliza's name to ring around;
name on every tree was found:
then, through Anna's cares at eaſe we live,
ee our cattle unmoleſted thrive,
from our Albion her victorious arms
waſteful warfare, loud in dire alarms,
hem will I my ſlender muſic raiſe,
each the vocal valleys Anna's praiſe.
ime, on oaten pipe a lowly lay,
kids browſe, obſcure in ſhades I play:
not obſcure, while Dorſet thinks no ſcorn
it woods, and ſwains ignobly born.
o valley ſwains, both muſical, both young,
ndſhip mutual, and united long,
within a moſſy cave, to ſhun
rowd of ſhepherds, and the noon-day ſun.
om of ſadneſs overcaſts their mind:
ring now, the ſolemn day they find,
young Albino died. His image dear
s their cheeks with many a trickling tear:
irs they add the tribute of their verſe;
Angelot, thoſe Palin, did rehearſe.

ANGELOT.

is, yearly circling, by-paſt times return;
early, thus, Albino's death we mourn.
nto life, alas! how ſhort thy ſtay:
weet the roſe! how ſpeedy to decay!

Can we forget, Albino dear, thy knell,
Sad-ſounding wide from every village-bell?
Can we forget how ſorely Albion moan'd,
That hills, and dales, and rocks, in echo groan'd,
Preſaging future woe, when, for our crimes,
We loſt Albino, pledge of peaceful times,
Fair boaſt of this fair Iſland, darling joy
Of nobles high, and every ſhepherd-boy?
No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were ſeen,
Nor ſhepherd found upon the graſſy green,
No cattle graz'd the field, nor drank the flood,
No birds were heard to warble through the wood.
In yonder gloomy grove out-ſtretch'd he lay
His lovely limbs upon the dampy clay;
On his cold cheek the roſy hue decay'd,
And, o'er his lips, the deadly blue diſplay'd:
Bleating around him lie his plaintive ſheep,
And mourning ſhepherds come, in crowds, to weep.
Young Buckhurſt comes: and, is there no redreſs?
As if the grave regarded our diſtreſs!
The tender virgins come, to tears yet new,
And give, aloud, the lamentations due.
The pious mother comes, with grief oppreſt:
Ye trees, and conſcious fountains, can atteſt
With what ſad accents, and what piercing cries,
She fill'd the grove, and importun'd the ſkies,
And every ſtar upbraided with his death,
When, in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath,
She claſp'd her ſon: nor did the Nymph, for this,
Place in her darling's welfare all her bliſs,

Him

eaching, young, the harmleſs crook to wield,
ule the peaceful empire of the field.
ilk-white ſwans on ſtreams of ſilver ſhow,
ilvery ſtreams to grace the meadows flow,
rn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,
ou, to thine, an ornament was born.
thou, delicious youth, didſt quit the plains,
ngrateful ground we till with fruitleſs pains,
our'd furrows ſow the choice of wheat,
over empty ſheaves, in harveſt ſweat,
i increaſe our fleecy cattle yield;
horns, and thiſtles, overſpread the field.
ll our hope is fled, like morning-dew!
carce did we thy dawn of manhood view.
now, ſhall teach the pointed ſpear to throw,
irl the ſling, and bend the ſtubborn bow,
's the quoit with ſteady aim, and far,
ſinewy force, to pitch the maſſy bar?
ſt thou live to bleſs thy mother's days,
re her triumphs, and to feel her praiſe,
ign realms to purchaſe early fame,
dd new glories to the Britiſh name:
ceful may thy gentle ſpirit reſt!
owery turf lie light upon thy breaſt;
rieking owl, nor bat, thy tomb fly round,
idnight goblins revel o'er the ground.

PALIN.

more, miſtaken Angelot, complain:
lives; and all our tears are vain:

Albino lives, and will for ever live,
With myriads mixt, who never know to grieve
Who welcome every ſtranger-gueſt, nor fear
Ever to mourn his abſence with a tear,
Where cold, nor heat, nor irkſome toil annoy,
Nor age, nor ſickneſs, comes to damp their joy
And now the royal Nymph, who bore him, de
The land to rule, and ſhield the ſimple ſwains,
While, from above, propitious he looks down:
For this, the welkin does no longer frown,
Each planet ſhines, indulgent, from his ſphere,
And we renew our paſtimes with the year.
Hills, dales, and woods, with ſhrilling pipes r
The boys and virgins dance, with chaplets crowr
And hail Albino bleſt: the valleys ring
Albino bleſt! O now, if ever, bring
The laurel green, the ſmelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowſlip, which in meadow grows,
The fountain-violet, and the garden-roſe,
Marſh-lilies ſweet, and tufts of daffodil,
With what ye cull from wood, or verdant hill
Whether in open ſun, or ſhade, they blow,
More early ſome, and ſome unfolding ſlow,
Bring, in heap'd caniſters, of every kind,
As if the ſummer had with ſpring combin'd,
And Nature, forward to aſſiſt your care,
Did not profuſion for Albino ſpare.
Your hamlets ſtrew, and every public way;
And conſecrate to mirth Albino's day:

Myſelf will laviſh all my little ſtore,
And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
Old Moulin there ſhall harp, young Myco ſing,
And Cuddy dance the round amid the ring,
And Hobbinol his antic gambols play:
To thee theſe honours, yearly, will we pay:
Nor fail to mention thee in all our chear,
And teach our children the remembrance dear,
When we our ſhearing-feaſt, or harveſt keep,
To ſpeed the plow, and bleſs our thriving ſheep.
While willow kids, and herbage lambs purſue,
While bees love thyme, and locuſt ſip the dew,
While birds delight in woods their notes to ſtrain,
Thy name and ſweet memorial ſhall remain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

MYCO, ARGOL.

MYCO.

THIS place may ſeem for ſhepherd's leiſure made,
So cloſe theſe elms inweave their lofty ſhade;
The twining woodbine, how it climbs! to breathe
Refreſhing ſweets around on all beneath;
The ground with graſs of chearful green beſpread,
Through which the ſpringing flower up-rears the head:
Lo, here the kingcup of a golden hue,
Medly'd with daiſies white and endive blue,
And honeyſuckles of a purple die,
Confuſion gay! bright-waving to the eye.

Hark, how they warble in that brambly buſh,
The gaudy goldfinch, and the ſpeckly thruſh,
The linnet green, with others fram'd for ſkill,
And blackbird fluting through his yellow bill:
In ſprightly concert how they all combine,
Us prompting in the various ſongs to join:
Up, Argol, then, and to thy lip apply
Thy mellow pipe, or voice more ſounding try:
And ſince our ewes have graz'd, what harms if th
Lie round and liſten while the lambkins play?

ARGOL.

Well, Myco, can thy dainty wit expreſs
Fair Nature's bounties in the faireſt dreſs:
'Tis rapture all! the place, the birds, the ſky;
And rapture works the ſinger's fancy high.
Sweet breathe the fields, and now a gentle breeze
Moves every leaf, and trembles through the tree
Ill ſuch incitements ſuit my rugged lay,
Befitting more the muſic thou canſt play.

MYCO.

No ſkill of muſic kon I, ſimple ſwain,
No fine device thine ear to entertain:
Albeit ſome deal I pipe, rude though it be,
Sufficient to divert my ſheep and me;
Yet Colinet (and Colinet hath ſkill)
Oft guides my fingers on the tuneful quill,
And fain would teach me on what ſounds to dwel
And where to ſink a note, and where to ſwell.

ARG

ARGOL.

Ah, Myco! half my flock would I beſtow,
Should Colinet to me his cunning ſhow:
So trim his ſonnets are, I pr'ythee, ſwain,
Now give us, once, a ſample of his ſtrain:
For wonders of that lad the ſhepherds ſay,
How ſweet his pipe, how raviſhing his lay!
The ſweetneſs of his pipe and lay rehearſe;
And aſk what boon thou willeſt for thy verſe.

MYCO.

Since then thou liſt, a mournful ſong I chuſe:
A mournful ſong relieves a mournful Muſe.
Faſt by the river on a bank he ſate,
To weep the lovely maid's untimely fate,
Fair Stella hight: a lovely maid was ſhe,
Whoſe fate he wept, a faithful ſhepherd he.

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.
" O woeful day! O, day of woe to me!
" That ever I ſhould live ſuch day to ſee!
" That ever ſhe could die! O, moſt unkind,
" To go and leave thy Colinet behind!
" From blameleſs love, and plighted troth to go,
" And leave to Colinet a life of woe!"

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.
" And yet, why blame I her? Full fain would ſhe
" With dying arms have claſp'd herſelf to me;
" I claſp'd

" I claſp'd her too, but death prov'd over-ſtrong;
" Nor vows nor tears could fleeting life prolong:
" Yet how ſhall I from vows and tears refrain?
" And why ſhould vows, alas! and tears be vain

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Collinet's diſtreſs.

" Aid me to grieve, with bleating moan, my ſh
" Aid me, thou ever-flowing ſtream, to weep;
" Aid me, ye faint, ye hollow winds, to ſigh,
" And thou, my woe, aſſiſt me thou to die.
" Me flock nor ſtream, nor winds nor woes, relie
" She lov'd through life, and I through life will grie

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Ye gentler maids, companions of my fair,
" With down-caſt look, and with diſhevel'd hair,
" All beat the breaſt, and wring your hands and n
" Her hour, untimely, might have prov'd your own
" Her hour, untimely, help me to lament;
" And let your hearts at Stella's name relent."

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" In vain th' indearing luſtre of your eyes
" We dote upon, and you as vainly prize.
" What though your beauty bleſs the faithful ſwa
" And in th' enamour'd heart like queens ye reign;
" Yet in their prime does death the faireſt kill,
" As ruthleſs winds the tender bloſſoms ſpoil.

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Such Stella was; yet Stella might not live!
" And what could Colinet in ranſom give?
" Oh! if or muſic's voice, or beauty's charm,
" Could milden death, and ſtay his lifted arm,
" My pipe her face, her face my pipe might ſave,
" Redeeming each the other from the grave."

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Ah, fruitleſs wiſh! fell death's uplifted arm
" Nor beauty can arreſt, nor muſic charm.
" Behold! oh, baleful ſight! ſee where ſhe lies!
" The budding flower, unkindly blaſted, dies:
" Nor, though I live the longeſt day to mourn,
" Will ſhe again to life and me return."

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Unhappy Colinet! what boots thee now,
" To weave freſh girlonds for thy Stella's brow?
" No girlond ever more may Stella wear,
" Nor ſee the flowery ſeaſon of the year,
" Nor dance, nor ſing, nor ever ſweetly ſmile,
" And every toil of Colinet beguile."

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Throw by the lily, daffodil, and roſe;
" Wreaths of black yew, and willow pale, compoſe,

" With

" With baneful hemlock, deadly nightſhade, dreſs'
" Such chaplets as may witneſs thine unreſt,
" If aught can witneſs: O, ye ſhepherds tell,
" When I am dead, no ſhepherd lov'd ſo well!"

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Alack, my ſheep! and thou, dear ſpotleſs lan
" By Stella nurs'd, who wean'd the from the dam,
" What heed give I to aught but to my grief,
" My whole employment, and my whole relief!
" Stray where ye liſt, ſome happier maſter try:
" Yet once, my flock, was none ſo bleſs'd as I."

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" My pipe, whoſe ſoothing ſound could paſſion m
" And firſt taught Stella's virgin-heart to love,
" Shall ſilent hang upon this blaſted oak,
" Whence owls their dirges ſing, and ravens croak:
" Nor lark, nor linnet, ſhall my day delight,
" Nor nightingale ſuſpend my moan by night:
" The night and day ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd be,
" Alike to Stella, and alike to me."

No more, my pipe; here ceaſe we to expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

Thus, ſorrowing, did the gentle ſhepherd ſing,
And urge the valley with his wail to ring.
And now that ſheep-hook for my ſong I crave.

ARGO.

ARGOL.

Not this, but one more coſtly, ſhalt thou have,
Of ſeaſon'd elm, where ſtuds of braſs appear,
To ſpeak the giver's name, the month, and year;
The hook of poliſh'd ſteel, the handle torn'd,
And richly by the carver's ſkill adorn'd.
O, Colinet, how ſweet thy grief to hear!
How does thy verſe ſubdue the liſtening ear!
Soft falling as the ſtill, refreſhing dew,
To ſlake the drought, and herbage to renew:
Not half ſo ſweet the midnight winds, which move
In drowſy murmurs o'er the waving grove,
Nor valley brook that, hid by alders, ſpeeds
O'er pebbles warbling, and through whiſpering reeds,
Nor dropping waters, which from rocks diſtil,
And welly-grots with tinkling echoes fill.
Thrice happy Colinet, who can relieve
Heart-anguiſh ſore, and make it ſweet to grieve!
And next to thee ſhall Myco bear the bell,
Who can repeat thy peerleſs ſong ſo well:
But ſee! the hills increaſing ſhadows caſt;
The ſun, I ween, is leaving us in haſte:
His weakly rays faint glimmer through the wood,
And bluey miſts ariſe from yonder flood.

MYCO.

Bid then our dogs to gather in the ſheep.
Good ſhepherds, with their flock, betimes ſhould ſleep.
Who late lies down, thou know'ſt, as late will riſe,
And, ſluggard-like, to noon-day ſnoring lies,

While

While in the fold his injur'd ewes complain,
And after dewy paſtures bleat in vain.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL.

CUDDY.

IN rural ſtrains we firſt our muſic try,
And baſhful into woods and thickets fly,
Miſtruſting then our ſkill; yet if through time
Our voice, improving, gain a pitch ſublime,
Thy growing virtues, Sackville, ſhall engage
My riper verſe, and more aſpiring age.
The ſun, now mounted to the noon of day,
Began to ſhoot direct his burning ray;
When, with the flocks, their feeders ſought the ſhade
A venerable oak wide-ſpreading made:
What ſhould they do to paſs the loitering time?
As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme:
And ſome the joys, and ſome the pains, of love,
And ſome to ſet out ſtrange adventures, ſtrove;
The trade of wizards ſome, and Merlin's ſkill,
And whence, to charms, ſuch empire o'er the will.
Then Cuddy laſt (who Cuddy can excel
In neat device?) his tale began to tell.
" When ſhepherds flouriſh'd in Eliza's reign,
" There liv'd in high repute a jolly ſwain,
" Young Colin Clout; who well could pipe and ſing
" And by his notes invite the lagging ſpring.
" He, as his cuſtom was, at leiſure laid
" In woodland bower, without a rival play'd,
" Solicit

ting his pipe to warble clear,
antment ſweet as ever wont to hear
ed wayfarers, from wake or fair
n'd by muſic, hovering on in air:
n by the magic of th' inticing ſound,
troops of mute admirers flock'd around!
eerlings left their food; and creatures, wild
lature form'd, inſenſibly grew mild.
akes the gathering birds about him throng,
loads the neighbouring branches with his ſong:
e, with the crowd, a nightingale of fame,
us, and fond of praiſe, to liſten came:
urn'd her ear, and pauſe by pauſe, with pride,
echo to the ſhepherd's pipe reply'd.
ſhepherd heard with wonder, and again,
y her more, renew'd his various ſtrain:
ll the various ſtrain ſhe plies her throat,
adds peculiar grace to every note.
olin, in complaining accent grieves,
riſker motion to his meaſure give,
ntle ſounds he modulate, or ſtrong,
not a little vain, repeats the ſong:
o repeats, that Colin half-deſpis'd
ipe and ſkill, around the country priz'd:
ſweeteſt ſongſter of the winged kind,
t thanks, ſaid he, what praiſes, ſhall I find
qual thy melodious voice? In thee
rudeneſs of my rural fife I ſee;
thee I learn no more to vaunt my ſkill:
t in air ſhe ſate, provoking ſtill

" The

" The vanquiſh'd ſwain. Provok'd, at laſt, he
" To ſhow the little minſtrel of the grove
" His utmoſt powers, determin'd once to try
" How art, exerting, might with nature vy;
" For vy could none with either in their part,
" With her in Nature, nor with him in Art.
" He draws-in breath, his riſing breath to fill:
" Throughout the wood his pipe is heard to ſhril
" From note to note, in haſte, his fingers fly;
" Still more and more the numbers multiply:
" And now they trill, and now they fall and ri
" And ſwift and ſlow they change with ſweet ſur
" Attentive ſhe doth ſcarce the ſounds retain;
" But to herſelf firſt cons the puzzling ſtrain,
" And tracing, heedful, note by note repays
" The ſhepherd in his own harmonious lays,
" Through every changing cadence runs at lengt
" And adds in ſweetneſs what he wants in ſtrength
" Then Colin threw his fife diſgrac'd aſide,
" While ſhe loud triumph ſings, proclaiming wi
" Her mighty conqueſt, and within her throat
" Twirls many a wild unimitable note,
" To foil her rival. What could Colin more?
" A little harp of maple-ware he bore:
" The little harp was old, but newly ſtrung,
" Which, uſual, he acroſs his ſhoulders hung.
" Now take, delightful bird, my laſt farewel,
" He ſaid, and learn from hence thou doſt excel
" No trivial artiſt: and anon he wound
" The murmuring ſtrings, and order'd every ſound

" T

" Then earneſt to his inſtrument he bends,
" And both hands pliant on the ſtrings extends:
" His touch the ſtrings obey, and various move,
" The lower anſwering ſtill to thoſe above:
" His fingers, reſtleſs, traverſe to and fro,
" As in purſuit of harmony they go:
" Now, lightly ſkimming, o'er the ſtrings they paſs,
" Like winds which gently bruſh the plying graſs,
" While melting airs ariſe at their command:
" And now, laborious, with a weighty hand
" He ſinks into the cords with ſolemn pace,
" To give the ſwelling tones a bolder grace;
" And now the left, and now by turns the right,
" Each other chace, harmonious both in flight:
" Then his whole fingers blend a ſwarm of ſounds,
" Till the ſweet tumult through the harp redounds,
" Ceaſe, Colin, ceaſe, thy rival ceaſe to vex;
" The mingling notes, alas! her ear perplex:
" She warbles, diffident, in hope and fear,
" And hits imperfect accents here and there,
" And fain would utter forth ſome double tone,
" When ſoon ſhe falters, and can utter none:
" Again ſhe tries, and yet again ſhe fails;
" For ſtill the harp's united power prevails.
" Then Colin play'd again, and playing ſung:
" She, with the fatal love of glory ſtung,
" Hears all in pain: her heart begins to ſwell:
" In piteous notes ſhe ſighs, in notes which tell
" Her bitter anguiſh: he, ſtill ſinging, plies
" His limber joints: her ſorrows higher riſe.

" How ſhall ſhe bear a conqueror, who, before,
" No equal through the grove in muſic bore?
" She droops, ſhe hangs her flagging wings, ſhe moa
" And fetcheth from her breaſt melodious groans.
" Oppreſs'd with grief at laſt too great to quell,
" Down, breathleſs, on the guilty harp ſhe fell.
" Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
" And unavailing tears profuſely ſhed,
" And broke his wicked ſtrings, and curs'd his ſk
" And beſt to make atonement for the ill,
" If, for ſuch ill, atonement might be made,
" He builds her tomb beneath a laurel ſhade,
" Then adds a verſe, and ſets with flowers the grot
" And makes a fence of winding oſiers round.
" A verſe and tomb is all I now can give;
" And here thy name at leaſt, he ſaid, ſhall live."
Thus ended Cuddy with the ſetting ſun,
And, by his tale, unenvy'd praiſes won.

THE SIXTH PASTORAL.

GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUE

GERON.

HOW ſtill the ſea behold! how calm the ſky!
And how, in ſportive chace, the ſwallows fly
My goats, ſecure from harm, ſmall tendance need,
While high, on yonder hanging rock, they feed:
And, here below, the banky ſhore along,
Your heifers graze. Now, then, to ſtrive in ſong

Prep

Prepare. As eldeſt, Hobbinol begin;
And Lanquet's rival-verſe, by turns, come in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others ſtake what choſen pledge they will,
Or kid, or lamb, or mazer wrought with ſkill:
For praiſe we ſing, nor wager ought beſide;
And, whoſe the praiſe, let Geron's lips decide.

LANQUET.

To Geron I my voice, and ſkill, commend,
A candid umpire, and to both a friend.

GERON.

Begin then, boys; and vary well your ſong:
Begin; nor fear, from Geron's ſentence, wrong.
A boxen hautboy, loud, and ſweet of ſound,
All varniſh'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
I to the victor give: no mean reward,
If to the ruder village-pipes compar'd.

HOBBINOL.

The ſnows are melted; and the kindly rain
Deſcends on every herb, and every grain:
Soft balmy breezes breathe along the ſky;
The bloomy ſeaſon of the year is nigh.

LONQUET.

The cuckoo calls aloud his wandering love;
The turtle's moan is heard in every grove;
The paſtures change; the warbling linnets ſing:
Prepare to welcome-in the gaudy ſpring.

HOBBINOL.

When locuſts, in the ferny buſhes, cry,
When ravens pant, and ſnakes in caverns lie,

Graze then in woods, and quit the ſhadeleſs p
Elſe ſhall ye preſs the ſpungy teat in vain.

LANQUET.

When greens to yellow vary, and ye ſee
The ground beſtrew'd with fruits of every tre
And ſtormy winds are heard, think winter n
Nor truſt too far to the declining year.

HOBBINOL.

Woe then, alack! befall the ſpendthrift ſw
When froſt, and ſnow, and hail, and ſleet, an
By turns chaſtiſe him, while, through little ca
His ſheep, unſhelter'd, pine in nipping air.

LANQUET.

The lad of forecaſt then untroubled ſees
The white-bleak plains, and ſilvery froſted tre
He fends his flock, and, clad in homely frize,
In his warm cott the wintery blaſt defies.

HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O bleſs'd Eliza! would I praiſe
Thy maiden-rule, and Albion's golden days:
Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the ſhepherd's frien
Eternal bleſſings on his ſhade attend!

LANQUET.

Thrice happy ſhepherds now! for Dorſet lo
The country-muſe, and our reſounding grove
While Anna reigns: O, ever may ſhe reign!
And bring, on earth, the golden age again.

HOBBINOL.

I love, in ſecret all, a beauteous maid,
And have my love, in ſecret all, repaid;

oming night ſhe plights her troth to me:
her name, and thou the victor be.
LANQUET.
d as the lamb, unharmful as the dove,
is the turtle, is the maid I love:
ve in ſecret love, I ſhall not ſay:
her name, and I give up the day.
HOBBINOL.
on a cowſlip-bank my love and I
her lay; a brook ran murmuring by:
uſand tender things to me ſhe ſaid;
a thouſand tender things repaid.
LANQUET.
ummer-ſhade, behind the cocking hay,
kind endearing words did ſhe not ſay!
p, with apron deck'd, ſhe fondly ſpread,
trok'd my cheek, and lull'd my leaning head.
HOBBINOL.
ithe ſoft, ye winds; ye waters, gently flow;
her, ye trees; ye flowers, around her grow:
ains, I beg you, paſs in ſilence by;
ve, in yonder vale, aſleep does lie.
LANQUET.
:e Delia ſlept on eaſy moſs reclin'd,
vely limbs half bare, and rude the wind:
oth'd her coats, and ſtole a ſilent kiſs:
mn me, ſhepherds, if I did amiſs.
HOBBINOL.
Marian bath'd, by chance I paſſed by;
uſh'd, and at me glanc'd a ſidelong eye:

Then, cowering in the treacherous ſtream, ſhe try'
Her tempting form, yet ſtill in vain, to hide.

LANQUET.

As I, to cool me, bath'd one ſultry day,
Fond Lydia, lurking, in the ſedges lay:
The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly,
Yet oft ſhe ſtopt, and oft ſhe turn'd her eye.

HOBBINOL.

When firſt I ſaw (would I had never ſeen!)
Young Lyſet lead the dance on yonder green,
Intent upon her beauties, as ſhe mov'd,
Poor heedleſs wretch! at unawares I lov'd.

LANQUET.

When Lucy decks with flowers her ſwelling brea
And on her elbow leans, diſſembling reſt,
Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor herds, nor paſture, worth my care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come, Roſalind, O come! for, wanting thee,
Our peopled vale a deſert is to me.
Come, Roſalind, O, come! My brinded kine,
My ſnowy ſheep, my farm, and all, are thine.

LANQUET.

Come, Roſalind, O come! Here ſhady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here ſpringing flowers
Come, Roſalind! Here ever let us ſtay,
And ſweetly waſte the live-long time away.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the ſeaſons of the moon I know,
The force of healing herbs, and where they grow:
No herb there is, no ſeaſon, to remove
From my fond heart the racking pains of love.

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in charms have ſkill,
And ghoſts, and goblins, order as I will,
Yet have, with all my charms, no power to lay
The ſprite that breaks my quiet night and day?

HOBBINOL.

O, that, like Colin, I had ſkill in rhymes,
To purchaſe credit with ſucceeding times!
Sweet Colin Clout! who never, yet, had peer;
Who ſung through all the ſeaſons of the year.

LANQUET.

Let me, like Merlin, ſing: his voice had power
To free the 'clipſing moon at midnight hour:
And, as he ſung, the Fairies with their queen,
In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green.

HOBBINOL.

Laſt eve of May did I not hear them ſing,
And ſee their dance? And I can ſhew the ring,
Where, hand in hand, they ſhift their feet ſo light:
The graſs ſprings greener from their tread by night.

LANQUET.

But haſt thou ſeen their king, in rich array,
Fam'd Oberon, with damaſk'd robe ſo gay,
And gemmy crown, by moonſhine ſparkling far,
And azure ſceptre, pointed with a ſtar?

GERON.

Here end your pleaſing ſtrife. Both victors are;
And both with Colin may, in rhyme, compare.
A boxen hautboy, loud, and ſweet of ſound,
All varniſh'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,

To each I give. A mizzling mist defcends
Adown that ſteepy rock: and this way tend
Yon diſtant rain. Shoreward the veſſels ſe
And, ſee, the boys their flocks to ſhelter dri

THE STRAY NYM

CEASE your muſic, gentle ſwains:
Saw ye Delia croſs the plains?
Every thicket, every grove,
Have I rang'd, to find my love:
A kid, a lamb, my flock, I give,
Tell me only, doth ſhe live?
White her ſkin as mountain-ſnow;
In her cheek the roſes blow:
And her eye is brighter far
Than the beamy morning ſtar.
When her ruddy lip ye view,
'Tis a berry moiſt with dew:
And her breath, oh, 'tis a gale
Paſſing o'er a fragrant vale,
Paſſing, when a friendly ſhower
Freſhens every herb and flower.
Wide her boſom opens, gay
As the primroſe-dell in May,
Sweet as violet-borders growing
Over fountains ever-flowing.
Like the tendrils of the vine,
Do her auburn treſſes twine,

Gloſſy ringlets all behind
Streaming buxom to the wind,
When along the lawn ſhe bounds,
Light, as hind before the hounds:
And the youthful ring ſhe fires,
Hopeleſs in their fond deſires,
As her flitting feet advance,
Wanton in the winding dance.
Tell me, ſhepherds, have ye ſeen
My delight, my love, my queen?

THE HAPPY SWAIN.

HAVE ye ſeen the morning ſky,
When the dawn prevails on high,
When, anon, ſome purply ray
Gives a ſample of the day,
When, anon, the lark, on wing,
Strives to ſoar, and ſtrains to ſing?
Have ye ſeen th' ethereal blue
Gently ſhedding ſilvery dew,
Spangling o'er the ſilent green,
While the nightingale, unſeen,
To the moon and ſtars, full bright,
Loneſome chants the hymn of night?
Have ye ſeen the broider'd May
All her ſcented bloom diſplay,
Breezes opening, every hour,
This, and that, expecting flower,

While the mingling birds prolong,
From each buſh, the vernal ſong?
Have ye ſeen the damaſk-roſe
Her unſully'd bluſh diſcloſe,
Or the lily's dewy bell,
In her gloſſy white, excell,
Or a garden vary'd o'er
With a thouſand glories more?
By the beauties theſe diſplay,
Morning, evening, night, or day,
By the pleaſures theſe excite,
Endleſs ſource of delight!
Judge, by them, the joys I find,
Since my Roſalind was kind,
Since ſhe did herſelf reſign
To my vows, for ever mine.

EPISTLES.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO

DESIRED ME TO WRITE ON THE DEATH OF KING WILLIAM.

April 20, 1702.

TRUST me, dear George, could I in verſe but ſhow
What ſorrow I, what ſorrow all men, owe
To Naſſau's fate, or could I hope to raiſe
A ſong proportion'd to the monarch's praiſe,
Could I his merits, or my grief, expreſs,
And proper thoughts in proper language dreſs,
Unbidden ſhould my pious numbers flow,
The tribute of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe;
But, rather than prophane his ſacred hearſe
With languid praiſes, and unhallow'd verſe,
My ſighs I to myſelf in ſilence keep,
And inwardly, with ſecret anguiſh, weep.
Let Halifax's Muſe (he knew him well)
His virtues to ſucceeding ages tell.
Let him, who ſung the warrior on the Boyne,
(Provoking Dorſet in the taſk to join)
And ſhew'd the hero more than man before,
Let him th' illuſtrious mortal's fate deplore;

A mourn-

A mournful theme: while, on raw pinions, I
But flutter, and make weak attempts to fly:
Content, if, to divert my vacant time,
I can but like ſome love-ſick fopling rhyme,
To ſome kind-hearted miſtreſs make my court,
And, like a modiſh wit, in ſonnet ſport.
Let others, more ambitious, rack their brains
In poliſh'd ſentiments, and labour'd ſtrains:
To blooming Phyllis I a ſong compoſe,
And, for a rhyme, compare her to the roſe;
Then, while my fancy works, I write down morn,
To paint the bluſh that does her cheek adorn,
And, when the whiteneſs of her ſkin I ſhow,
With ecſtaſy bethink myſelf of ſnow.
Thus, without pains, I tinkle in the cloſe,
And ſweeten into verſe inſipid proſe.
The country ſcraper, when he wakes his crowd,
And makes the tortur'd cat-gut ſqueak aloud,
Is often raviſh'd, and in tranſport loſt:
What more, my friend, can fam'd Corelli boaſt,
When harmony herſelf from heaven deſcends,
And on the artiſt's moving bow attends?
Why then, in making verſes, ſhould I ſtrain
For wit, and of Apollo beg a vein?
Who ſtudy Horace and the Stagyrite?
Why cramp my dulneſs, and in torment write?
Let me tranſgreſs by nature, not by rule,
An artleſs idiot, not a ſtudy'd fool,
A Withers, not a Rymer, ſince I aim
At nothing leſs, in writing, than a name.

FRO

FROM HOLLAND, TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND, IN THE YEAR 1703.

FROM Utrecht's ſilent walks, by winds, I ſend
Health and kind wiſhes to my abſent friend.
The winter ſpent, I feel the poet's fire;
The ſun advances, and the fogs retire:
The genial ſpring unbinds the frozen earth,
Dawns on the trees, and gives the primroſe birth.
Loos'd from their friendly harbours, once again
Confederate fleets aſſemble on the main:
The voice of war the gallant ſoldier wakes;
And weeping Cloë parting kiſſes takes.
On new-plum'd wings the Roman eagle ſoars;
The Belgick lion in full fury roars.
Diſpatch the leader from your happy coaſt,
The hope of Europe, and Britannia's boaſt:
O, Marlborough, come! freſh laurels for thee riſe!
One conqueſt more; and Gallia will grow wiſe.
Old Lewis makes his laſt effort in arms,
And ſhews how, ev'n in age, ambition charms.
Meanwhile, my friend, the thickening ſhades I haunt,
And ſmooth canals, and after rivulets pant:
The ſmooth canals, alas, too lifeleſs ſhow!
Nor to the eye, nor to the ear, they flow.
Studious of eaſe, and fond of humble things,
Below the ſmiles, below the frowns of kings,
Thanks to my ſtars, I prize the ſweets of life:
No ſleepleſs nights I count, no days of ſtrife.

Content

Content to live, content to die, unknown,
Lord of myſelf, accountable to none;
I ſleep, I wake, I drink; I ſometimes love;
I read, I write; I ſettle, and I rove,
When, and where-e'er, I pleaſe: thus, every hour
Gives ſome new proof of my deſpotic power.
All, that I will, I can; but then, I will
As reaſon bids; I meditate no ill;
And, pleas'd with things which in my level lie,
Leave it to madmen o'er the clouds to fly.

But this is all romance, a dream to you,
Who fence and dance, and keep the court in view.
White ſtaffs and truncheons, ſeals and golden keys
And ſilver ſtars, your towering genius pleaſe:
Such manly thoughts in every infant riſe,
Who daily for ſome tinſel trinket cries.

Go on, and proſper, Sir: but firſt from me
Learn your own temper; for I know you free.
You can be honeſt; but you cannot bow,
And cringe, beneath a ſupercilious brow:
You cannot fawn; your ſtubborn ſoul recoils
At baſeneſs; and your blood too highly boils.
From nature ſome ſubmiſſive tempers have;
Unkind to you, ſhe form'd you not a ſlave.
A courtier muſt be ſupple, full of guile,
Muſt learn to praiſe, to flatter, to revile,
The good, the bad, an enemy, a friend,
To give falſe hopes, and on falſe hopes depend.
Go on, and proſper, Sir: but learn to hide
Your upright ſpirit: 't will be conſtrued pride.

The ſplendor of a court is all a cheat;
You muſt be ſervile, ere you can be great.
Beſides, your ancient patrimony waſted,
Your youth run out, your ſchemes of grandeur blaſted,
You may perhaps retire in diſcontent,
And curſe your patron, for no ſtrange event:
The patron will his innocence proteſt,
And frown in earneſt, though he ſmil'd in jeſt.
Man, only from himſelf, can ſuffer wrong;
His reaſon fails, as his deſires grow ſtrong:
Hence, wanting ballaſt, and too full of ſail,
He lies expos'd to every riſing gale.
From youth to age, for happineſs he's bound:
He ſplits on rocks, or runs his bark aground,
Or, wide of land, a deſert ocean views,
And, to the laſt, the flying port purſues,
Yet, to the laſt, the port he does not gain,
And dying finds, too late, he liv'd in vain.

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endleſs tracts of ſnow,
From ſtreams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What preſent ſhall the Muſe to Dorſet bring,
Or how, ſo near the Pole, attempt to ſing?
The hoary winter here conceals from ſight
All pleaſing objects which to verſe invite.

The

The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and ſilver-ſtreaming floods,
By ſnow diſguis'd, in bright confuſion lie,
And with one dazzling waſte fatigue the eye.
No gentle breathing breeze prepares the ſpring,
No birds within the deſert region ſing.
The ſhips, unmov'd, the boiſterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vaſt Leviathan wants room to play,
And ſpout his waters in the face of day.
The ſtarving wolves along the main ſea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a ſhining league the level main
Here ſpreads itſelf into a glaſſy plain:
There ſolid billows of enormous ſize,
Alps of green ice, in wild diſorder riſe.
And yet but lately have I ſeen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dreſs appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treaſur'd ſnow,
Or winds begun through hazy ſkies to blow,
At evening a keen eaſtern breeze aroſe,
And the deſcending rain unſully'd froze.
Soon as the ſilent ſhades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn diſclos'd at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich diſguiſe,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
For every ſhrub, and every blade of graſs,
And every pointed thorn, ſeem'd wrought in glaſs
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns ſhow,
While through the ice the crimſon berries glow.

he thick-ſprung reeds, which watery marſhes yield,
em'd poliſh'd lances in a hoſtile field.
he ſtag, in limpid currents, with ſurprize,
es cryſtal branches on his forehead riſe:
he ſpreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
laz'd over, in the freezing æther ſhine.
he frighted birds the rattling branches ſhun,
Vhich wave and glitter in the diſtant ſun.
When if a ſudden guſt of wind ariſe,
he brittle foreſt into atoms flies,
he crackling wood beneath the tempeſt bends,
nd in a ſpangled ſhower the proſpect ends:
r, if a ſouthern gale the region warm,
nd by degrees unbind the wintery charm,
he traveller a miry country ſees,
nd journeys ſad beneath the dropping trees:
ike ſome deluded peaſant, Merlin leads
hrough fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads,
Vhile here inchanted gardens to him riſe,
nd airy fabricks there attract his eyes,
is wandering feet the magic paths purſue,
nd, while he thinks the fair illuſion true,
he trackleſs ſcenes diſperſe in fluid air,
nd woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
tedious road the weary wretch returns,
nd, as he goes, the tranſient viſion mourns.

To the Right Honourable CHARLES HALIFAX, one of the Lords Juſtices app by his Majeſty. 1714.

PATRON of verſe, O Halifax, attend,
The Muſe's favourite, and the Poet's frien
Approaching joys my raviſh'd thoughts inſpire:
I feel the tranſport; and my ſoul 's on fire!
Again Britannia rears her awful head:
Her fears, tranſplanted, to her foes are fled.
Again her ſtandard ſhe diſplays to view;
And all its faded lilies bloom anew.
Here beauteous Liberty ſalutes the ſight,
Still pale, nor yet recover'd of her fright,
Whilſt here Religion, ſmiling to the ſkies,
Her thanks expreſſes with up-lifted eyes.
But who advances next, with chearful grace,
Joy in her eye, and plenty in her face?
A wheaten garland does her head adorn,
O Property! O goddeſs, Engliſh-born!
Where haſt thou been? How did the wealthy n
The bankrupt nation ſigh'd for thy return,
Doubtful for whom her ſpreading funds were fi
Her fleets were freighted, and her field were till
No longer now ſhall France and Spain combi
Strong in their golden Indies, awe mankind.
Brave Catalans, who for your freedom ſtrive,
And in your ſhatter'd bulwarks yet ſurvive,

For you alone, worthy a better fate,
O, may this happy change not come too late!
Great in your ſufferings!—But, my Muſe, forbear;
Nor damp the public gladneſs with a tear:
The hero has receiv'd their juſt complaint,
Grac'd with the name of our fam'd patron-ſaint:
Like him, with pleaſure he foregoes his reſt,
And longs, like him, to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.
Firm to his friends, tenacious of his word,
As juſtice calls, he draws or ſheaths the ſword:
Matur'd by thought, his councils ſhall prevail;
Nor ſhall his promiſe to his people fail.
He comes, deſire of nations! England's boaſt!
Already has he reach'd the Belgian coaſt.
Our great deliverer comes! and with him brings
A progeny of late-ſucceeding kings,
Fated to triumph o'er Britannia's foes
In diſtant years, and fix the world's repoſe.
The floating ſquadrons now approach the ſhore;
Loſt in the ſailors ſhouts, the cannons roar:
And now, behold, the ſovereign of the main,
High on the deck, amidſt his ſhining train,
Surveys the ſubject flood. An eaſtern gale
Plays through the ſhrouds, and ſwells in every ſail:
Th' obſequious waves his new dominion own,
And gently waft their monarch to his throne.
Now the glad Britons hail their king to land,
Hang on the rocks, and blacken all the ſtrand:
But who the ſilent extaſy can ſhow,
The paſſions which in nobler boſoms glow?

Who can deſcribe the godlike patriot's zeal?
Or who, my Lord, your generous joys reveal?
Ordain'd, once more, our treaſure to advance,
Retrieve our trade, and ſink the pride of France,
Once more the long-neglected arts to raiſe,
And form each riſing genius for the bays.
Accept the preſent of a grateful ſong;
This prelude may provoke the learned throng:
To Cam and Iſis ſhall the joyful news,
By me convey'd, awaken every Muſe.
Ev'n now the vocal tribe in verſe conſpires;
And I already hear their ſounding lyres:
To them the mighty labour I reſign,
Give up the Theme, and quit the tuneful Nine.
So when the ſpring firſt ſmiles among the trees,
And bloſſoms open to the vernal breeze,
The watchful nightingale, with early ſtrains,
Summons the warblers of the woods and plains,
But drops her muſick, when the choir appear,
And liſtens to the concert of the year.

To the Honourable JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq; Secretary at War, at Hampton-Court. 1717.

THOUGH Britain's hardy troops demand your care,
And chearful friends your hours of leiſure ſhare;
O, Craggs, for candour known! indulge awhile
My fond deſire, and on my labour ſmile:
Nor count it always an abuſe of time
To read a long epiſtle, though in rhyme.

To you I ſend my thoughts, too long confin'd,
id eaſe the burden of a loyal mind;
) you my ſecret tranſports I diſcloſe,
iat riſe above the languid powers of proſe.
t, while theſe artleſs numbers you peruſe,
iink 'tis my heart that dictates, not the Muſe;
y heart, which at the name of Brunſwick fires,
id no aſſiſtance from the Muſe requires.
Believe me, Sir, your breaſt, that glows with zeal
r George's glory, and the public weal,
our breaſt alone feels more pathetic heats;
our heart alone with ſtronger raptures beats.
When I review the great examples paſt,
nd to the former ages join the laſt;
ill, as the godlike heroes to me riſe,
arms triumphant, and in councils wiſe,
he king is ever preſent to my mind;
is greatneſs, trac'd in every page, I find:
he Greek and Roman pens his virtues tell,
nd under ſhining names on Brunſwick dwell.
At Hampton while he breathes untainted air,
nd ſeems, to vulgar eyes, devoid of care;
'he Britiſh Muſes to the grove will preſs,
'une their melodious harps, and claim acceſs:
ut let them not too raſhly touch the ſtrings;
or fate allows no ſolitude to kings.
Hail to the ſhades, where William, great in arms,
etir'd from conqueſt to Maria's charms!
Vhere George ſerene in majeſty appears,
nd plans the wonders of ſucceeding years!

There, as he walks, his comprehenſive mind
Surveys the globe, and takes-in all mankind:
While, Britain, for thy ſake he wears the crown;
To ſpread thy power as wide as his renown:
To make thee umpire of contending ſtates,
And poiſe the balance in the world's debates.
From the ſmooth terraſs as he caſts his eye,
And ſees the current ſea-ward rolling by;
What ſchemes of commerce riſe in his deſigns!
Pledges of wealth! and unexhauſted mines!
Through winds and waves, beneath inclement ſkies
Where ſtars, diſtinguiſh'd by no name, ariſe,
Our fleets ſhall undiſcover'd lands explore,
And a new people hear our cannons roar.
The rivers long in ancient ſtory fam'd,
Shall flow obſcure, nor with the Thames be nam'd
Nor ſhall our poets copy from their praiſe,
And Nymphs and Syrens to thy honour raiſe;
Nor make thy banks with Tritons ſhells reſound,
Nor bind thy brows with humble ſedges round:
But paint thee as thou art; a peopled ſtream!
The boaſt of merchants, and the ſailors theme!
Whoſe ſpreading floods unnumber'd ſhips ſuſtain,
And pour whole towns afloat into the main;
While the redundant ſeas waft up freſh ſtores,
The daily tribute of far-diſtant ſhores.
Back to thy ſource I try thy ſilver train,
That gently winds through many a fertile plain;
Where flocks and lowing herds in plenty feed,
And ſhepherds tune at eaſe the vocal reed:

thy waters meet the briny tide,
ighted veſſels down thy channel ride;
thy billows leave their banks behind,
to ſtate, and foam before the wind:
ereign's emblem! in thy courſe compleat!
behold him in his lov'd retreat,
ural ſcenes their pleaſing views diſcloſe,
n deity the monarch ſhows;
he only knew the woods to grace,
e the ſtag, and animate the chace:
very hour, from thence, his high commands,
ly winds convey'd to various lands,
affairs; give weighty councils birth;
ay the mighty rulers of the earth.
he, our iſland's glory and defence,
n unactive, at the world's expence;
ierous Craggs, who then ſhould quell the rage
ıſs faction, and reform the age?
ɔuld our dear-bought liberties maintain?
our leagues with France, and treat with Spain?
eck the headſtrong Swede; aſſuage the Czar;
ur peace, and quench the northern war?
rk, though he the Chriſtian name defies,
ſes Eugene, yet from Eugene flies,
e to Brunſwick's equity dare truſt;
ɔs him valiant, and concludes him juſt:
ɔs his fame in early youth acquir'd,
ırban'd hoſts before his ſword retir'd.
while his influence to the poles extends,
e the day begins, or where it ends,

.r from our coaſts he drives off all alarms;
.nd thoſe his power protects, his goodneſs charms.
Great in himſelf, and undebas'd with pride,
The ſovereign lays his regal ſtate aſide,
Pleas'd to appear without the bright diſguiſe
Of pomp; and on his inborn worth relies.
His ſubjects are his gueſts; and daily boaſt
The condeſcenſion of their royal hoſt:
While crowds ſucceeding crowds on either hand,
A raviſh'd multitude, admiring ſtand.
His manly wit and ſenſe, with candour join'd,
His ſpeech with every elegance refin'd,
His winning aſpect, his becoming eaſe,
Peculiar graces all, conſpire to pleaſe,
And render him to every heart approv'd;
The king reſpected, and the man belov'd.
Nor is his force of genius leſs admir'd,
When moſt from crowds or public cares retir'd.
The learned arts, by turns, admittance find;
At once unbend and exerciſe his mind.
The ſecret ſprings of Nature, long conceal'd,
And to the wiſe by ſlow degrees reveal'd,
(Delightful ſearch!) his piercing thought deſc
Oft through the concave azure of the ſkies
His ſoul delights to range, a boundleſs ſpace,
Which myriads of celeſtial glories grace;
Worlds behind worlds, that deep in æther ly
And ſuns, that twinkle to the diſtant eye;
Or call them ſtars, on which our fates depe
And every ruling ſtar is Brunſwick's friend

as the riſing ſun ſhoots o'er the ſtream,
lds the palace with a ruddy beam,
the healthful chace attend the king,
ar the foreſt with the huntſmen ring:
in the duſty town we rule the ſtate,
om Gazettes determine England's fate.
oundleſs hopes and groundleſs fears prevail,
ful brokers comment on the mail.
d with news, with politics oppreſt,
the wind ne'er vary'd from the weſt.
on George's councils I rely,
p my cares, and Britain's foes defy.
though cabals are form'd, and impious leagues?
h Rome fills Europe with her dark intrigues?
ilance, on every ſtate intent,
s their plots, and over-rules th' event.
whither do my vain endeavours tend?
v ſhall I my raſh attempt defend?
d in my choice, from praiſe to praiſe
bewilder'd in the pleaſing maze.
rtue mark'd, another I purſue,
yet another riſes to my view.
al to the taſk, too late I find
rowing theme unfiniſh'd left behind.
the deluded bee, in hopes to drain
ce the thymy treaſure of the plain,
ranging on her little pinions toils,
kims o'er hundred flowers for one ſhe ſpoils:
, ſoon o'erburden'd with the fragrant weight,
ward ſhe flies, and flags beneath her freight.

TO LORD CARTERET,
Departing from DUBLIN. 1726.

BEHOLD, Britannia waves her flag on high,
And calls forth breezes from the weſtern ſky,
And beckons to her ſon, and ſmooths the tide,
That does Hibernia from her cliffs divide.
Go, Carteret, go; and, with thee, go along
The nation's bleſſing, and the poet's ſong;
Loud acclamations, with melodious lays,
The kindeſt wiſhes, and ſincereſt praiſe.
Go, Carteret, go; and bear my joys away!
So ſpeaks the Muſe, that fain would bid thee ſtay:
So ſpoke the virgin to the youth unkind,
Who gave his vows, and canvaſs, to the wind,
And promis'd to return; but never more
Did he return to the Threïcian ſhore.
Go, Carteret, go: alas, a tedious while
Haſt thou been abſent from thy mother-iſle;
A ſlow-pac'd train of months to thee and thine,
A flight of moments to a heart like mine,
That feels perfections, and reſigns with pain
Enjoyments I may never know again.
O, while mine eye purſues the fading ſails,
Smooth roll, ye waves, and ſteady breathe, ye gales,
And urge with gentle ſpeed to Albion's ſtrand
A houſhold fair, amidſt the faireſt land,
In every decency of life polite,
A freight of virtues, wafting from my ſight:

ow farewel, O early in renown,
ous, young, in labours for the crown,
nd benign, and vigilant, in power,
egant to grace the vacant hour,
ng ſweet! Nor are we born to wear
ow ſtill bent, and give up life to care:
ou, mild glory, beaming round his fame,
ſca, thou, his firſt, his lateſt flame;
of bloom! In pleaſing arts refin'd!
l thy hand, and voice, in muſic join'd;
ourteſy, as ſoothing as thy ſong,
niles ſoft-gleaming on the courtly throng:
hou, Chariſſa, haſtening to thy prime,
Carolina, chiding tardy Time,
very tender wiſh of mine divide,
om I ſtrung the lyre, once laid aſide,
e, and bear in mind, my fond farewell,
on in life! and, thriving on, excell!
ept this token, Carteret, of good-will,
oice of nature, undebas'd by ſkill,
parting numbers, cadenc'd by my grief,
y lov'd ſake, and for my own relief,
ht, alas, thy abſence may relieve,
am left, perhaps, through life to grieve:
ould I hope, yet hope I know not why,
opes and wiſhes in one balance lie)
may'ſt reviſit, with thy wonted ſmiles,
iſland ſet around with iſles:
he ſame heart, that bids thee now adieu,
thy ſails, and hail thee into view!

ODE

SONG.

I.

FROM White's and Will's
To purling rills
The love-ſick Strephon flies;
There, full of woe,
His numbers flow,
And all in rhyme he dies.

II.

The fair coquet,
With feign'd regret,
Invites him back to town;
But, when in tears
The youth appears,
She meets him with a frown.

III.

Full oft the maid
This prank had play'd,
'Till angry Strephon ſwore,
And, what is ſtrange,
Though loth to change,
Would never ſee her more.

SONG.

I.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know:
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the ſhaft from Cupid's bow.

II.

If on me Zelinda frown,
Madneſs 'tis in me to grieve:
Since her will is not her own,
Why ſhould I uneaſy live!

III.

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Mizella's cries,
Aſk not me the reaſon why:
Seek the riddle in the ſkies.

O SIGNORA CUZZONI.

MAY 25, 1724.

LITTLE Syren of the ſtage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond deſire,
Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeebler of the heart!

O, too

O, too pleasing in thy strain,
Hence, to southern climes again;
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell;
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

To the MEMORY of the late EARL OF HALIFAX.

JUNE 30, 1718.

WEEPING o'er thy sacred urn,
Ever shall the Muses mourn;
Sadly shall their numbers flow,
Ever elegant in woe.
Thousands, nobly born, shall die,
Thousands in oblivion lie,
Names, which leave no trace behind,
Like the clouds before the wind,
When the dusky shadows pass,
Lightly fleeting o'er the grass.
But, O Halifax, thy name
Shall through ages rise in fame:
Sweet remembrance shalt thou find,
Sweet in every noble mind.

To the HONOURABLE
S. CARTERET.

) O M of beauty, early flower
: the bliſsful bridal bower,
thy parents pride and care,
offspring of the fair,
pledge of mutual love,
ſeeming from above,
not thou day by day
y very ſex betray,
more and more appear,
, more than angel dear,
) ſpeak thy face and mien,
too dangerous to be ſeen)
all I, or ſhall the Muſe,
ige of reſemblance chuſe?
ige like thy mien and face,
ſweetneſs, full of grace!
he next returning ſpring,
again the linnets ſing,
again the lambkins play,
ſportlings full of May,
the meadows next are ſeen,
enamel! white and green,
ie year in freſh attire,
mes every gay deſire,
ing on ſhalt thou appear
inviting than the year,

Fairer

Fairer ſight than orchard ſhows,
Which beſide a river blows:
Yet, another ſpring I ſee,
And a brighter bloom in thee:
And another round of time,
Circling, ſtill improves thy prime;
And, beneath the vernal ſkies,
Yet a verdure more ſhall riſe,
Ere thy beauties, kindling flow,
In each finiſh'd feature glow,
Ere, in ſmiles and in diſdain,
Thou exert thy maiden reign,
Abſolute to ſave, or kill,
Fond beholders, at thy will.
  Then the taper-moulded waſte
With a ſpan of ribbon brac'd,
And the ſwell of either breaſt,
And the wide high-vaulted cheſt,
And the neck ſo white and round,
Little neck with brilliants bound,
And the ſtore of charms which ſhine
Above, in lineaments divine,
Crowded in a narrow ſpace
To complete the deſperate face,
Theſe alluring powers, and more,
Shall enamour'd youths adore;
Theſe, and more, in courtly lays,
Many an aking heart ſhall praiſe.
  Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happieſt he of happy men,

Who,

ourtſhip greatly ſped,
lamſel to his bed,
irgin-prize away,
ife one nuptial day!
k-brown duſk of hair,
thick thy forehead fair,
veiny temples growing,
ping ſhoulders flowing,
ioothly pencil'd brow,
n in every vow,
inged lid below,
nneſt bloſſoms blow,
zely-lucid eye,
art-winning glances fly,
ieek of health, o'erſpread
blended white and red,
itching ſmiles which break
e lips, which ſweetly ſpeak,
ntleneſs of mind,
a gentle kind,
wments, heavenly dower!
n in the promis'd hour,
er bind him to thee,
him ſtill to woo thee.

On the DEATH of the RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM EARL COWPER. 1723.

STROPHE I.

WAKE the Britiſh harp again,
To a ſad melodious ſtrain;
Wake the harp, whoſe every ſtring,
When Halifax reſign'd his breath,
Accus'd inexorable death;
For I, once more, muſt in affliction ſing,
One ſong of ſorrow more beſtow,
The burden of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe:
Yet, O my ſoul, if aught may bring relief,
Full many, grieving, ſhall applaud thy grief,
The pious verſe, that Cowper does deplore,
Whom all the boaſted powers of verſe cannot reſtore.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Not to her, his fondeſt care,
Not to his lov'd offspring fair,
Nor his country ever dear,
From her, from them, from Britain torn:
With her, with them, does Britain mourn:
His name, from every eye, calls forth a tear;
And, intermingling, ſighs with praiſe,
All good men wiſh the number of his days

Had

ad been to him twice told, and twice again,
1 that ſeal'd book, where all things which pertain
o mortal man, whatever things befall,
re from eternity confirm'd, beyond recall:

EPODE I.

here every loſs, and every gain,
here every grief, and every joy,
very pleaſure, every pain,
ach bitter, and each ſweet alloy,
o us uncertain though they flow,
re pre-ordain'd, and fix'd, above.
oo wretched ſtate, did man foreknow
hoſe ills, which man cannot remove!
in is wiſdom for preventing
hat the wiſeſt live lamenting.

STROPHE II.

ther ſent, who knows the day
hen he ſhall be call'd away?
rious is the term aſſign'd:
hour, a day, ſome months, or years,
e breathing ſoul on earth appears:
t, through the ſwift ſucceſſion of mankind,
arm after ſwarm! a buſy race,
e ſtrength of cities, or of courts the grace,
who in camps delight, or who abide
fus'd o'er lands, or float on oceans wide,
them, though many here long-lingering dwell,
d ſee their children's children, yet, how few excel!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Here we come, and hence we go,
Shadows paſſing to and fro,
Seen a while, forgotten ſoon:
But thou, to fair diſtinction born,
Thou, Cowper, beamy in the morn
Of life, ſtill brightening to the pitch of noon,
Scarce verging to the ſteep decline,
Hence ſummon'd while thy virtues radiant ſhine,
Thou ſingled out the foſterling of fame,
Secure of praiſe, nor leſs ſecur'd from blame,
Shalt be remember'd with a fond applauſe,
So long as Britons own the ſame indulgent laws.

EPODE II.

United in one public weal,
Rejoicing in one freedom, all,
Cowper's hand apply'd the ſeal,
And level'd the partition-wall.
The choſen ſeeds of great events
Are thinly ſown, and ſlowly riſe:
And Time the harveſt-ſcythe preſents,
In ſeaſon, to the good and wiſe:
Hymning to the harp my ſtory,
Fain would I record his glory.

STROPHE III.

Pouring forth, with heavy heart,
Truth unleaven'd, pure of art,

he hallow'd Bard of yore,
:haunted in authentic rhymes
'orthies of the good old times,
'ing vice in verſe was varniſh'd o'er,
irtue died without a ſong.
't of friendleſs right, to powerful wrong
:k, behold him in the judgment-ſeat!
, there, approv'd, in righteouſneſs compleat:
awards, how gracious! tempering law
nercy, and reproving with a winning awe.

ANTISTROPHE III.

im ſpeaking, and you hear
i tuneful to the ear!
'ith thymy language ſweet,
ng on the hearer's mind
alm of wiſdom, ſpeech refin'd,
al gifts!—Oh, when the nobles meet,
next, thou ſea-ſurrounded land,
obles meet at Brunſwick's high command,
i they ſhall the charmer's voice deſire!
i thoſe lips of eloquence require!
nild conviction, which the ſoul aſſails
: alarms, and with a gentle force prevails!

EPODE III.

h perſuaſion, willing, yields
)eral mind, in freedom train'd,
m, which, in crimſon'd fields,
dy toil our fathers gain'd,

Inheritance of long deſcent!
The ſacred pledge, ſo dearly priz'd
By that bleſs'd ſpirit we lament!
Grief-eaſing lays, by grief deviſ'd,
Plaintive numbers, gently flowing,
Sooth the ſorrows we him owing!

STROPHE IV.

Early on his growing heir,
Stamp what time may not impair,
As he grows, that coming years,
Or youthful pleaſures, or the vain
Gigantic phantom of the brain
Ambition, breeding monſtrous hopes and fears,
Or worthier cares, to youth unknown,
Ennobling manhood, flower of life full-blown,
May never wear the boſom-image faint:
O, let him prove what words but weakly paint,
The lively lovely reſemblance of his ſire,
A model to his ſon! that ages may admire!

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Every virtue, every grace,
Still renewing in the race,
Once thy father's pleaſing hope,
Thy widow'd mother's comfort now,
No fuller bliſs does heaven allow,
While we behold yon wide-ſpread azure cope,
With burning ſtars thick-luſter'd o'er,
Than to enjoy, and to deſerve, a ſhore.

ſur'd fame, by blameleſs deeds acquir'd,
nenvied, and by all deſir'd,
't of men, the tribute of good-will!
this patrimony fair, increaſe it ſtill.

EPODE IV.

ineſs of content remains
he yet unfathom'd ſkies,
triumphant, gladneſs reigns,
viſhes ceaſe, and pleaſures riſe
all wiſh; where bitter tears
ig friends are never ſhed;
ſighing, none deſire paſs'd years
, or wiſh the future fled.
il meaſures, O, relieve me!
membrance! ceaſe to grieve me.

STROPHE V.

obe of juſtice wore
ıot, as heretofore,
e magiſtrate was ſought
ırly gifts. Of what avail
ty hoards? for life is frail;
are judg'd where favour is not bought.
orewarn'd, thou frantic iſle,
the thirſt of gold thy ſons beguile!
the ſpecious ruin thouſands groan'd,
alas, forewarn'd, by him bemoan'd.
ıall his like, on earth, be found? oh, when
once more, behold the moſt belov'd of men!

ANTISTROPHE V.

Winning aſpect! winning mind!
Soul and body aptly join'd!
Searching thought, engaging wit,
Enabled to inſtruct, or pleaſe,
Uniting dignity with eaſe,
By nature form'd for every purpoſe fit,
Endearing excellence!—O, why
Is ſuch perfection born, and born to die?
Or do ſuch rare endowments ſtill ſurvive,
As plants, remov'd to milder regions thrive,
In one eternal ſpring? and we bewail
The parting ſoul, new-born to life that cannot fail.

EPODE V.

Where ſacred friendſhip, plighted love,
Parental joys, unmix'd with care,
Through perpetual time improve?
Or do the deathleſs bleſſed ſhare
Sublimer raptures, unreveal'd,
Beyond our weak conception pure?
But, while thoſe glories lie conceal'd,
The righteous count the promiſe ſure,
Trials to the laſt enduring,
To the laſt their hope ſecuring.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQUIRE.

MAY 1, 1723.

I.

WHO, much diſtinguiſh'd, yet is bleſs'd?
Who, dignified above the reſt,
Does, ſtill, unenvied live?
Not to the man whoſe wealth abounds,
Nor to the man whoſe fame reſounds,
Does heaven ſuch favour give,
Or to the noble-born, nor to the ſtrong,
Or to the gay, the beautiful, or young.

II.

Whom then, ſecure of happineſs,
Does every eye beholding bleſs,
And every tongue commend?
Him, Pulteney, who, poſſeſſing ſtore,
Is not ſolicitous of more,
Who, to mankind a friend,
Or envies, nor is envied by, the great,
Polite in courts, polite in his retreat:

III.

Whoſe unambitious, active ſoul,
Attends the welfare of the whole,
When public ſtorms ariſe,
And, in the calm, a thouſand ways
Diverſifies his nights and days,
Still *elegantly* wiſe;

While books, each morn, the lightſome ſoul invite,
And friends, with ſeaſon'd mirth, improve the night.

IV.

In him do men no blemiſh ſee;
And factions in his praiſe agree,
When moſt they vex the ſtate:
Diſtinguiſh'd favourite of the ſkies,
Belov'd he lives, lamented dies:
Yet, ſhall he not to fate
Submit entire; the reſcuing Muſe ſhall ſave
His precious name, and win him from the grave.

V.

Too frail is braſs and poliſh'd ſtone;
Perpetual fame the Muſe alone
On merit can beſtow:
Yet, muſt the time-enduring ſong,
The verſe unrival'd by the throng,
From Nature's bounty flow:
Th' ungifted tribe in metre paſs away,
Oblivion's ſport, the poets of a day.

VI.

What laws ſhall o'er the Ode preſide?
In vain would art preſume to guide
The chariot-wheels of praiſe,
When Fancy, driving, ranges free,
Freſh flowers ſelecting, like the bee,
And regularly ſtrays,
While Nature does, diſdaining aids of ſkill,
The mind with thought, the ears with numbers, fill.

VII.

As when the Theban hymns divine
Make proud Olympian victors ſhine
In an eternal blaze,
The varying meaſures, ever new,
Unbeaten tracks of fame purſue,
While through the glorious maze
The poet leads his heroes to renown,
And weaves in verſe a never-fading crown.

To Miſs MARGARET PULTENEY, Daughter of DANIEL PULTENEY, Eſq; in the Nurſery.

APRIL 27, 1727.

DIMPLY damſel, ſweetly ſmiling,
All careſſing, none beguiling,
Bud of beauty, fairly blowing,
Every charm to Nature owing,
This and that new thing admiring,
Much of this and that enquiring,
Knowledge by degrees attaining,
Day by day ſome virtue gaining,
Ten years hence, when I leave chiming,
Beardleſs poets, fondly rhyming,
(Feſcued now, perhaps, in ſpelling,)
On thy riper beauties dwelling,
Shall accuſe each killing feature
Of the cruel, charming, creature,
Whom I knew complying, willing,
Tender, and averſe from killing.

To

To Miſs CHARLOTTE PULTENEY, in her Mother's Arms.

MAY 1, 1724.

TIMELY bloſſom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,
Their ſolicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, ſtill at eaſe,
Pleaſing, without ſkill to pleaſe,
Little goſſip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneleſs ſong,
Laviſh of a heedleſs tongue,
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to bluſh,
Like the linnet in the buſh.
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her ſlender throat,
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy ſpray,
Wearied then, and glad of reſt,
Like the linnet in the neſt.

This thy preſent happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot:
Other pleaſures, other cares,
Ever-buſy time prepares;
And thou ſhalt in thy daughter ſee,
This picture, once, reſembled thee.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT WALPOLE, ESQUIRE.

JUNE 15, 1724.

VOTARY to publick zeal,
Miniſter of England's weal,
Have you leiſure for a ſong,
Tripping lightly o'er the tongue,
Swift and ſweet in every meaſure,
Tell me, Walpole, have you leiſure?
Nothing lofty will I ſing,
Nothing of the favourite king,
Something, rather, ſung with eaſe,
Simply elegant to pleaſe.
Fairy Virgin, Britiſh Muſe,
Some unhear'd-of ſtory chuſe:
Chuſe the glory of the ſwain,
Gifted with a magic ſtrain,
Swaging grief of every kind,
Healing, with a verſe, the mind:
To him came a man of power,
To him, in a cheerleſs hour;

When

When the ſwain, by Druids taught,
Soon divin'd his irkſome thought,
Soon the maple harp he ſtrung,
Soon, with ſilver-accent, ſung.
" Steerer of a mighty realm,
" Pilot, waking o'er the helm,
" Bleſſing of thy native ſoil,
" Weary of a thankleſs toil,
" Caſt repining thought behind,
" Give thy trouble to the wind.
" Mortal, deſtin'd to excel,
" Bear the blame of doing well,
" Like the worthies great of old,
" In the liſt of fame enroll'd.
" What, though titles thou decline?
" Still the more thy virtues ſhine.
" Envy, with her ſerpent eye,
" Marks each praiſe that ſoars on high.
" To thy lot reſign thy will:
" Every good is mix'd with ill.
" See, the white unblemiſh'd roſe
" On a thorny bramble blows:
" See, the torrent pouring rain
" Does the limpid fountain ſtain:
" See, the giver of the day
" Urgeth on, through clouds, his way:
" Nothing is, entirely, bleſs'd;
" Envy does thy worth atteſt.
" Pleaſing viſions, at command,
" Anſwer to my voice and hand;

" Quick,

" Quick, the bliſsful ſcene prepare,
" Sooth the patriot's heavy care:
" Viſions, cheering to the ſight,
" Give him earneſt of delight.
" Wiſe diſpoſer of affairs,
" View the end of all thy cares!
" Forward caſt thy raviſh'd eyes,
" See the gladdening harveſt riſe:
" Lo, the people reap thy pain!
" Thine the labor, theirs the gain.
" Yonder turn, awile, they view,
" Turn thee to yon ſpreading yew,
" Once the gloomy tree of fate,
" Once the plighted virgin's hate:
" Now, no longer, does it grow,
" Parent of the warring bow:
" See, beneath the guiltleſs ſhade,
" Peaſants ſhape the plow and ſpade,
" Reſcued, ever, from the fear
" Of the whiſtling ſhaft and ſpear.
" Lo, where plenty comes, with peace!
" Hear the breath of murmur ceaſe:
" See, at laſt, unclouded days;
" Hear, at laſt, unenvied praiſe.
" Nothing ſhall thy ſoul moleſt;
" Labour is the price of reſt.
" Mortal, deſtin'd to excel,
" Bleſs the toil of doing well!"

SUPPLI-

SUPPLICATION FOR MISS CARTERET IN THE SMALL-POX.

DUBLIN, JULY 31, 1725.

POWER o'er every power ſupreme,
Thou the poet's hallow'd theme,
From thy mercy-ſeat on high,
Hear my numbers, hear my cry.
Breather of all vital breath,
Arbiter of life and death,
Oh, preſerve this innocence,
Yet unconſcious of offence,
Yet in life and virtue growing,
Yet no debt to Nature owing.
Thou, who giv'ſt angelic grace
To the blooming virgin face,
Let the fell diſeaſe not blight
What thou mad'ſt for man's delight:
O'er her features let it paſs
Like the breeze o'er ſpringing graſs,
Gentle as refreſhing ſhowers
Sprinkled over opening flowers.
O, let years alone diminiſh
Beauties thou waſt pleas'd to finiſh.
To the pious parents give
That the darling fair may live:
Turn to bleſſings all their care,
Save their fondneſs from deſpair.

Mitigate

Mitigate the lurking pains
Lodg'd within her tender veins;
Soften every throb of anguiſh,
Suffer not her ſtrength to languiſh;
Take her to thy careful keeping,
And prevent the mother's weeping.

TO MISS GEORGIANA,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER TO

LORD CARTERET.

AUGUST 10, 1725.

LITTLE charm of placid mien,
Miniature of beauty's queen,
Numbering years, a ſcanty Nine,
Stealing hearts without deſign,
Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
Prone to mirth, profuſe in ſmiles,
Yet a novice in diſdain,
Pleaſure giving without pain,
Still careſſing, ſtill careſs'd,
Thou, and all thy lovers bleſs'd,
Never teiz'd, and never teizing,
O, for ever pleas'd and pleaſing!
Hither, Britiſh Muſe of mine,
Hither all the Grecian Nine,
With the lovely Graces three,
And your promis'd nurſeling ſee:

Figure on her waxen mind
Images of life refin'd;
Make it, as a garden gay,
Every bud of thought diſplay,
Till, improving year by year,
The whole culture ſhall appear,
Voice, and ſpeech, and action, riſing,
All to human ſenſe ſurprizing.
Is the ſilken web ſo thin
As the texture of her ſkin?
Can the lily and the roſe
Such unſully'd hue diſcloſe?
Are the violets ſo blue
As her veins expos'd to view?
Do the ſtars, in wintery ſky,
Twinkle brighter than her eye?
Has the morning lark a throat
Sounding ſweeter than her note?
Who e'er knew the like before thee?
They who knew the Nymph that bore thee.
From thy paſtime and thy toys,
From thy harmleſs cares and joys,
Give me now a moment's time:
When thou ſhalt attain thy prime,
And thy boſom feel deſire,
Love the likeneſs of thy ſire,
One ordain'd, through life, to prove
Still thy glory, ſtill thy love.
Like thy Siſter, and like thee,
Let thy nurtur'd daughters be:

Sembl

lance of the fair who bore thee,
: the pattern ſet before thee.
·e the Liffy meets the main,
hy Sifter hear'd my ſtrain:
the Liffy to the Thames,
trel echoes ſing their names,
ing to the willing ear
y a cadence ſweet to hear,
ith as gently breathing gales
the ocean and the vales,
le the veſſel calmly glides
the level glaſſy tides,
le the ſummer flowers are ſpringing,
the new-fledg'd birds are ſinging.

RAMS AND SHORT POEMS

OMPANY OF BAD DANCERS TO GOOD MUSIC.

W ill the motion with the muſic ſuits!
o Orpheus fiddled, and ſo danc'd the brutes.

EPIGRAM.

ORGE came to the crown without ſtriking a blow:
Ah, quoth the Pretender, would I could do ſo!

SWER to the QUESTION, What is THOUGHT?

E hermit's ſolace in his cell,
The fire that warms the poet's brain,
ver's heaven, or his hell,
adman's ſport, the wiſe man's pain.

TO MR. ADDISON ON CATO.

THE mind to virtue is by verſe ſubdu'd,
And the true poet is a public good:
This Britain feels, while, by your lines inſpir'd,
Her free-born ſons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you eſpous'd the vanquiſh'd cauſe,
Inflam'd her ſenate and upheld her laws,
Your manly ſcenes had liberty reſtor'd,
And given the juſt ſucceſs to Cato's ſword,
O'er Cæſar's arms your genius had prevail'd,
And the Muſe triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

ON WIT AND WISDOM.

A FRAGMENT.

IN ſearch of wiſdom far from wit I fly:
Wit is a harlot beauteous to the eye,
In whoſe bewitching arms our early time
We waſte, and vigour of our youthful prime:
But when reflection comes with riper years,
And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears,
We caſt the miſtreſs off to take a wife,
And, wed to wiſdom, lead a happy life.

The

The following EPITAPH on the Monument of my Kinſwoman was written at the Requeſt of her Huſband.

WITHIN the Burial-Vault near this Marble, lieth the Body of PENELOPE, youngeſt Daughter (and Coheir with her Siſter ELIZABETH) to ROBERT PHILIPS of Newton-Regis, in the County of Warwick, Eſquire. She died in her Six and Thirtieth Year, on the 25th Day of January, 1726.

LET THIS INSCRIPTION,
(Appealing yet to teſtimonies manifold)
Recall to every ſurviving witneſs,
And, for enſample, record to poſterity,
Her endowments,
Whether owing to the indulgency of nature,
Or to the aſſiduous leſſons of education,
Or to the ſilent admonitions of reflection.
To her parents, huſband, children,
In no care, no duty, no affection,
Was ſhe wanting,
Receiving, deſerving, winning,
From them reſpectively,
Equal endearments.
Of countenance and of diſpoſition,
Open, chearful, modeſt;

Of behaviour, humble, courteous, eaſy;
Of ſpeech, affable, free, diſcreet;
In civilities, punctual, ſincere, and elegant;
Prone to offices of kindneſs and good will;
To enmity a ſtranger;
Forward, earneſt, impatient,
To ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
To comfort the afflicted;
Solicitous for the poor,
And rich in ſtore of alms:
Whereby ſhe became
The delight, the love, the bleſſing, of all.
In her houſhold flouriſhed
Chearfulneſs, due order, thrift, and plenty.
In the cloſet retired,
In the temple public.
Morning and evening did ſhe worſhip;
By inſtruction, by example,
Sedulous to nurture her children in godlineſs:
So prevalent her love to them,
Viſited with that ſore diſeaſe,
Which too often kills or blites
The mother's fondeſt hopes,
That (regardleſs of ſelf-preſervation)
In piouſly watching over their lives
She, catching the infection, loſt her own,
Triumphing, through reſignation,
Over ſickneſs, pain, anguiſh, agony,
And (encompaſſed with tears and lamentations)
Expiring in the fervour of prayer.

: MEMORY, ever dear and precious, of his moſt
tionate, moſt beloved, and moſt deſerving Wife,
his Monument raiſed by HENRY VERNON,
Hilton, in the County of Stafford, Eſquire: to
ſhe bore five Sons and two Daughters, all ſur-
ng, ſave Elizabeth; who dying, in her ſecond
r, of the Small-Pox, ſome few Days before,
th by her Mother.

IE FABLE OF THULE,
UNFINISHED.

R northward as the Dane extends his ſway,
/here the ſun glances but a ſloping ray,
th the ſharpeſt rigour of the ſkies,
nful Thule's wintery iſland lies.
)py maid! thy tale, forgotten long,
virgins learn from my inſtructive ſong,
very youth, who lingers in deſpair,
y example warn the cruel fair.
Cyprus, ſacred to the queen of love,
re ſtands her temple, and her myrtle grove,)
Thule born, uncertain how: 'tis ſaid
Venus won Adonis to her bed,
)regnant grew, the birth to chance aſſign'd
ods, and foſter'd by the feather'd kind.
flowers ſome ſtrew the helpleſs orphan round,
downy moſs ſome ſpread the carpet ground,

Some ripen'd fruits, ſome fragrant honey, bring;
And ſome fetch water from the running ſpring;
While others warble from the boughs, to cheer
Their infant-charge, and tune her tender ear.
Soon as the ſun forſakes the evening ſkies,
And hid in ſhades the gloomy foreſt lies,
The nightingales their tuneful vigils keep,
And lull her, with their gentler ſtrains, to ſleep.
This the prevailing rumour: as ſhe grew,
No dubious tokens ſpoke the rumour true.
In every forming feature might be ſeen
Some bright reſemblance of the Cyprian queen:
Nor was it hard the hunter youth to trace,
In all her early paſſion of the chace:
And when, on ſpringing flowers reclin'd, ſhe ſung,
The birds upon the bending branches hung,
While, warbling, ſhe expreſs'd their various ſtrains,
And, at a diſtance, charm'd the liſtening ſwains:
So ſweet her voice reſounding through the wood,
They thought the Nymph ſome Syren from the flood.
Half human thus by lineage, half divine,
In foreſts did the lonely beauty ſhine,
Like woodland flowers, which paint the deſert glades,
And waſte their ſweets in unfrequented ſhades.
No human face ſhe ſaw, and rarely ſeen
By human face: a ſolitary queen
She rul'd, and rang'd, her ſhady empire round.
No horn the ſilent huntreſs bears; no hound,
With noiſy cry, diſturbs her ſolemn chace,
Swift, as the bounding ſtag, ſhe wings her pace;

And,

nd, bend whene'er ſhe will her ebon bow,
ſpeedy death arreſts the flying foe.
he bow the hunting goddeſs firſt ſupply'd,
nd ivory quiver croſs her ſhoulders ty'd.
Th' imperious queen of heaven, with jealous eyes,
eholds the blooming virgin from the ſkies,
.t once admires, and dreads her growing charms,
nd ſees the god already in her arms:
n vain, ſhe finds, her bitter tongue reproves
lis broken vows, and his clandeſtine loves:
ove ſtill continues frail; and all in vain
)oes Thule in obſcureſt ſhades remain,
While Maja's ſon, the thunderer's winged ſpy,
nforms him where the lurking beauties lie.
What fure expedient then ſhall Juno find,
To calm her fears, and eaſe her boding mind?
)elays to jealous minds a torment prove;
And Thule ripens every day for love.
She mounts her car, and ſhakes the ſilken reins;
The harneſs'd peacocks ſpread their painted trains,
And ſmooth their gloſſy necks againſt the ſun:
The wheels along the level azure run.
Eaſtward the goddeſs guides her gaudy team,
And perfects, as ſhe rides, her forming ſcheme.
The various orbs now paſs'd, adown the ſteep
Of heaven the chariot whirls, and plunges deep
In fleecy clouds, which o'er the mid-land main
Hang pois'd in air, to bleſs the iſles with rain:
And here the panting birds repoſe a while:
Nor ſo their queen; ſhe gains the Cyprian iſle,

By ſpeedy zephyrs borne in thickned air:
Unſeen ſhe ſeeks, unſeen ſhe finds, the fair.
Now o'er the mountain tops the riſing ſun
Shot purple rays: now Thule had begun
Her morning chace, and printed in the dews
Her fleeting ſteps. The goddeſs now purſues,
Now over-takes her in the full career,
And flings a javelin at the flying deer.
Amaz'd, the virgin huntreſs turns her eyes;
When Juno, (now Diana in diſguiſe,)
Let no vain terrors diſcompoſe thy mind;
My ſecond viſit, like my firſt, is kind.
Thy ivory quiver, and thy ebon bow,
Did not I give?—Here ſudden bluſhes glow
On Thule's cheeks: her buſy eyes ſurvey
The dreſs, the creſcent; and her doubts give way.
I own thee, goddeſs bright, the nymph replies,
Goddeſs, I own thee, and thy favours prize:
Goddeſs of woods, and lawns, and level plains,
Freſh in my mind thine image ſtill remains.
Then Juno, beauteous ranger of the grove,
My darling care, fair object of my love,
Hither I come, urg'd by no trivial fears,
To guard thy bloom, and warn thy tender years.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE FIRST OLYMPIONIQUE OF PINDAR.

To HIERO of SYRACUSE, victorious in the HORSE-RACE.

ARGUMENT.

HE Poet praiſes Hiero for his juſtice, his wiſdom, and his ſkill in muſic. He likewiſe celebrates the horſe that won the race, and the place where the Olympick Games were performed. From the place (namely Peloponneſus) he takes an occaſion of digreſſing to the known fable of Tantalus and Pelops; whence, returning to Hiero, he ſets forth the felicity of the Olympian Victors. Then he concludes, by praying to the gods to preſerve the glory and dignity of Hiero, admoniſhing him to moderation of mind, in his high ſtation; and, laſtly, glories in his own excellency in compoſitions of this kind.

STROPHE I. Meaſures 18.

WATER element to water yields;
And gold, like blazing fire by night,
midſt the ſtores of wealth that builds
he mind aloft, is eminently bright:

But

But if, my ſoul, with fond deſire
To ſing of games thou doſt aſpire,
As thou by day canſt not deſcry,
Through all the liquid waſte of ſky,
One burniſh'd ſtar, that like the ſun does glow,
And cheriſh every thing below,
So, my ſweet ſoul, no toil divine,
In ſong, does like th' Olympian ſhine:
Hence do the mighty poets raiſe
A hymn, of every tongue the praiſe,
The ſon of Saturn to reſound,
When far, from every land, they come
To viſit Hiero's regal dome,
Where peace, where plenty, is for ever found:

ANTISTROPHE I. Meaſures 18.

Lord of Sicilia's fleecy plains,
He governs, righteous in his power,
And, all excelling while he reigns,
From every lovely virtue crops the flower:
In muſic, bloſſom of delight,
Divinely ſkill'd, he cheers the night,
As we are wont, when friends deſign
To feaſt and wanton o'er their wine:
But from the wall the Dorian harp take down,
If Piſa, city of renown,
And if the fleet victorious ſteed,
The boaſt of his unrival'd breed,
Heart-pleaſing raptures did inſpire,
And warm thy breaſt with ſacred fire,

hen late, on Alpheus' crouded ſhore,
rth-ſpringing quick, each nerve he ſtrain'd,
ıe warning of the ſpur diſdain'd,
ıd ſwift to victory his maſter bore.

EPODE I. Meaſures 16.

ıe lov'd Syracuſian, the prince of the courſe,
ıe king, who delights in the ſpeed of the horſe:
'eat his glory, great his fame,
ıroughout the land where Lydian Pelops came
› plant his men, a choſen race,
land the ocean does embrace,
lops, whom Neptune, ruler of the main,
'as known to love, when into life again,
om the reviving cauldron warm,
otho produc'd him whole, his ſhoulder-blade,
nd its firm brawn, of ſhining ivory made:
ıt truth, unvarniſh'd, oft neglected lies,
'hen fabled tales, invented to ſurprize,
miracles mighty, have power to charm,
'here fictions, happily combin'd,
:eeive and captivate the mind:

STROPHE II. Meaſures 18.

hus Poëſy, harmonious ſpell,
he ſource of pleaſures ever new,
'ith dignity does wonders tell;
nd we, amaz'd, believe each wonder true.
ay, after day, brings truth to light,
nveil'd, and manifeſt to ſight:

But,

But, of the bleſs'd, thoſe lips which name
Foul deeds aloud, ſhall ſuffer blame.
Thee, ſon of Tantalus, my faithful ſong
Shall vindicate from every wrong,
The glories of thy houſe reſtore,
And baffle falſhoods told before:
Now, in his turn, thy ſire prepar'd
A banquet; when the gods appear'd
At Sipylus, his ſweet abode,
To grace the due proportion'd feaſt:
There, firſt, the trident-bearing feaſt:
There, firſt, the trident-bearing gueſt
Beheld thy lovely form; and now, he glow'd;

ANTISTROPHE II. Meaſures 18.

And now, his ſoul ſubdued by love,
Thee in his golden car he bore
Swift to the lofty towers of Jove,
Whoſe name the nations all around adore:
Thus Ganymede was caught on high,
To ſerve the power who rules the ſky.
When thou no longer didſt appear,
And thoſe, who ſought a pledge ſo dear,
Without thee to thy widow'd mother came,
Some envious neighbour, to defame
Thy father's feaſt, a rumour ſpread,
The rumour through the country fled,
That thou, to heighten the repaſt,
Waſt into ſeething water caſt,
Fierce bubbling o'er the raging fire,
Thy limbs without compaſſion carv'd,

Thy ſodden fleſh in meſſes ſerv'd,
To gorge the gods, and a voracious fire:

EPODE II. Meaſures 16.

But, in thought ever pure, ſhall I deem it amiſs,
Vile gluttons to call the partakers of bliſs:
Let me then refrain, and dread:
A curſe hangs over the blaſphemer's head.
If they, who ſuperviſe and ward
The heavens, did ever ſhew regard
To mortal man this Tantalus might boaſt,
Of mortal men that he was honour'd moſt:
But he, not able to digeſt
The glut, the ſurfeit, of immortal joys,
One heinous forfeit all his bliſs deſtroys:
For over him the godhead hung, in air,
A ponderous ſtone, a dreadful poiſe of care!
From his head to remove it, with terror oppreſs'd,
In vain he tries, and ſeeks in vain
One chearful moment to regain:

STROPHE III. Meaſures 18.

A life of woe, beyond relief,
His portion now; ordain'd before
To torments of a three-fold grief,
This fourth was added to compleat his ſtore,
Since, high preſuming in his ſoul,
He nectar and ambroſia ſtole,
To give to men; by which he knew
That, taſting, he immortal grew:

But

But be not man deceiv'd: the gods reveal
What moſt we labour to conceal:
For this the powers, who deathleſs reign,
To earth ſent down his ſon again,
To dwell with men, a ſhort-liv'd race,
Whoſe ſudden fate come on apace.
His flowery age in all its pride,
When, o'er his chin, a blackening ſhade
Of down was caſt, a vow he made,
Deep in his ſoul, to win the profer'd bride.

ANTISTROPHE III. Meaſures 18.

Hippodamia, boaſted name,
From her great ſire the Piſan proud.
Alone, by night, the lover came
Beſide the hoary ſea, and call'd aloud
On him who ſways the triple ſpear,
And fills with din the deafen'd ear;
When, at his feet, the god aroſe:
Then Pelops, eager to diſcloſe
His mighty care, "O Neptune, if thy mind
"In love did ever pleaſure find,
"Let not Oenomaüs prevail,
"And let this brazen javelin fail:
"Oh! bear me hence, on wheels of ſpeed,
"To Elis, to the glorious meed:
"To victory oh! whirl me, ſtrait:
"Since, after ten, and other three,
"Bold ſuiters ſlain, yet ſtill we ſee,
"From year to year, the promis'd nuptials wait

EPODE

EPODE III. Meaſures 16.

Of his daughter. No perilous toil can excite
The daſtard in heart, who deſpairs of his might.
Since we all are born to die,
Who, overcaſt, would in oblivion lie,
In unreputed age decay,
And meanly ſquander life away,
Cut off from every praiſe? Then let me dare
This conflict, in the duſty liſts, to ſhare;
And proſper thou my glowing wheels."
As Pelops ſpoke; nor was his fervent prayer
Hurl'd forth in fruitleſs words, to waft in air:
The deity his whole ambition grants;
The ſhining car, nor courſers, now he wants:
The golden bright chariot new vigour he feels,
Bolting in the horſes' feet,
Unwearied ever, ever fleet:

STROPHE IV. Meaſures 18.

Oenomaüs, he triumphs o'er
His proweſs, and, to ſhare his bed,
Claims the bright maid; who to him bore
Illuſtrious ſons, to manly virtues bred.
Then, ſolemniz'd with ſteaming blood,
With pious rites, near Alpheus' flood
Entomb'd, he ſleeps, where th' altar ſtands,
Which draws the vows of diſtant lands:
While round his tomb the circling racers ſtrive:
While round the wheeling chariots drive.

In thy fam'd courſes, Pelops, riſe
Th' Olympian glories to the ſkies,
And ſhine afar: there we behold
The ſtretch of manhood, ſtrenuous, bold,
In ſore fatigues, and there the ſtrife
Of winged feet. Thrice happy he,
Who overcomes! for he ſhall ſee
Unclouded days, and taſte the ſweets of life,

ANTISTROPHE IV. Meaſures 18.

Thy boon, O victory! thy prize.
The good that, in a day obtain'd,
From day to day freſh joy ſupplies,
Is the ſupreme of bliſs to man ordain'd:
But let me now the rider raiſe,
And crown him with Æolian lays,
The victor's due: and I confide,
Though every welcome gueſt were try'd,
Not one, in all the concourſe, would be found
For faireſt knowledge more renown'd,
Nor yet a maſter more to twine,
In laſting hymns, each wreathing line.
The guardian god, who watchful guides
Thy fortunes, Hiero, preſides
O'er all thy cares with anxious power:
And ſoon, if he does not deny
His needful aid, my hopes run high
To ſing more pleaſing in the joyful hour,

EPODE

EPODE IV. Meaſures 16.

hy chariot, triumphant when thou ſhalt appear,
fly o'er the courſe with a rapid career,
ing paths of language fair,
to Cronion's ſunny mount repair.
now the Muſe prepares to raiſe,
growth, the ſtrongeſt dart of praiſe,
me to wield. Approv'd in other things,
thers riſe, conſpicuous: only kings,
mounting on the ſummit fix:
e bound thy view, wide-ſpread, nor vainly try
her to ſtretch the proſpect of thine eye:
then, thy glorious lot to tread ſublime,
ſteady ſteps, the meaſur'd tract of time:
ine, with the prize-bearing worthies to mix,
reece, throughout the learned throng,
laim'd unrival'd in my ſong.

THE SECOND OLYMPIONIQUE.

To THERON of AGRIGENTUM, victorious in the CHARIOT-RACE.

ARGUMENT.

He praiſes Theron king of Agrigentum, on account of the victory obtained in the Olympic Games, with a chariot and four horſes; likewiſe for his juſtice, his hoſpitality, his fortitude, and the illuſtriouſneſs of his anceſtors; whoſe adventures are occaſionally mentioned: then he interweaves digreſſions to Semele, Ino, Peleus, Achilles, and others, and deſcribes the future ſtate of the righteous and of the wicked. Laſtly, he concludes with extolling his own ſkill in panegyrick, and the benevolence and liberality of Theron.

STROPHE I. Meaſures 16.

SOVEREIGN hymns, whoſe numbers ſway
The ſounding harp, what god, what hero, ſay,
What man, ſhall we reſound?
Is not Piſa Jove's delight?
And did not Hercules, with conqueſt crown'd,
To him ordain
Th' Olympiad for an army ſlain,
Thank-offering of the war?
And muſt we not, in Theron's right,
Exert our voice, and ſwell our ſong?
Theron, whoſe victorious car
Four courſers whirl, fleeting along,

To

'o ſtranger-gueſts indulgent hoſt,
f Agrigentum the ſupport and boaſt,
ities born to rule and grace,
air bloſſom of his ancient race,

ANTISTROPHE I. Meaſures 16.

'orthies ſore perplex'd in thought,
ill, wandering far, they found, what long they ſought,
ſacred ſeat, faſt by
'here the ſtream does rapid run,
nd reign'd, of Sicily the guardian eye,
'hen happy days,
nd wealth, and favour, flow'd, and praiſe,
iat in,born worth inflames.
turnian Jove, O! Rhea's ſon,
'ho o'er Olympus doſt preſide,
id the pitch of lofty games,
id Alpheus, of rivers the pride,
joicing in my ſongs, do thou
:line thine ear, propitious to my vow,
:ſſing, with a bounteous hand,
ie rich hereditary land

EPODE I. Meaſures 10.

rough their late lineage down. No power can actions paſt,
iether deeds of right or wrong,
things not done recall,
t even Time, the father, who produces all;
t can Oblivion, waiting long,

Gathering ſtrength
Through the length
Of proſperous times, forbid thoſe deeds to laſt:
Such force has ſweet-healing joy
The feſtering ſmart of evils to deſtroy,

STROPHE II. Meaſures 16.

When felicity is ſent
Down by the will ſupreme with full content:
Thy daughters, Cadmus, they
Greatly wretched here below,
Bleſs'd evermore, this mighty truth diſplay.
No weight of grief,
But, whelm'd in pleaſures, finds relief,
Sunk in the ſweet abyſs.
Thou, Semele, with hair-a-flow,
Thou by thunder doom'd to die,
Mingling with the gods in bliſs,
Art happy, for ever, on high:
Thee Pallas does for ever love,
Thee chiefly Jupiter, who rules above;
Thee thy ſon holds ever dear,
Thy ſon with the ivy-wreath'd ſpear.

ANTISTROPHE II. Meaſures 16.

Beauteous Ino, we are told,
With the ſea-daughters dwells of Nereus old,
And has, by lot, obtain'd
Laſting life, beneath the deep,
A life within no bounds of time reſtrain'd.
The hour of death,
The day when we reſign our breath,

That

That offspring of the ſun,
Which bids us from our labours ſleep,
In vain do mortals ſeek to know,
Or who deſtin'd is to run
A life unintangled with woe;
For none are able to diſcloſe
The ſeaſons of th' uncertain ebbs and flows
Now of pleaſures, now of pains,
Which hidden fate to men ordains:

EPODE II. Meaſures 10.

Thus Providence, that to thy anceſtry, long-fam'd,
Portions out a pleaſing ſhare
Of heaven-ſprung happineſs,
Does, ceaſing in another turn of time to bleſs,
Diſtribute ſome reverſe of care,
As from years
Paſt appears,
Since the predeſtin'd ſon, at Pytho nam'd,
Did Laius, blindly meeting, kill,
And the oracle, of old pronounc'd, fulfil:

STROPHE III. Meaſures 16.

Fell Erinnys, quick to view
The deed, his warlike ſons in battle ſlew,
Each by the other's rage:
But to Polynices ſlain
Surviv'd Therſander, glory of his age,
For feats of war,
And youthful conteſts, honour'd far,
The ſcion, kept alive
To raiſe th' Adraſtian houſe again:

From whence Æneſidamus' heir
Does his ſpreading root derive,
To branch out a progeny fair;
Who, ſpringing foremoſt in the chace
Of fame, demands we ſhould his triumph
Tuning lyres to vocal lays,
Sweet union of melodious praiſe;

ANTISTROPHE III. Meaſ
For not only has he borne
Th' Olympian prize, but, with his brothe
The garland of renown,
At Pytho and at Iſthmus; where,
Victorious both, they ſhar'd th' allotted cr
Joint-honour, won
In twelve impetuous courſes, run
With four unwearied ſteeds.
To vanquiſh in the ſtrife ſevere
Does all anxiety deſtroy:
And to this, if wealth ſucceeds
With virtues enamel'd, the joy
Luxuriant grows; ſuch affluence
Does glorious opportunities diſpenſe,
Giving depth of thought to find
Purſuits which pleaſe a noble mind.

EPODE III. Meaſures 1
Refulgent ſtar! to man the pureſt beam of
The poſſeſſor of this ſtore,
Far-future things diſcerning, knows
Obdurate wretches, once deceas'd, to imm
Conſign'd, too late their pains deplore;

For below
Ere they go,
Sits one in judgment, who pronounces right
On crimes in this wide realm of Jove;
Whoſe dire decree no power can e'er remove:

STROPHE IV. Meaſures 16.

But the good, alike by night,
Alike by day, the ſun's unclouded light
Beholding, ever bleſs'd,
Live an unlaborious life,
Nor anxious interrupt their hallow'd reſt
With ſpade and plow,
The earth to vex, or with the prow
The briny ſea, to eat
The bread of care in endleſs ſtrife.
The dread divinities among
The few unaccuſtom'd to wrong,
Who never broke the vow they ſwore,
A tearleſs age enjoy for ever-more;
While the wicked hence depart
To torments which appall the heart:

ANTISTROPHE IV. Meaſures 16.

But the ſouls who greatly dare,
Thrice try'd in either ſtate, to perſevere
From all injuſtice pure,
Journeying onward in the way
Of Jupiter, in virtue ſtill ſecure,
Along his road
Arrive at Saturn's rais'd abode;

Where

Where ſoft ſea-breezes breathe
Round the iſland of the bleſs'd; where gay
The trees with golden bloſſoms glow;
Where, their brows and arms to wreathe,
Bright garlands on every ſide below;
For, ſpringing thick in every field,
The earth does golden flowers ſpontaneous yield;
And, in every limpid ſtream,
The budding gold is ſeen to gleam:

EPODE IV. Meaſures 10.

Fair heritage! by righteous Rhadamanth's award;
Who, coëqual, takes his ſeat
With Saturn, ſire divine,
Thy conſort, Rhea, who above the reſt doth ſhine,
High thron'd, thou matron-goddeſs great:
Theſe among
(Bliſsful throng!)
Does Peleus and does Cadmus find regard;
And, through his mother's winning prayer
To Jove, Achilles dwells immortal there:

STROPHE V. Meaſures 16.

He who Hector did deſtroy,
The pillar firm, the whole ſupport, of Troy,
And Cycnus gave to die,
And Aurora's Æthiop ſon.
My arm beneath yet many darts have I,
All ſwift of flight,
Within my quiver, ſounding right
To every ſkilful ear:
But, of the multitude, not one

Diſcern

s the myſtery unexplain'd.
ſcendent does appear
vledge, from Nature who gain'd
e: but the dull-letter'd croud,
ıre vehement, in nonſenſe loud,
r idly, wanting ſkill,
ɔws, in vain, provoking ſtill
NTISTROPHE V. Meaſures 16.
eſtial bird of Jove:
the mark addreſs thy bow, nor rove,
l: and whom do I
ɔut with fond deſire,
to let illuſtrious arrows fly?
d intent,
ı, on Agrigentum bent,
ın oath I plight,
as honeſt minds require,
hrough an hundred circling years,
ecorded worthies bright,
ling city appears
ſt a man more frank to impart
ffices to friends with open heart,
h hand amidſt his ſtore,
ing to diſtribute more
EPODE V. Meaſures 10.
Theron: yet foul calumny, injurious blame,
: men of rancour raiſe
t his fair renown,
:rs who by evil actions ſtrove to drown
ɔd, and to conceal his praiſe.

Can

Can the ſand,
On the ſtrand,
Be number'd o'er? Then, true to Theron's fame,
His favours ſhowering down delight
On thouſands who is able to recite?

THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

ON HIS LUTE.

THE line of Atreus will I ſing;
To Cadmus will I tune the ſtring:
But, as from ſtring to ſtring I move,
My lute will only ſound of Love.
The chords I change through every ſcrew,
And model the whole lute anew.
Once more, in ſong, my voice I raiſe,
And, Hercules, thy toils I praiſe:
My lute does ſtill my voice deny,
And in the tones of love reply.
Ye heroes then, at once farewel:
Loves only echo from my ſhell.

THE SECOND ODE.

ON WOMEN.

NATURE the bull with horns ſupplies,
The horſe with hoofs ſhe fortifies,
The fleeting foot on hares beſtows,
On lions teeth, two dreadful rows!

Grants

Grants fiſh to ſwim, and birds to fly,
And on their ſkill bids men rely.
Women alone defenceleſs live,
To women what does Nature give?
Beauty ſhe gives inſtead of darts,
Beauty, inſtead of ſhields, imparts;
Nor can the ſword, nor fire, oppoſe
The fair, victorious where ſhe goes.

THE THIRD ODE.

ON LOVE.

ONE midnight when the bear did ſtand
A-level with Böotes' hand,
And, with their labour ſore oppreſs'd,
The race of men were laid to reſt,
Then to my doors, at unawares,
Came Love, and tried to force the bars.
Who thus aſſails my doors, I cry'd?
Who breaks my ſlumbers? Love reply'd,
Open: a child alone is here!
A little child! — you need not fear:
Here through the moonleſs night I ſtray,
And, drench'd in rain, have loſt my way.
Then mov'd to pity by his plight,
Too much in haſte my lamp I light,
And open: when a child I ſee,
A little child, he ſeem'd to me;
Who bore a quiver, and a bow;
And wings did to his ſhoulders grow.

Within

Within the earth I bid him ſtand,
Then chafe and cheriſh either hand
Between my palms, and wring, with care,
The trickling water from his hair.
Now come, ſaid he, no longer chill,
We 'll bend this bow, and try our ſkill,
And prove the ſtring, how far its power
Remains unſlacken'd by the ſhower.
He bends his bow, and culls his quiver,
And pierces, like a breeze, my liver:
Then leaping, laughing, as he fled,
Rejoice with me, my hoſt, he ſaid:
My bow is found in every part,
And you ſhall rue it at your heart.

AN HYMN TO VENUS,

From the GREEK of SAPPHO.

I.

O VENUS, beauty of the ſkies,
To whom a thouſand temples riſe,
Gayly falſe in gentle ſmiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O, goddeſs! from my heart remove
The waſting cares and pains of love.

II.

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A ſong in ſoft diſtreſs prefer'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O, gentle goddeſs! hear me now.

Deſcend,

cend, thou bright, immortal gueſt,
ıll thy radiant charms confeſs'd.

III.

ɔu once didſt leave almighty Jove,
d all the golden roofs above:
: car thy wanton ſparrows drew;
'ering in air they lightly flew;
to my bower they wing'd their way,
w their quivering pinions play.

IV.

: birds diſmiſs'd (while you remain)
e back their empty car again:
:n you, with looks divinely mild,
:very heavenly feature ſmil'd,
d aſk'd, what new complaints I made,
d why I call'd you to my aid?

V.

ıat frenzy in my boſom rag'd,
d by what care to be aſſuag'd?
ıat gentle youth I would allure,
ıom in my artful toils ſecure?
ıo does thy tender heart ſubdue,
l me, my Sappho, tell me who?

VI.

ɔugh now he ſhuns thy longing arms,
ſoon ſhall court thy ſlighted charms;
ɔugh now thy offerings he deſpiſe,
ſoon to thee ſhall ſacrifice;
ɔugh now he freeze, he ſoon ſhall burn,
d be *thy victim* in his turn.

VII.

Celeſtial viſitant, once more
Thy needful preſence I implore!
In pity come and eaſe my grief,
Bring my diſtemper'd ſoul relief:
Favour thy ſuppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart deſires.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

I.

BLESS'D as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in tranſport toſs'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.

III.

My boſom glow'd; the ſubtle flame
Ran quickly through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulſe forgot to play,
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away.

CONTENTS

OF

PHILIPPS'S POEMS.

PASTORAL POEMS.

FIRST PASTORAL.

OBBIN - - - - - - Page 297

SECOND.

henot, Colinet - - - - - - 301

THIRD.

lbino - - - - - - - - 306

FOURTH.

lyco, Argol - - - - - - - 311

FIFTH.

uddy - - - - - - - - 318

SIXTH.

eron, Hobbinol, Lanquet - - - 322
he Stray Nymph - - - - - 328
he Happy Swain - - - - - 329

EPISTLES.

To a Friend, who desired me to write on the Death of King William - - - - - - - 331
From Holland to a Friend in England, in the Year 1703. - - - - - - - - 333
To the Earl of Dorset - - - - - 335
To the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax, one of the Lords Justices appointed by his Majesty - - - - - - - - - 338
To the Honourable James Craggs, Esq; Secretary at War, at Hampton-Court - - - 340
To Lord Carteret, departing from Dublin - - 346

ODES.

Song - - - - - - - - - 348
Song - - - - - - - - - 349
To Signora Cuzzoni - - - - - ibid.
To the Memory of the late Earl of Halifax - 350
To the Honourable Miss Carteret - - - 351
On the Death of the Right Honourable William Earl Cowper - - - - - - 354
To the Right Honourable William Pulteney, Esq; 361
To Miss Margaret Pulteney, Daughter of Daniel Pulteney, Esq; in the Nursery - - 363
To Miss Charlotte Pulteney; in her Mother's Arms - - - - - - - 364
To the Right Honourable Robert Walpole, Esq; 365
Supplication to Miss Carteret, in the Small-Pox 368
To Miss Georgina, youngest Daughter to Lord Carteret - - - - - - - 369

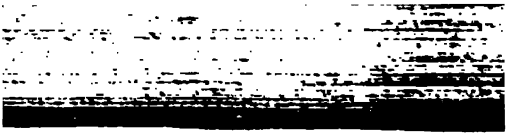
[GRAMS AND SHORT POEMS.

Company of bad Dancers to good Muſic 371
am - - - - - - - - ibid.
ſwer to the Queſtion, What is Thought? ibid.
Ir. Addiſon, on Cato - - - 372
Vit and Wiſdom; a Fragment - - ibid.
ph written on the Monument of my Kinſ-
man, at the Requeſt of her Huſband - 373
Fable of Thule, (unfiniſh'd.) - - 375

TRANSLATIONS.

Firſt Olympionique of Pindar. To Hiero of
racuſe, victorious in the Horſe-Race - 379
Second Olympionique. To Theron of Agri-
ntum, victorious in the Chariot-Race - - 388
Firſt Ode of Anacreon. On his Lute - 396
Second ditto. On Women - - ibid.
Third ditto. On Love - - - 397
Hymn to Venus, from the Greek of Sappho, 398
ragment of Sappho - - - - 400

THE END OF A. PHILIPS'S POEMS.



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